PART TWO.

GOSPEL CALLS



A COLLECTION OF HYMNS AND TUNES

FOR

REGULAR CHURCH SERVICES,
CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR,
SUNDAY SCHOOL,
REVIVAL AND
YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES.

BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, (SINGING EVANGELIST) ASSISTED BY J. V. COOMBS.

PUBLISHED BY

CHRISTIAN PUBLISHING CO. ST. LOUIS, MO.

HACKLEMAN MUSIC CO. INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

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1891
1897
v.2

BISHOP ROBERT WESTLY PEACH

COLLECTION OF CHURCH MUSIC
AND
HYMNOLOGY

ACQUIRED BY THE

AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

1939



PRESENTED BY

AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

TO

THE WARRINGTON-PRATT-SOULE
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HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

Disciples of Christ

THE

GOSPEL CALL

(REVISED AND ENLARGED.)

PART TWO

A CHOICE COLLECTION

OF

Standard Hymns and Popular Gospel Songs

SUITABLE FOR

REGULAR CHURCH SERVICES, CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR, SUNDAY-SCHOOL, REVIVAL SERVICES, YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES AND ALL RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

BY

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, Singing Evangelist.

ASSISTED BY

J. V. COOMBS.

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Hymn
1897
GOSP v.2

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Our acknowledgments are due, for valuable assistance rendered, to the many Christian workers who have offered suggestions that have enabled us to revise the Gospel Call, and present it to the public in its present form.

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W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.
J. V. COOMBS.

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PREFATORY.

In offering the Revised and Enlarged Gospel Call for use in Religious Worship. we desire to call the attention of Pastors, Evangelists, Sunday-school Superintendents, Endeavor Presidents, and all leaders of music in religious services to what we think a very important matter, viz: The CLOSER UNION of the music of the Regular Church Service and that of the Revival Service Endeavor Meeting, Sunday-school and Young People's Societies, etc. This may be accomplished by the more extended use of the Standard Hymns and Tunes in the Revival Service and the meetings of these different organizations. Take, for example, the music of the Sunday-school. We know, by experience, that there is too much of a difference between the character of the music of the Regular Church Service and that of the Sunday-school. We believe in the bright, cheering Gospel Songs now used in the Sunday-school, but NOT in their use to the exclusion of the inspiring, soul-saving, burden-lifting Standard Hymns and Tunes.

We know, too, by experience, that these good, old, liveforever Hymns and Tunes are acceptable in the Revival Service and the Young People's Societies.

If the young people, in general, are taught these grand Hymns and Tunes, in these different organizations, they will be the more willing and the better prepared to take part in the singing of the Regular Church Service, and will be also the more closely bound to the church, and the more interested in its important work.

On the other hand, we believe in the use of the Popular Gospel Songs, to the proper extent, in our Regular Church Service. This, also, will win and hold the young people, and make them enjoy their attendance at the Church Service.

We have revised and enlarged the Gospel Call with these things in mind, which are the embodiment of the desires of many noted workers, who have expressed themselves to us on this matter.

The Gospel Call is divided into "Two Parts," which will be published separately and combined, in order to keep the price within the reach of all. Each "Part" is divided into Fourteen (14) Topical Divisions, which can be easily memorized, and be of great benefit to the leader, in that he may be able to turn immediately to an appropriate song for any and all occasions. For a list of Topical Divisions **see Topical Index.**

With these words of exhortation and explanation, we send the Gospel Call on its mission, hoping that its contents may cause many to learn of God and His Love.

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.
J. V. COOMBS.

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"Let the WORD of CHRIST dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in PSALMS and HYMNS, and SPIRITUAL SONGS, singing with GRACE in your HEARTS unto God."—*Col.* 3: 16.

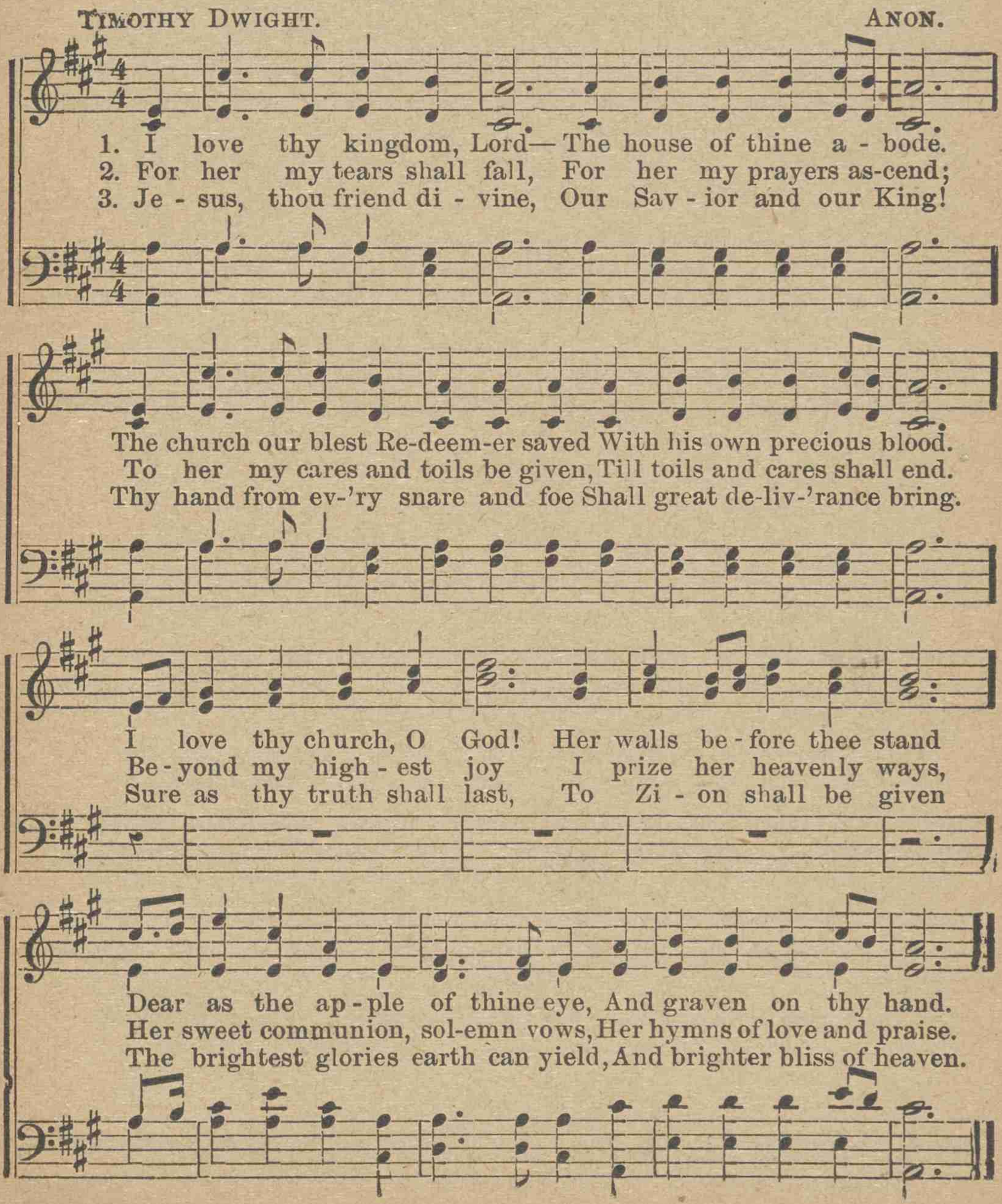
The Gospel Call.

Part II.

LORD'S DAY.

191. I Love Thy Kingdom.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. ANON.



192. Hear the Bugle Calling.

Mrs. E. Whitaker John. Rev. D. C. John.

1. Hear the bu-gle call-ing, Come with-out delay; Arm you, Christian soldiers,
2. Christ, the conquering Hero, Wages war with sin, And He needs brave soldiers,
3. Satans's hosts now trembling, Cannot longer stand; Tho' the conflict ra-ges,

For the fight to-day; Lift on high your ban-ner, Firm-ly march and true;
Vic-to-ry to win; Forward, then, ye peo-ple, Forward, Church of God;
Vic-t'ry is at hand; See! our line ad-van-ces, Hear the shout of praise!

Chorus.

In this fight your Leader must depend on you. Hear the bugle call - - -
See the crimson footsteps, where your Master trod.
Vict'ry crowns our banners, Loud your voices raise. calling, calling

ing, To arms! ye sol-diers of the cross! Hear the bugle call - -
you and me, calling, calling

ing, Come without delay, Arm you, Christian soldiers, For the fight to-day.
you and me,

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193. Sound the Battle Cry.

WM. F. SHERWIN. By per.

Vigorously, in march time.

1. Sound the bat - tle cry, See! the foe is nigh; Raise the standard high
2. Strong to meet the foe, Marching on we go, While our cause we know
3. Oh! thou God of all, Hear us when we call, Help us one and all

For the Lord; Gird your ar - mor on, Stand firm ev - 'ry one,
Must pre - vail; Shield and ban - ner bright Gleaming in the light,
By Thy grace; When the bat - tle's done, And the vic-t'ry won,

CHORUS.

ff

Rest your cause up - on His ho - ly word.
Bat - tling for the right, We ne'er can fail.
May we wear the crown Be - fore Thy face.
} Rouse then, sol - diers!

rally round the banner! Ready, steady, pass the word along; Onward, forward,

shout aloud Ho-san - na! Christ is Cap-tain of the might-y throng.

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194. On Zion's Glorious Summit.

KENT. ROBERT SKENE.

1. On Zion's glorious summit stood A numerous host, redeemed by blood;
2. Here all who suffered sword or flame For truth, or Jesus' love - ly name,
3. While ev-er-last-ing a - ges roll, E - ter-nal love shall feast their soul,

They hymned their King in strains di - vine; I heard the song, and
Shout vic-t'ry now, and hail the Lamb, And bow be-fore the
And scenes of bliss, for - ev - er new, Rise in suc - ces - sion

strove to join, I heard the song, and strove to join.
great I AM, And bow before the great I AM.
to their view, Rise in succes - sion to their view.

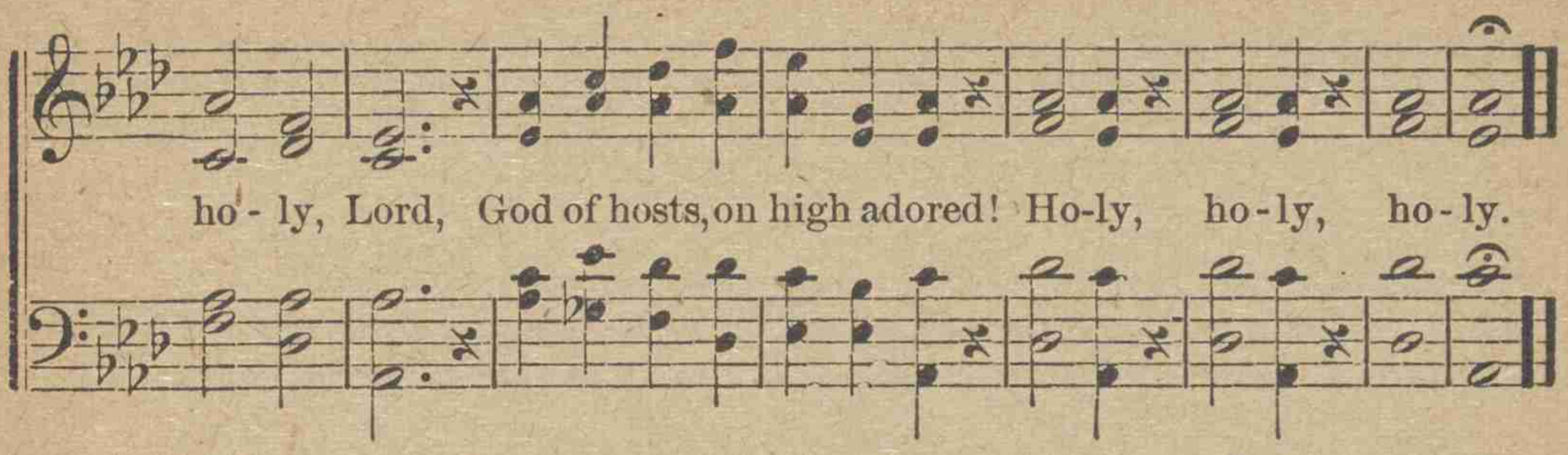
* SANCTUS. "Manhattan Coll."

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord, God of hosts, on high adored!

Who like me Thy praise should sing, O Almighty King! Ho - ly, ho - ly,

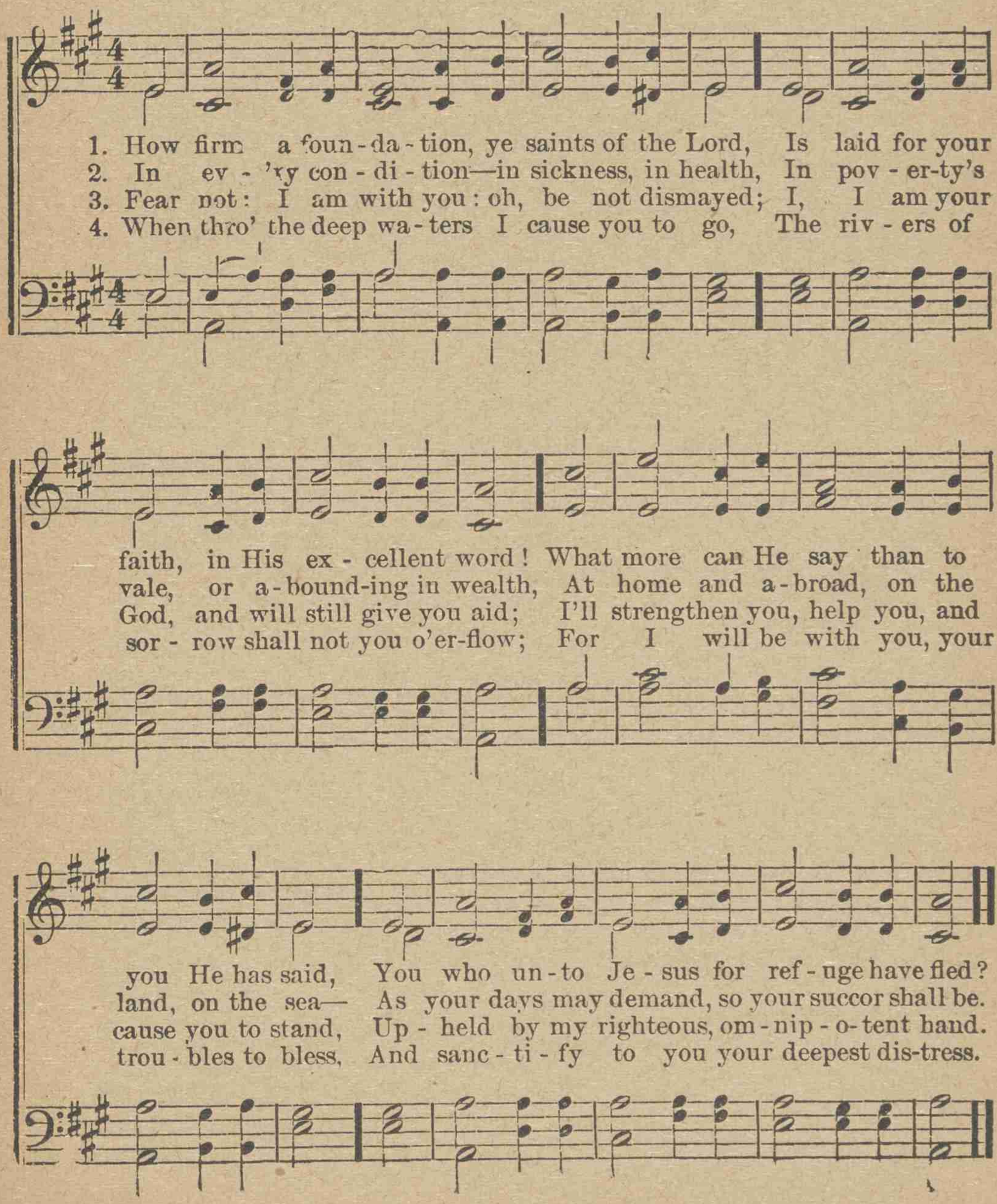
* To be sung at the close of the hymn.

On Zion's Glorious Summit.—Concluded.



195. How Firm a Foundation.

GEORGE KEITH. ANON.



196. Memories of Galilee.

ROBERT MORRIS, LL. D. H. R. PALMER.

1. Each cooing dove..... and sighing bough..... That makes the
2. Each flowery glen..... and moss- y dell,..... Where hap-py
3. And when I read..... the thrilling lore,..... Of him who

eve..... so blest to me,..... Has something far..... di-viner
birds..... in song agree..... Thro' sunny morn..... the praises
walked..... up-on the sea,..... I long, oh, how..... I long once

now..... It bears me back..... to Gal - i - lee. .....
tell..... Of sights and sounds..... in Gal - i - lee. .....
more..... To fol - low him..... in Gal - i - lee. .....

CHORUS.

O Gal- i-lee! sweet Gal-i-lee! Where Je-sus loved so much to be; O

Gal- i - lee! blue Gal - i - lee! Come, sing thy song a-gain to me!

By permission.

197. Salvation, Oh, the Joyful Sound!

ISAAC WATTS. H. J. GAUNTLETT.

1. Sal - va - tion, oh, the joyful sound! 'Tis pleasure to our ears, A
2. Bur - ied in sor - row and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay; But
3. Sal - va - tion! let the ech - o fly The spacious earth a-round; While
4. Sal - va - tion! O Thou bleeding Lamb! To Thee the praise be-longs; Sal -

sovereign balm for ev'ry wound, A cor - dial for our fears. Glory, honor,
we a - rise by grace di-vine, To see a heavenly day.
all the ar - mies of the sky, Con-spire to raise the sound.
vation shall inspire our hearts, And dwell upon our tongues.
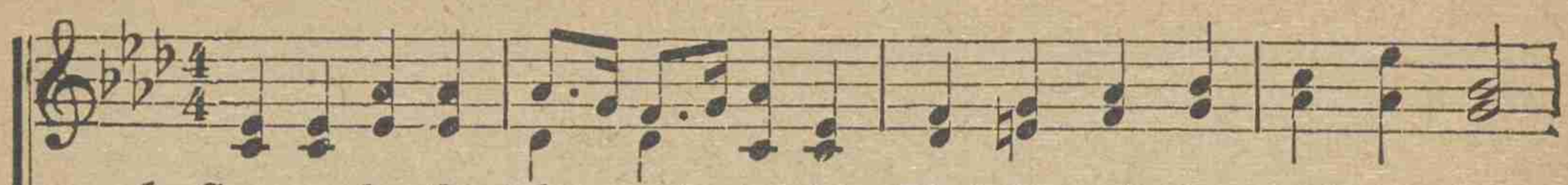
CHORUS.

praise and pow - er, Be un - to the Lamb forev - er! Je-sus Christ is our Re -

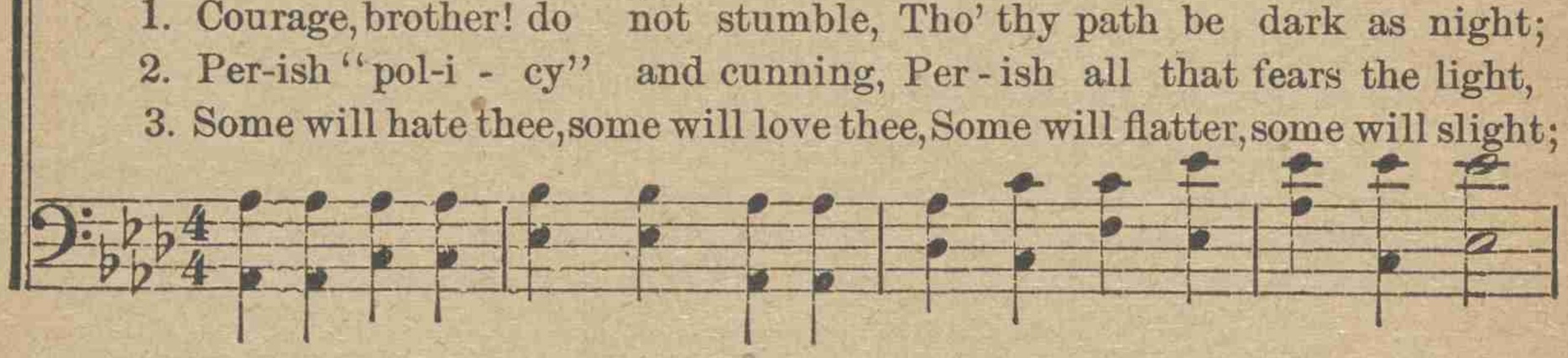
deemer; Hal - le - lu-jah! hal - le - lu-jah! Hal-le - lu-jah! praise the Lord.
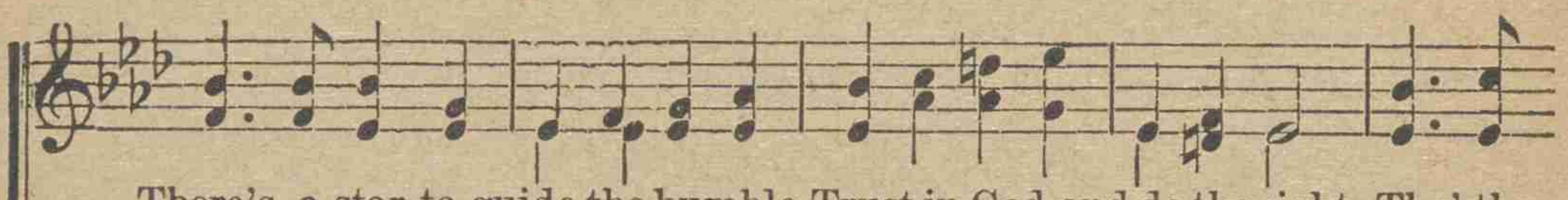
198. Courage, Brother! Do Not Stumble.

NORMAN MACLEOD. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

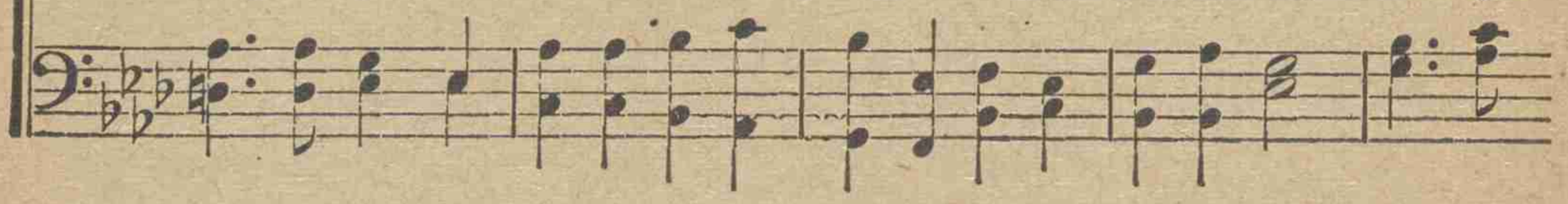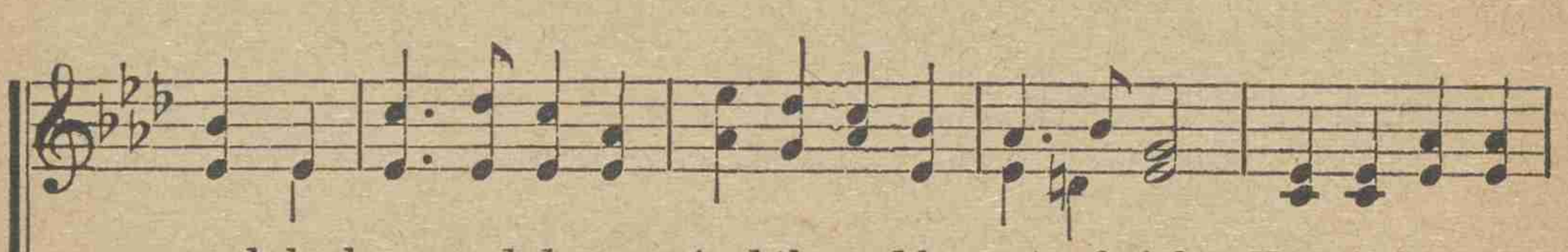


1. Courage, brother! do not stumble, Tho' thy path be dark as night;
2. Per-ish "pol-i - cy" and cunning, Per - ish all that fears the light,
3. Some will hate thee, some will love thee, Some will flatter, some will slight;
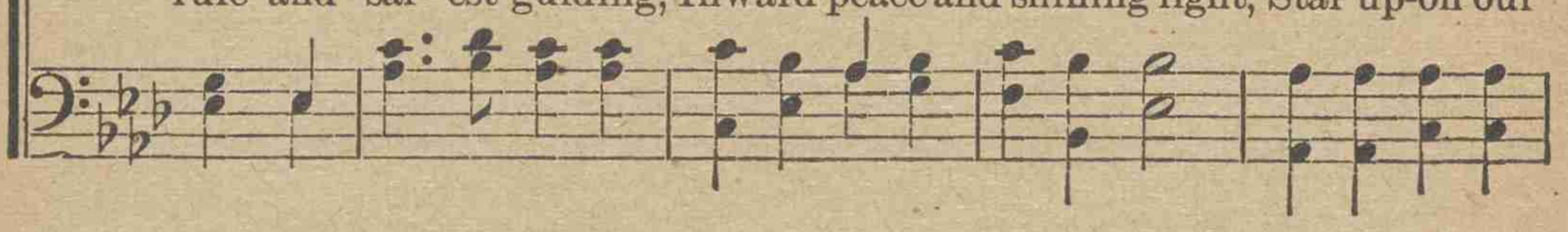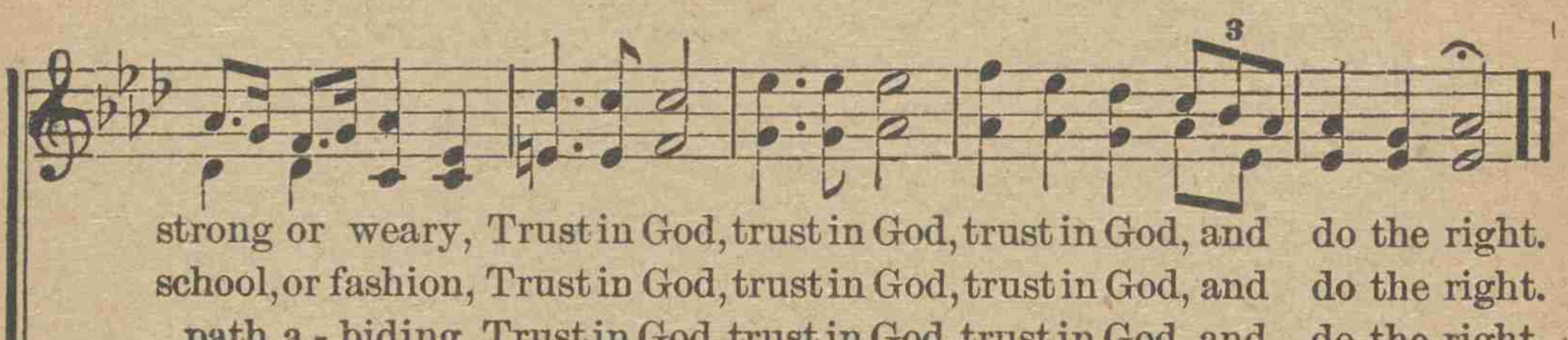




There's a star to guide the humble, Trust in God, and do the right. Tho' the
Whether losing, whether winning, Trust in God, and do the right. Shun all
Cease from man, and look above thee, Trust in God, and do the right. Sim - ple
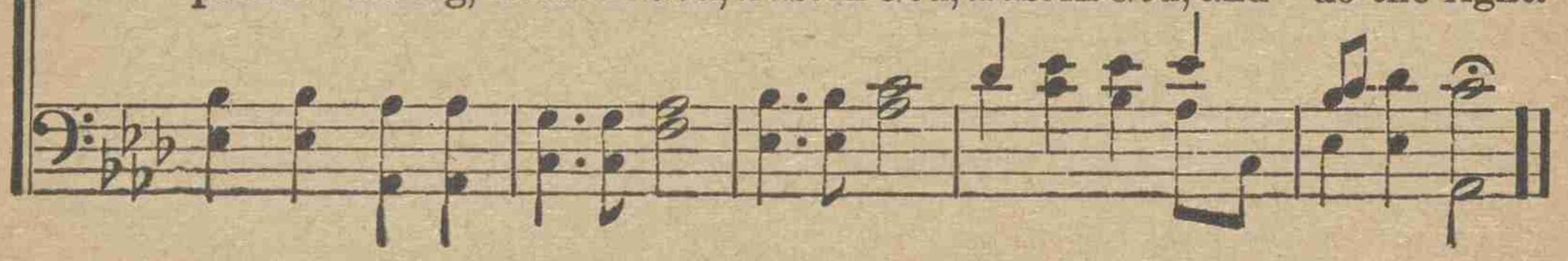




road be long and dreary, And the end be out of sight, Foot it bravely,
forms of guilty passion, Fiends can look like angels bright; Heed no custom,
rule and saf - est guiding, Inward peace and shining light, Star up-on our



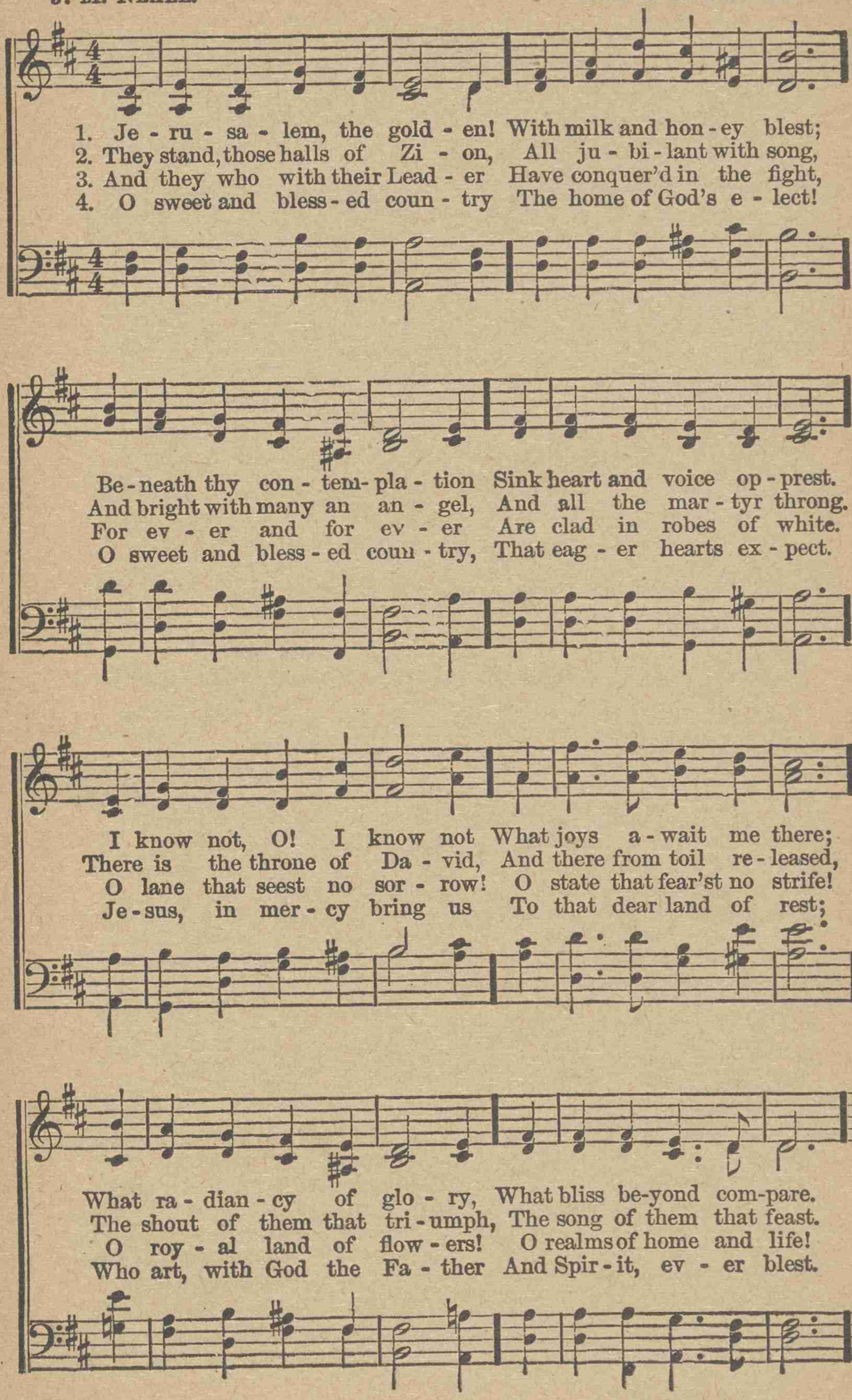


strong or weary, Trust in God, trust in God, trust in God, and do the right.
school, or fashion, Trust in God, trust in God, trust in God, and do the right.
path a - biding, Trust in God, trust in God, trust in God, and do the right.



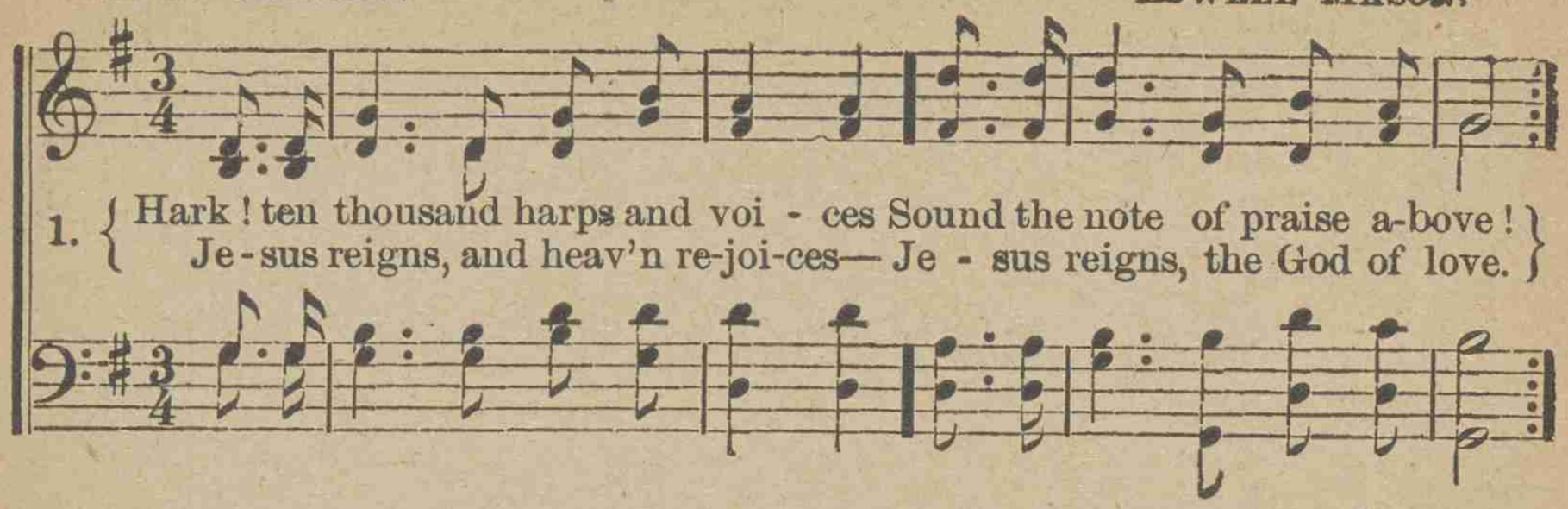
199. Jerusalem, the Golden.
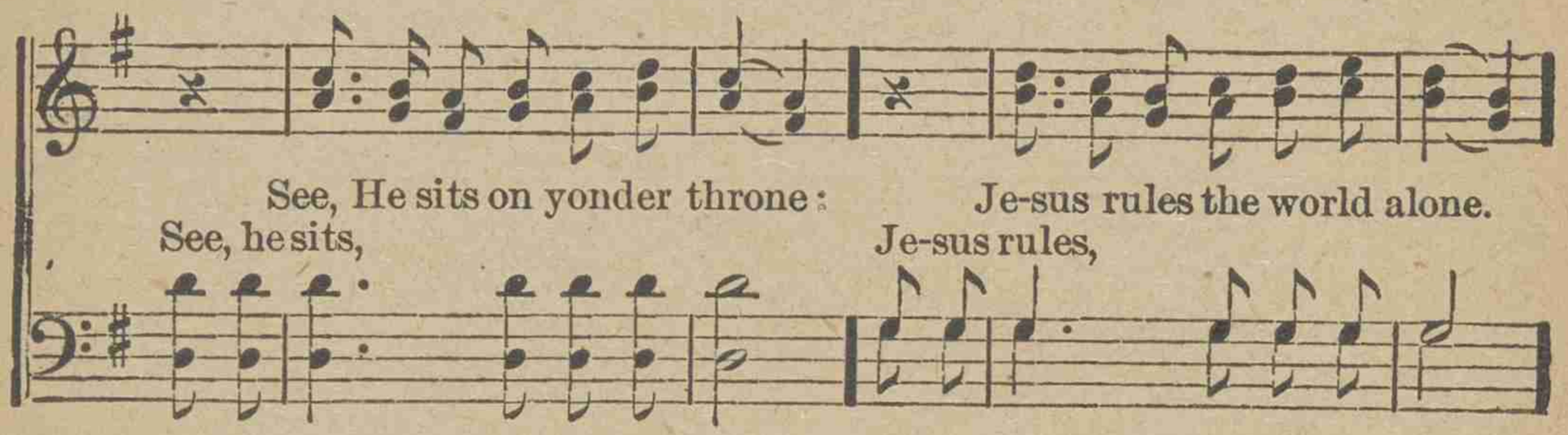
J. M. NEALE. REV. H. L. JENNER.



200. Hark! Ten Thousand.

THOS. KELLEY. LOWELL MASON.





2.

Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth:
Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens,
Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth;
When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Lord, we own it love divine.

3.

King of glory, reign forever—
Thine an everlasting crown:
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own:
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Destined to behold Thy face.

201. Take the Name of Jesus.

LYDIA BAXTER. *Key of A.*

1. Take the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe:
It will joy and comfort give you;
Take it, then, where'er you go.

CHO.—Precious name, O how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heav'n;
Precious name, O how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heav'n!
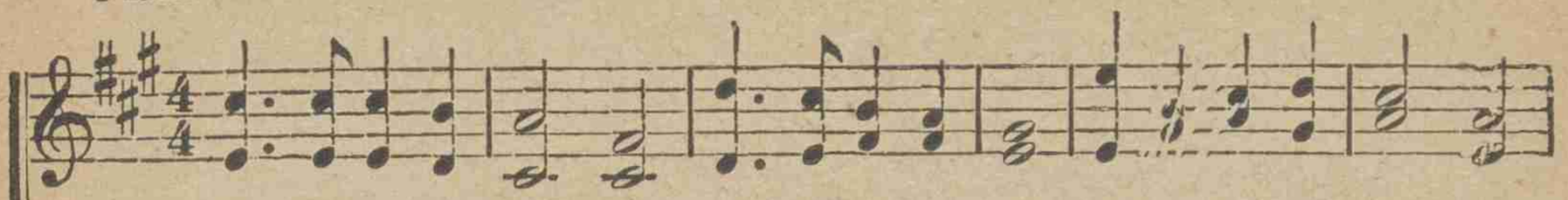
2. Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare;
If temptations round you gather,
Breathe that holy name in prayer.

3. O the precious name of Jesus,
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ.
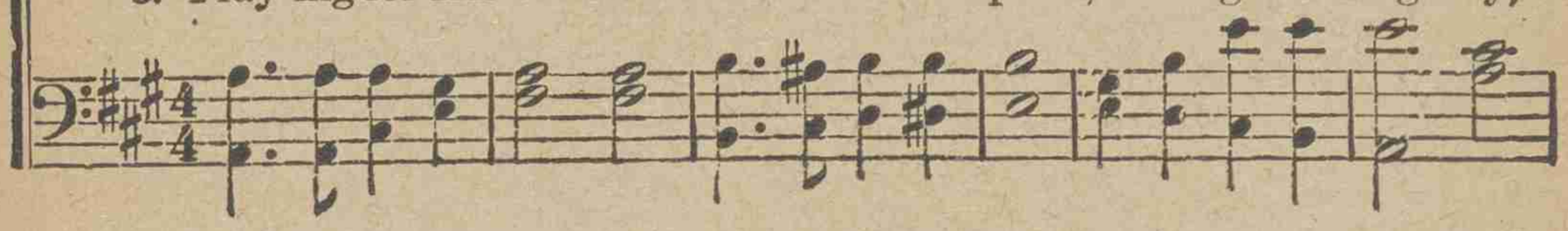
4. At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet,
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him,
When our journey is complete.
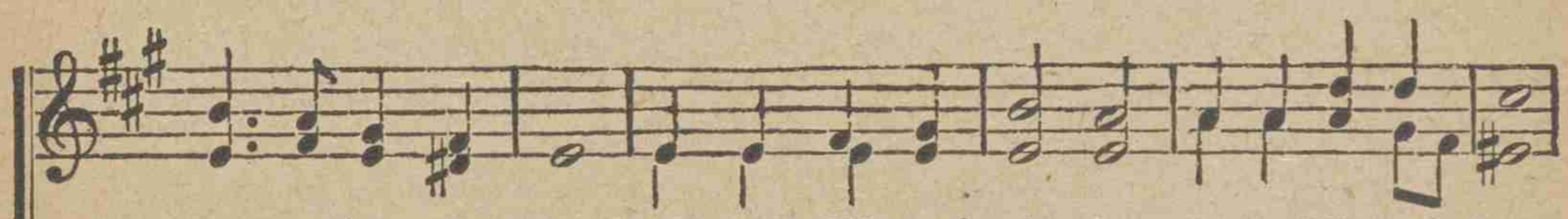
202. Golden Harps are Sounding.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. FRANCES E. HAVERGAL.
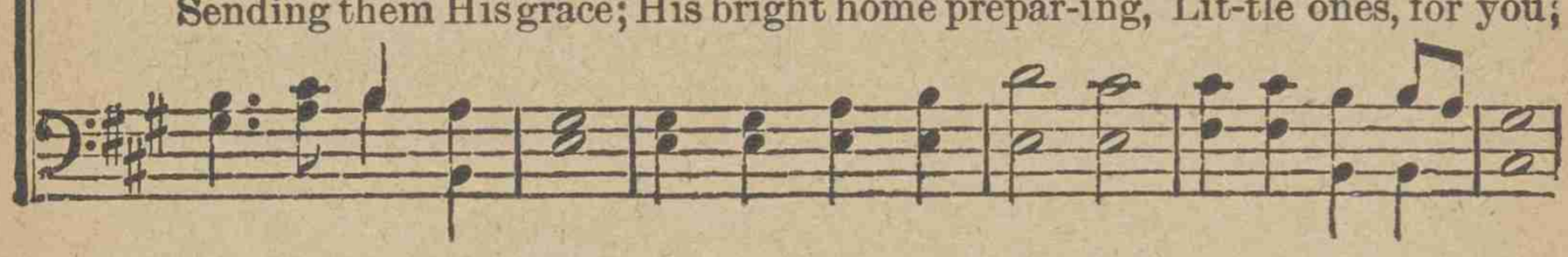


1. Golden harps are sounding, An-gel voices ring, Pearly gates are o-pened,
2. He who came to save us, He who bled and died, Now is crowned with gladness
3. Pray-ing for His chil-dren In that blessed place, Calling them to glo-ry,
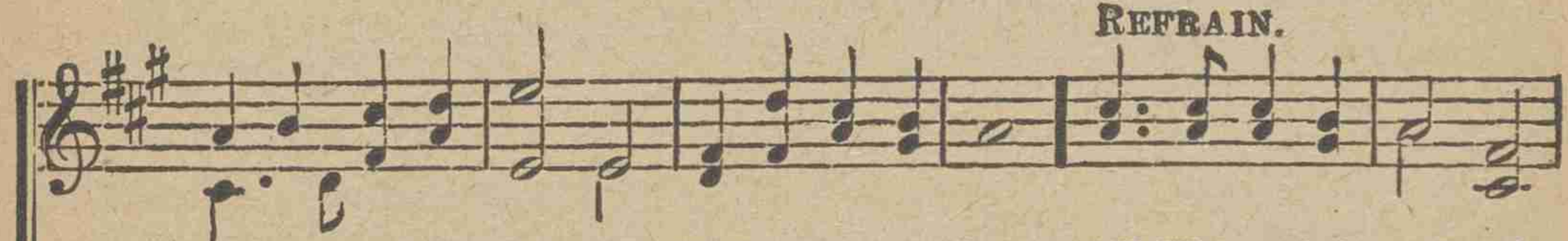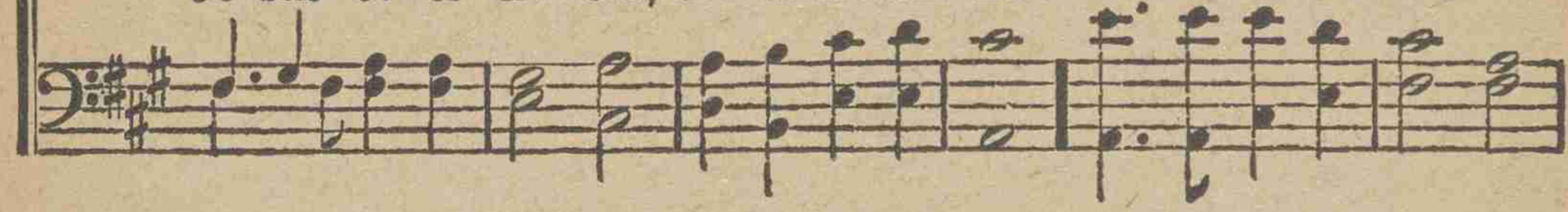




Opened for the King. Christ, the King of glo-ry, Jesus, King of love,
At His Father's side. Nev-er more to suf-fer, Never more to die,
Sending them His grace; His bright home prepar-ing, Lit-tle ones, for you;
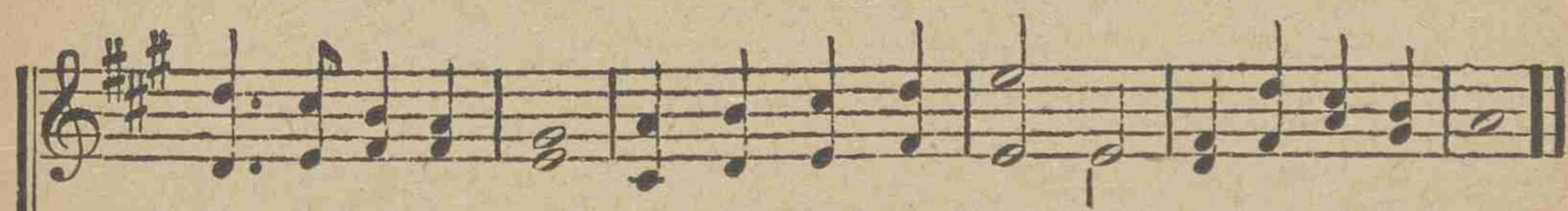


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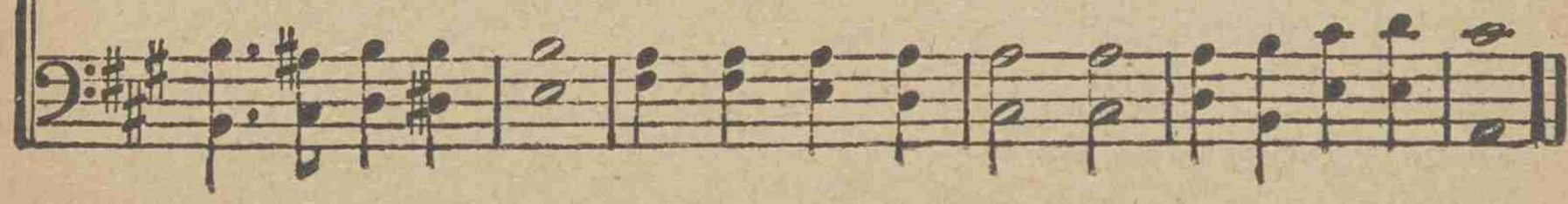


Is gone up in triumph To His throne above. All His work is end-ed,
Je-sus, King of glo-ry, Is gone up on high.
Je-sus ev-er liv-eth, Ev-er loveth too.



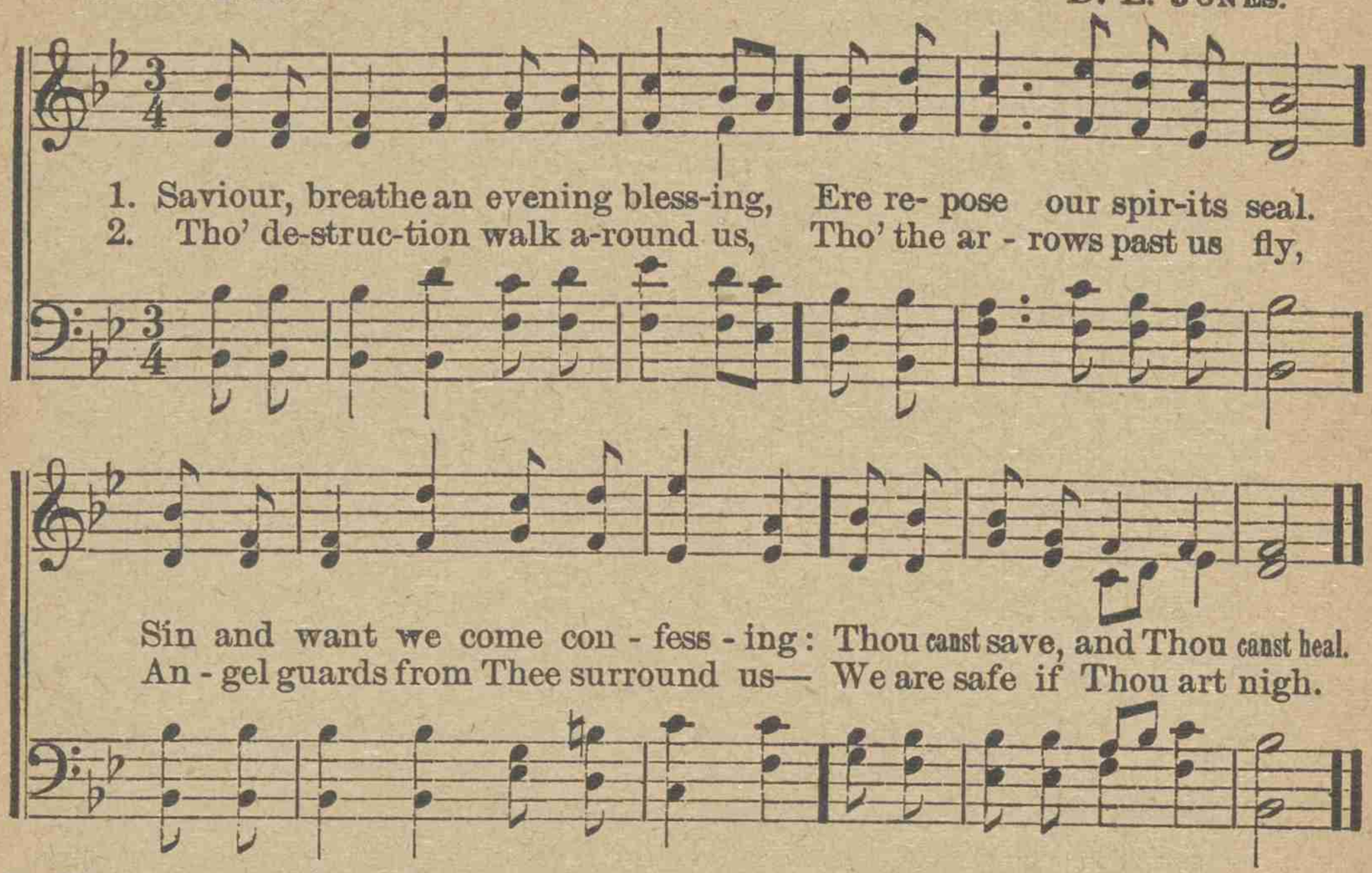


Joy-ful-ly we sing; Je-sus hath as-cend-ed! Glo-ry to our King!



203. Evening Blessing.

J. EDMESTON. D. E. JONES.

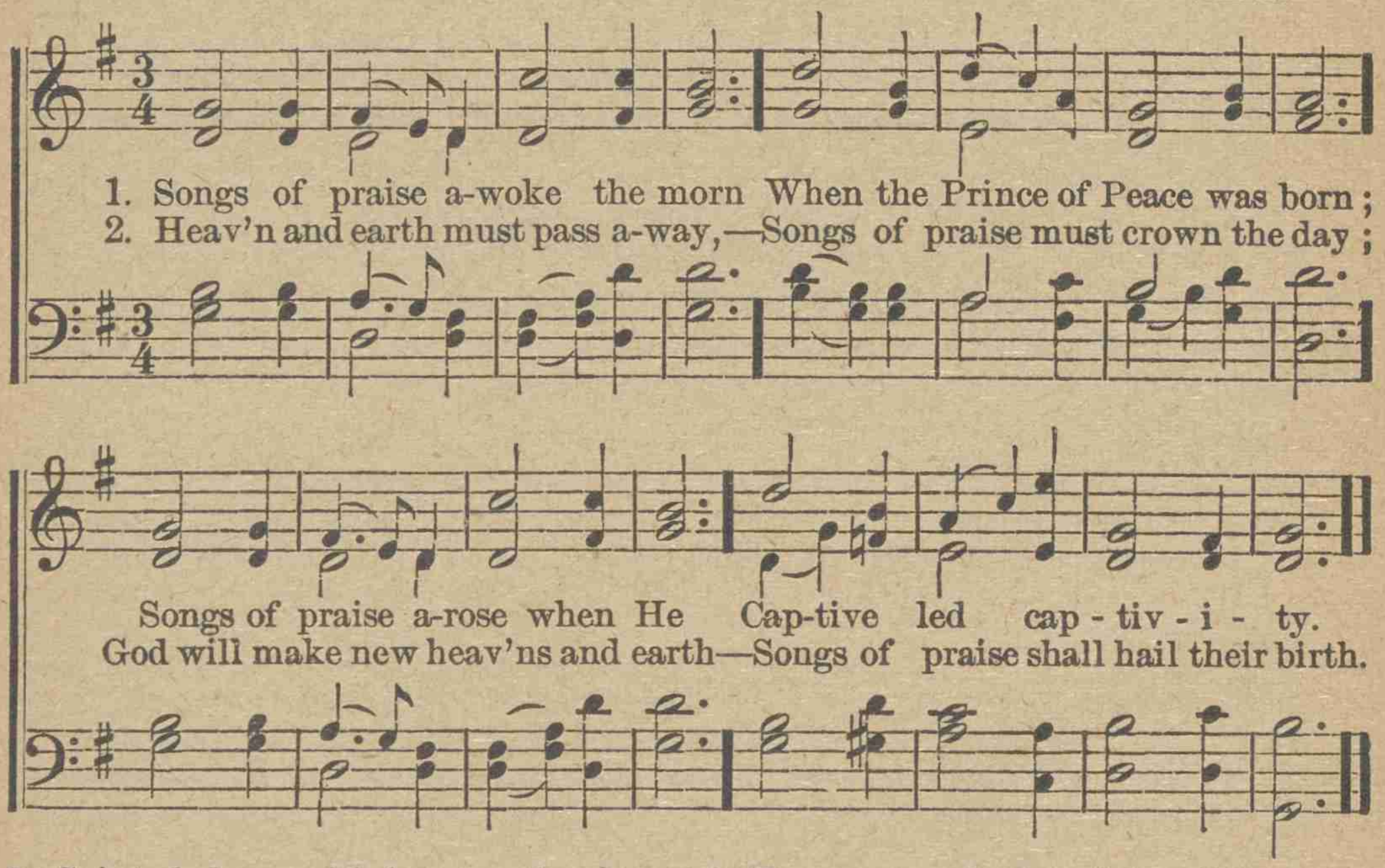


3. Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness can not hide from Thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

4. Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom

204. Songs of Praise

J. MONTGOMERY. MOZART.

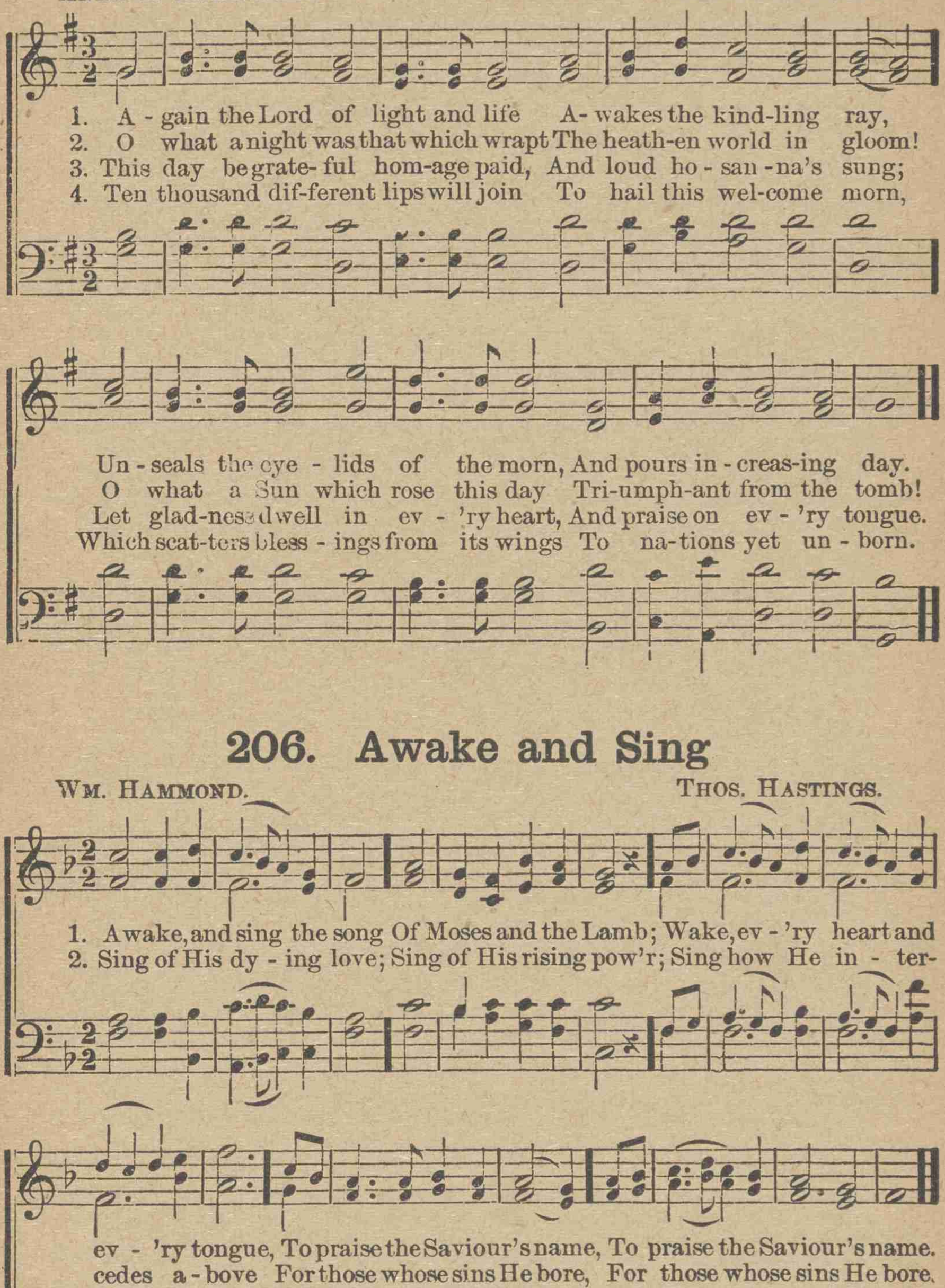


3. Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

4. Borne upon the latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

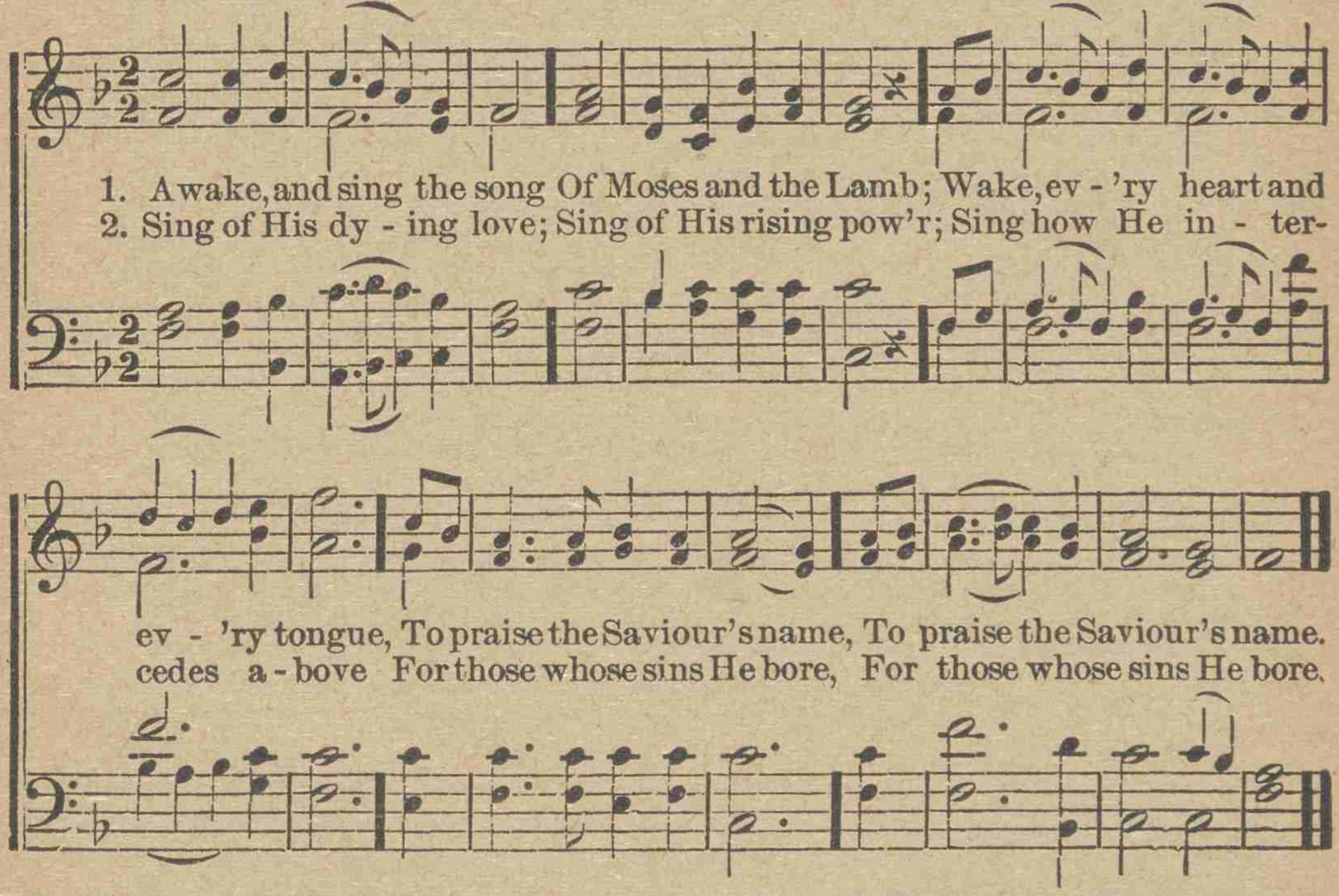
205. Lord of Light and Life.

ANNA L. BARBAULD. THOMAS A. ARNE.



206. Awake and Sing

WM. HAMMOND. THOS. HASTINGS.

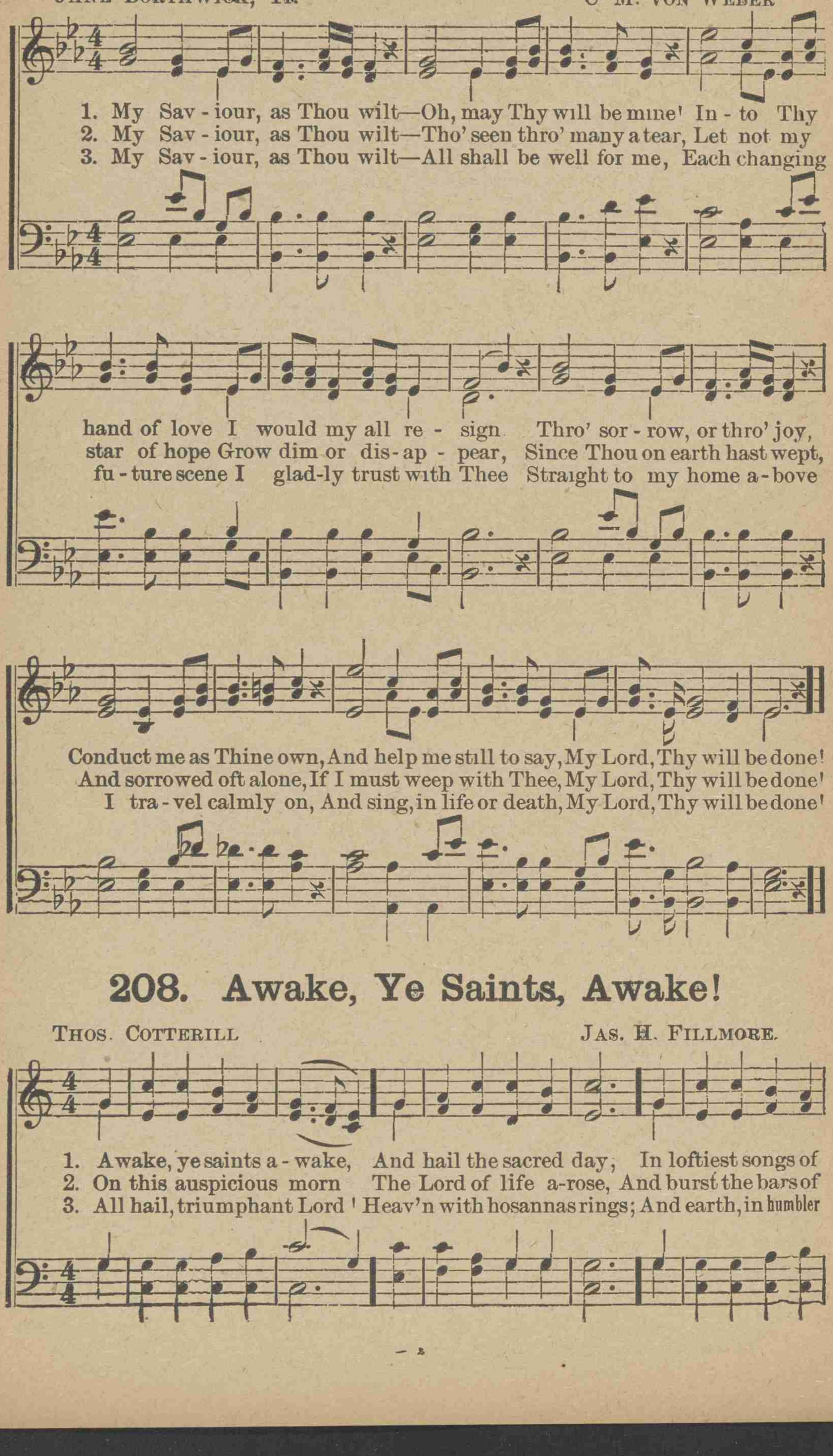


3. Sing on your heavenly way,
You ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, the glorious King.

4. Soon shall you hear Him say,
"You blessed children, come!"
Soon will He call you hence away,
And take His pilgrims home.

207. My Saviour, as Thou Wilt.
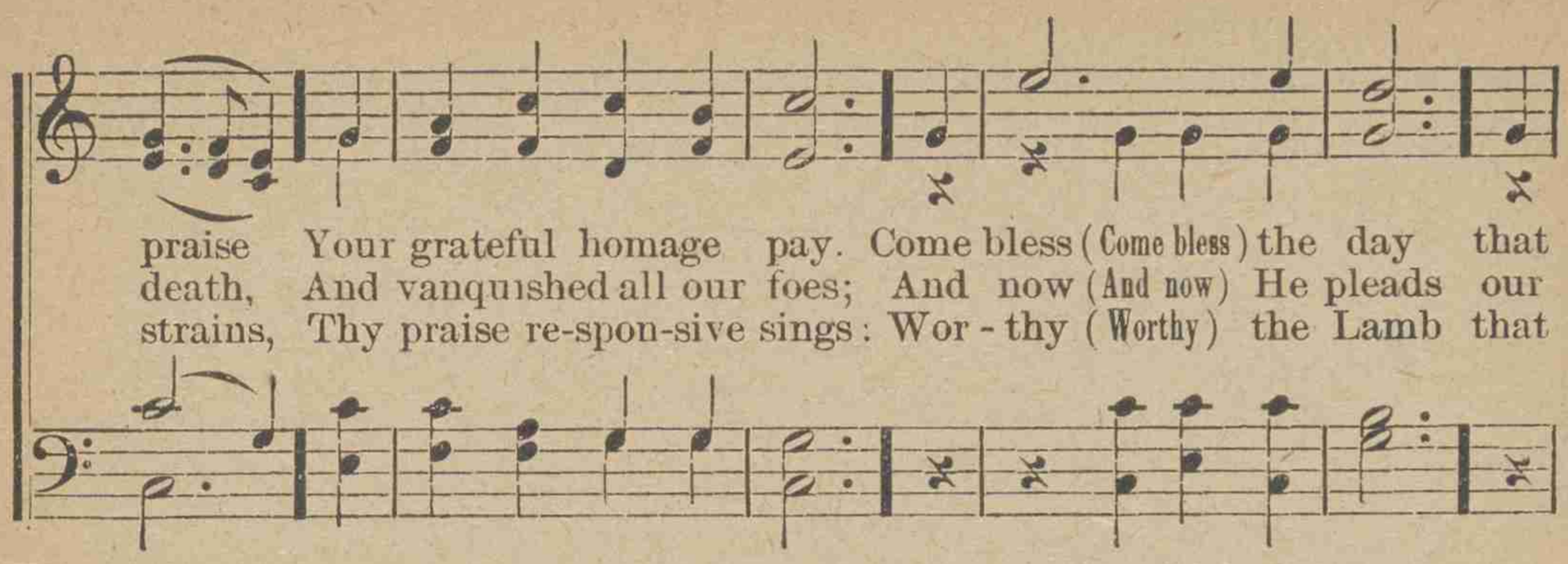
JANE BORTHWICK, Tr. C M. VON WEBER
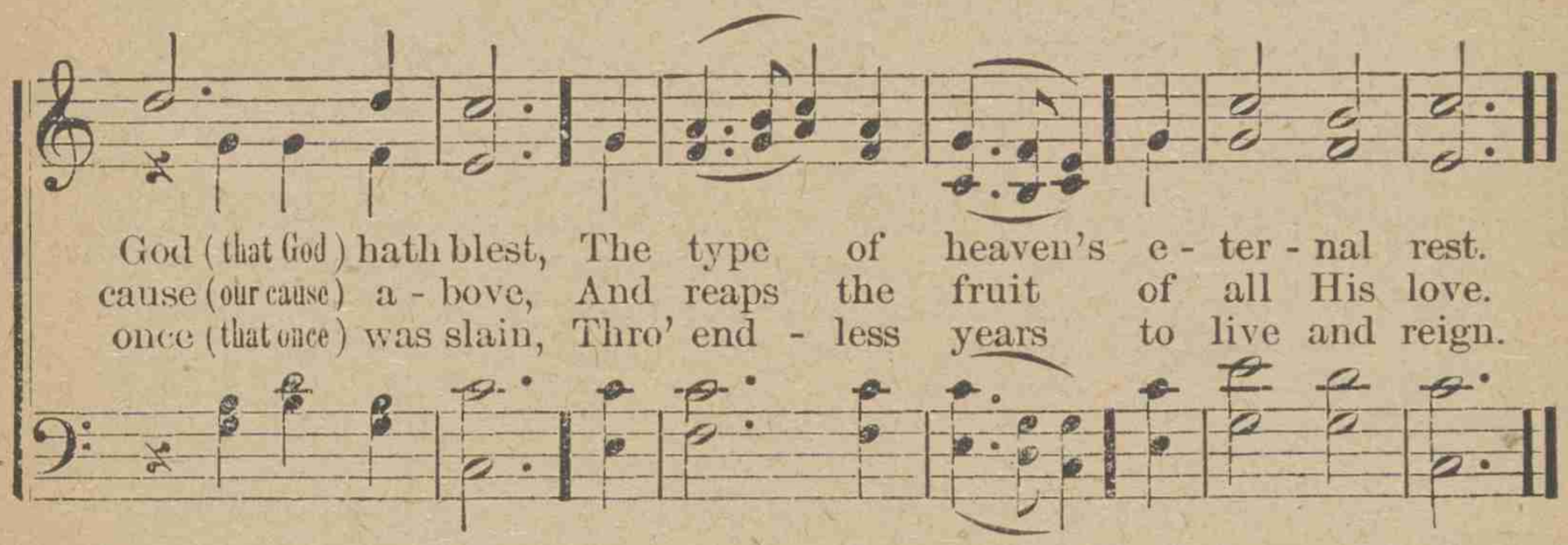


208. Awake, Ye Saints, Awake!

THOS. COTTERILL JAS. H. FILLMORE.
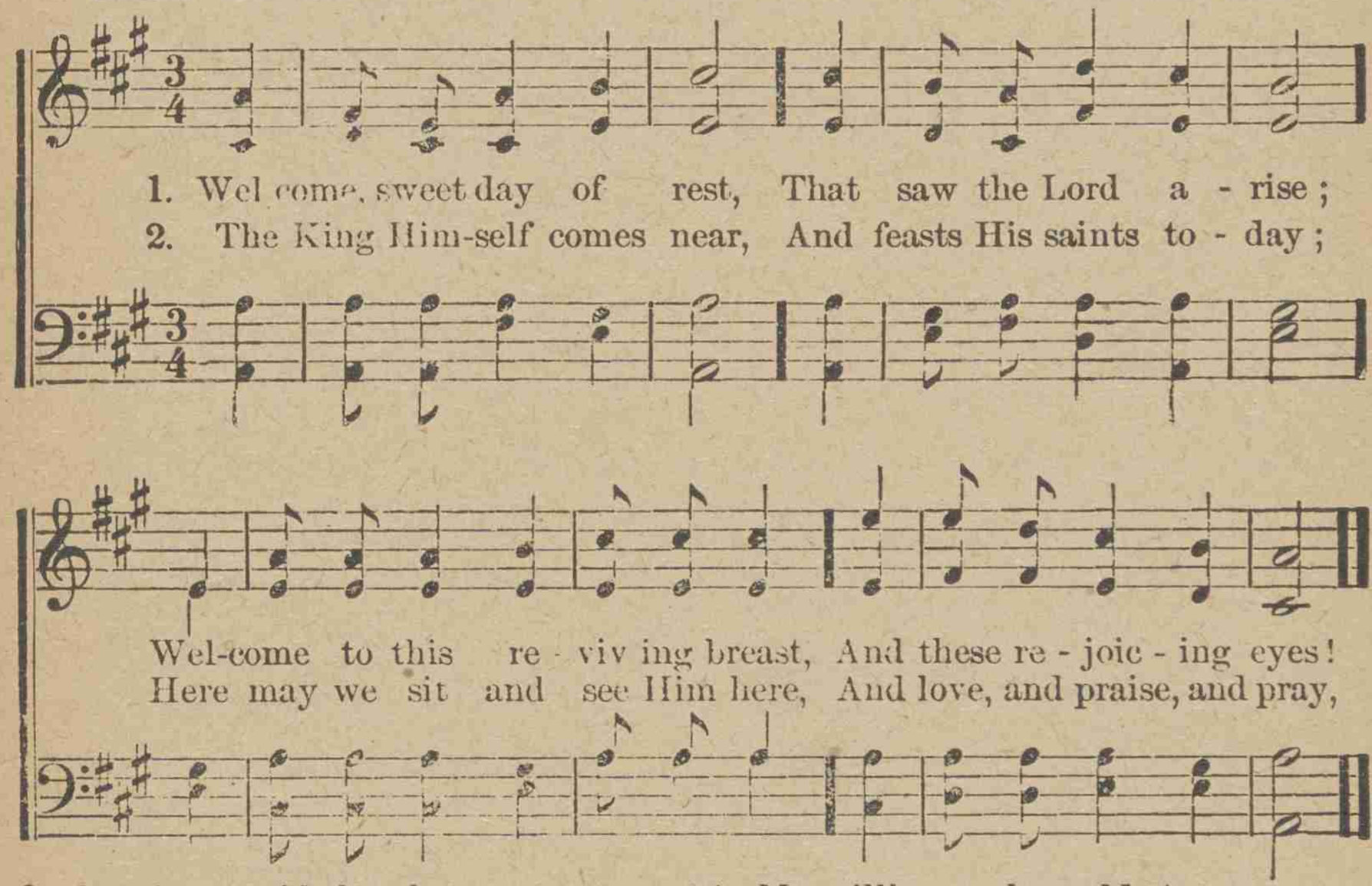
Awake, Ye Saints, Awake!—Concluded.





209. Sweet Day of Rest.

ISAAC WATTS. DANIEL READ.



3. One day, amid the place
Where my dear Lord hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Within the tents of sin.

4. My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

210. Walk in the Light.

BERNARD BARTON. REV. J. H. WELCH.

1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fel - low-ship of love,
2. Walk in the light! and thou shalt own Thy darkness pass'd a - way,
3. Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb No fear - ful shade shall wear;
4. Walk in the light! and thine shall be A path, tho' thorn-y, bright;

His Spir - it on - ly can be- stow Who reigns in light a - bove.
Be- cause that light on thee hath shone In which is per - fect day.
Glo - ry shall chase a - way its gloom, For Christ hath conqu'red there.
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee, And God Him- self is light.

CHORUS.

We'll walk..... in the light,..... In the

We'll walk in the light, in the beau - ti - ful light, In the

beau - - ti - ful light;..... We'll walk..... in the

wonderful light, in the light of our God; We'll walk in the light, in the

light,..... In the light..... of our God.....

beau-ti-ful light, In the wonderful light, in the light of our God.

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PRAYER AND PRAISE.

211. Oh, Could I Speak.

S. MEDLEY. DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Oh, could I speak the match - less worth, Oh, could I
2. I'd sing the pre - cious blood he spilt, My ran-som
3. Well—the de - light - ful day will come, When my dear

sound the glo- ries forth Which in my Sa-viour shine, I'd
from the dreadful guilt, Of sin and wrath di - vine! I'd
Lord will bring me home, And I shall see his face: Then

soar and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with Ga-briel while he sings,
sing his glo-rious righteousness, In which all per-fect heav'nly dress
with my Sa-viour, Brother, Friend, A blest e - ter - ni - ty I'll spend,

In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al - most di - vine.
My soul shall ev - er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.
Tri - um-phant in his grace, Tri-um-phant in his grace.

212. Is My Name Written There?

W. T. G. W. T. GIFFE

1. In the Lamb's book of life that is kept in heav-en,
2. All the good that I do is there re - cord - ed,
3. Tho' my life may be fraught with af - flic - tions fear - ful,

Are writ - ten the names of those for - giv - en:
And in heav - en by grace I'll be re - ward - ed:
I can bear with it all, and my heart be cheer - ful,

CHORUS.

Is my name written there?
Is my name written there? Is my name wit-ten there? Is my
If my name's written there.

name written there, In the Lamb's book of life? Is my name written there?

213. The Half Has Never Been Told.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. R. E. HUDSON.

1. I know I love Thee better, Lord, Than an - y earthly joy,
2. I know that Thou art nearer still Than an - y earthly throng,
3. Thou hast put gladness in my heart; Then well may I be glad!
4. O Sav - ior, precious Savior mine! What will Thy presence be,

For Thou hast giv - en me the peace Which noth - ing can de - stroy.
And sweet - er is the tho't of Thee Than an - y love - ly song.
Without the se - cret of Thy love I could not but be sad.
If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with Thee?

CHORUS.

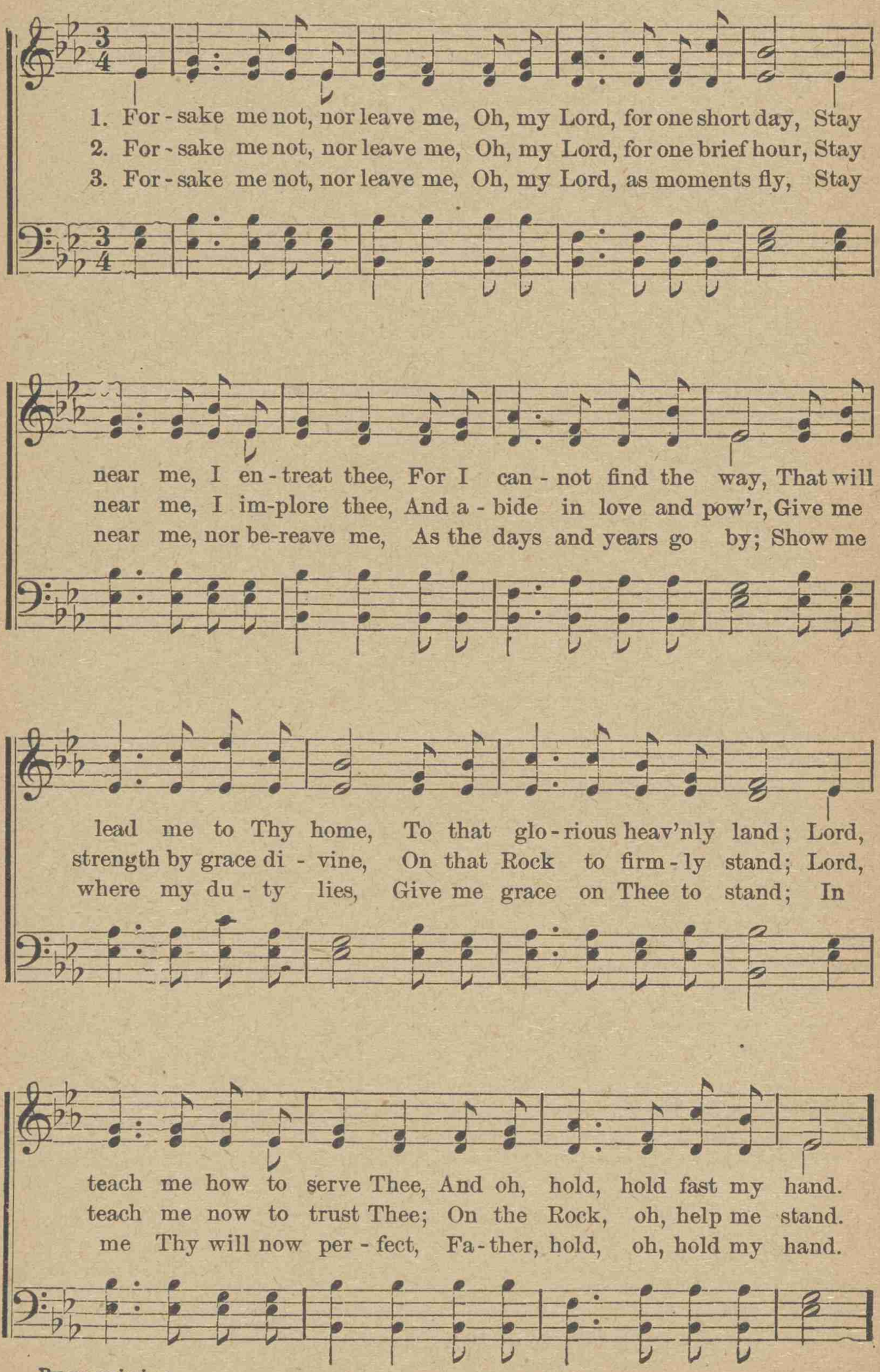
The half has nev - er yet been told, (yet been told,) Of love so full and free; The half has nev - er yet been told, (yet been told,) The blood— it cleans - eth me, (cleanseth me.)

rit.

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214. Forsake Me Not.

TWILIGHT. MILO W. NETHERCUTT.
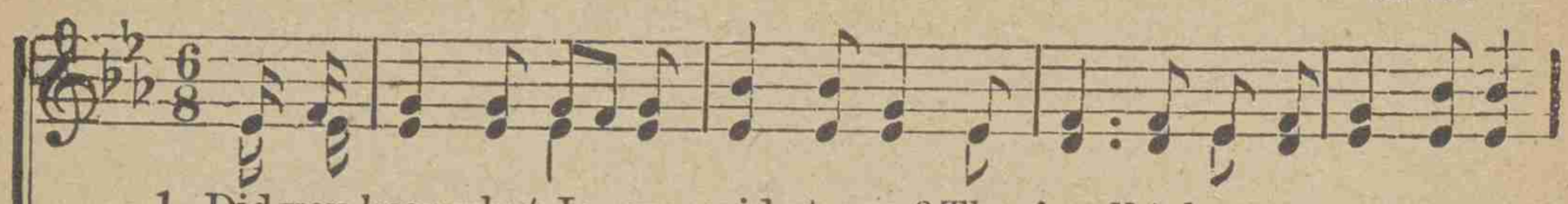


By permission.

Forsake Me Not.—Concluded.
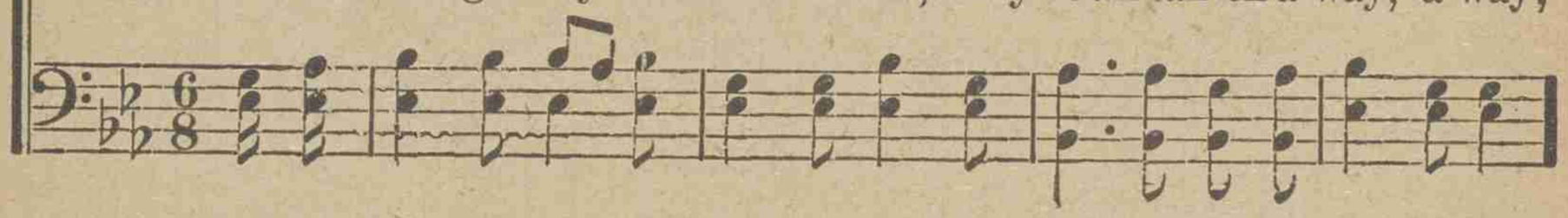
CHORUS.

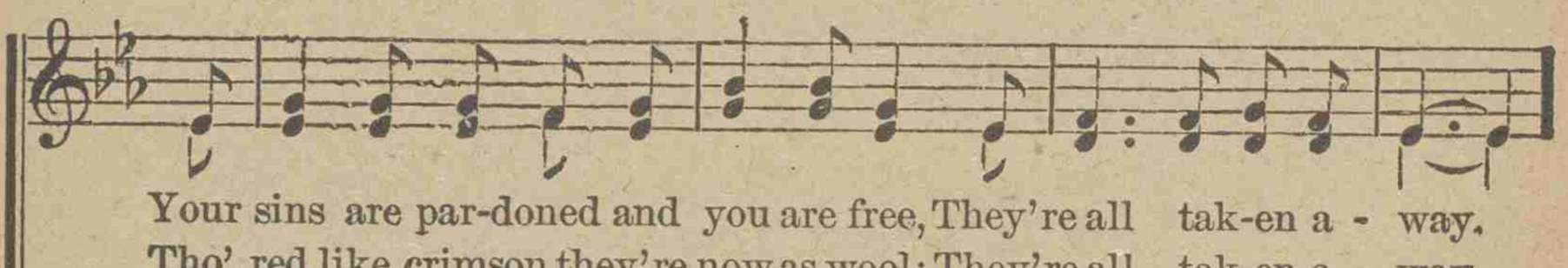
215 All Taken Away.

R. KELSO CARTER. A. A.
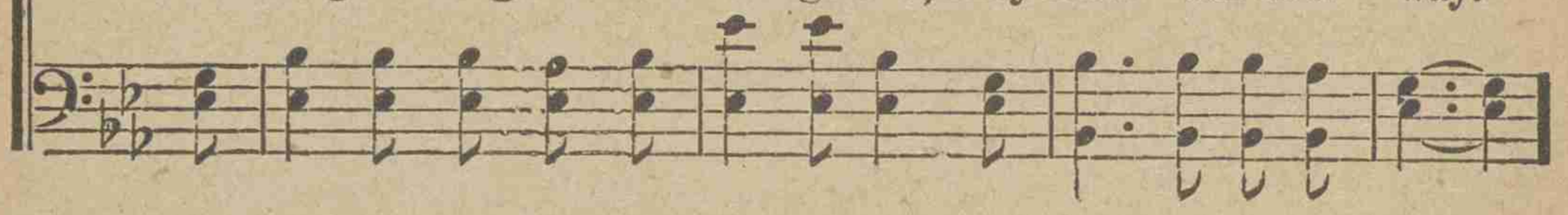


1. Did you hear what Je - sus said to me? They're all tak en a-way, a-way;
2. Oh, this wondrous grace so free and full; They're all tak-en a-way, a-way;
3. Now the cleansing streams of mercy flow; They're all tak-en a-way, a-way;
4. So I praise the Lord for sins forgiven, They're all tak-en a-way, a-way;
5. And when in glo - ry we meet above; They're all tak-en a-way, a-way;
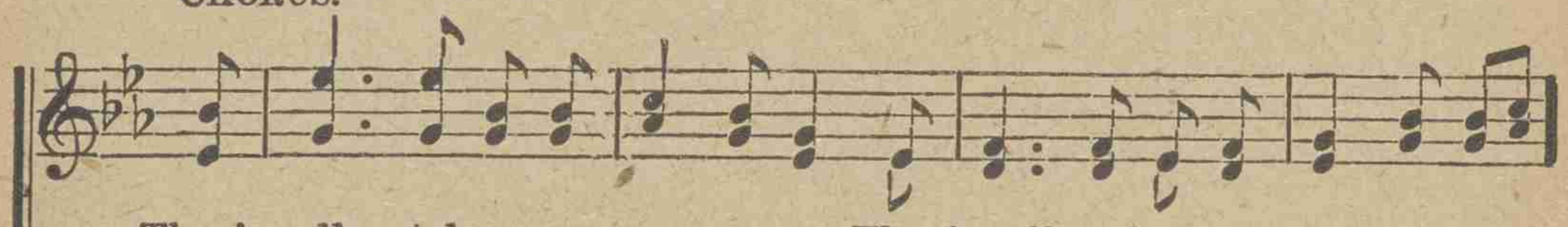




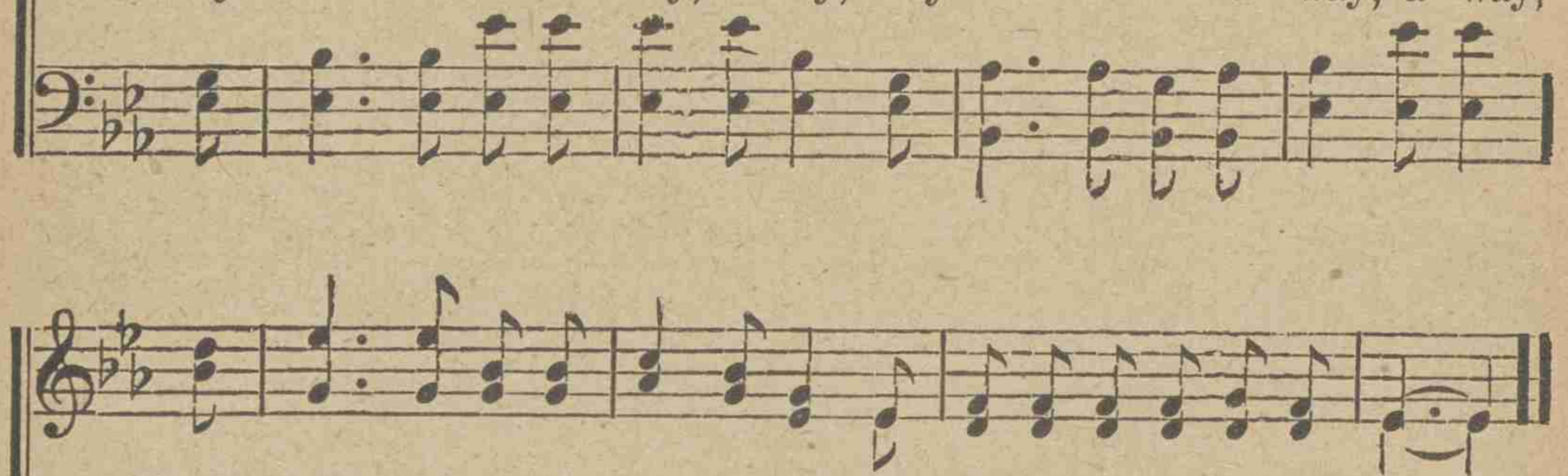
Your sins are par-doned and you are free, They're all tak-en a - way.
Tho' red like crimson they're now as wool; They're all tak-en a - way.
My sins like scar - let are white as snow; They're all tak-en a - way.
While on-ward pressing my way to heav'n; They're all tak-en a - way.
We'll sing the song of Re-deeming Love; They're all tak-en a - way.



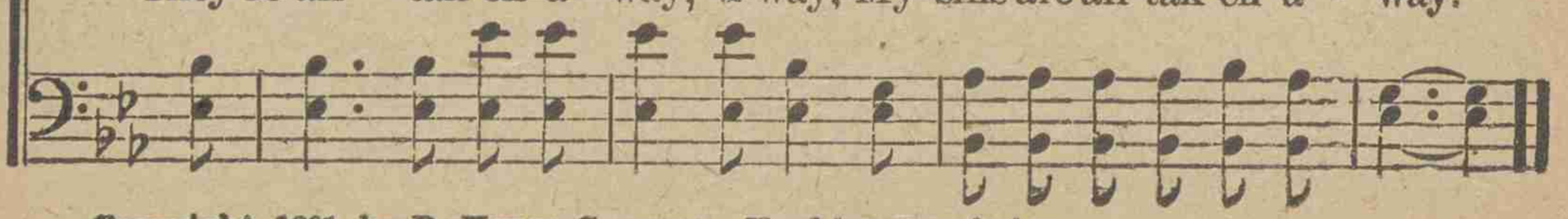
CHORUS.



They're all tak-en a - way, a-way, They're all tak-en a - way, a - way,



They're all tak-en a - way, a-way, My sins are all tak en a - way.



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216. Bless the Lord.

J. V. C. J. V. COOMBS.

DUET. *Soprano and Tenor.*

1. Dear - est Lord, hear our pray'r; Keep us close to Thy side;
2. Fill our hearts with Thy love; To the cross help us cling;
3. Change our tears in - to joy; Bless us, Lord, on this day;

Be our Friend and Pro - tec - tor, Our Sav - ior and Guide.
And we'll praise Thee for - ev - er, Lord Je - sus, our King.
Teach - ing us how to wor - ship, To sing and to pray.

CHORUS.

Bless the Lord, praise His name, Bless the
Bless the Lord, praise His name,

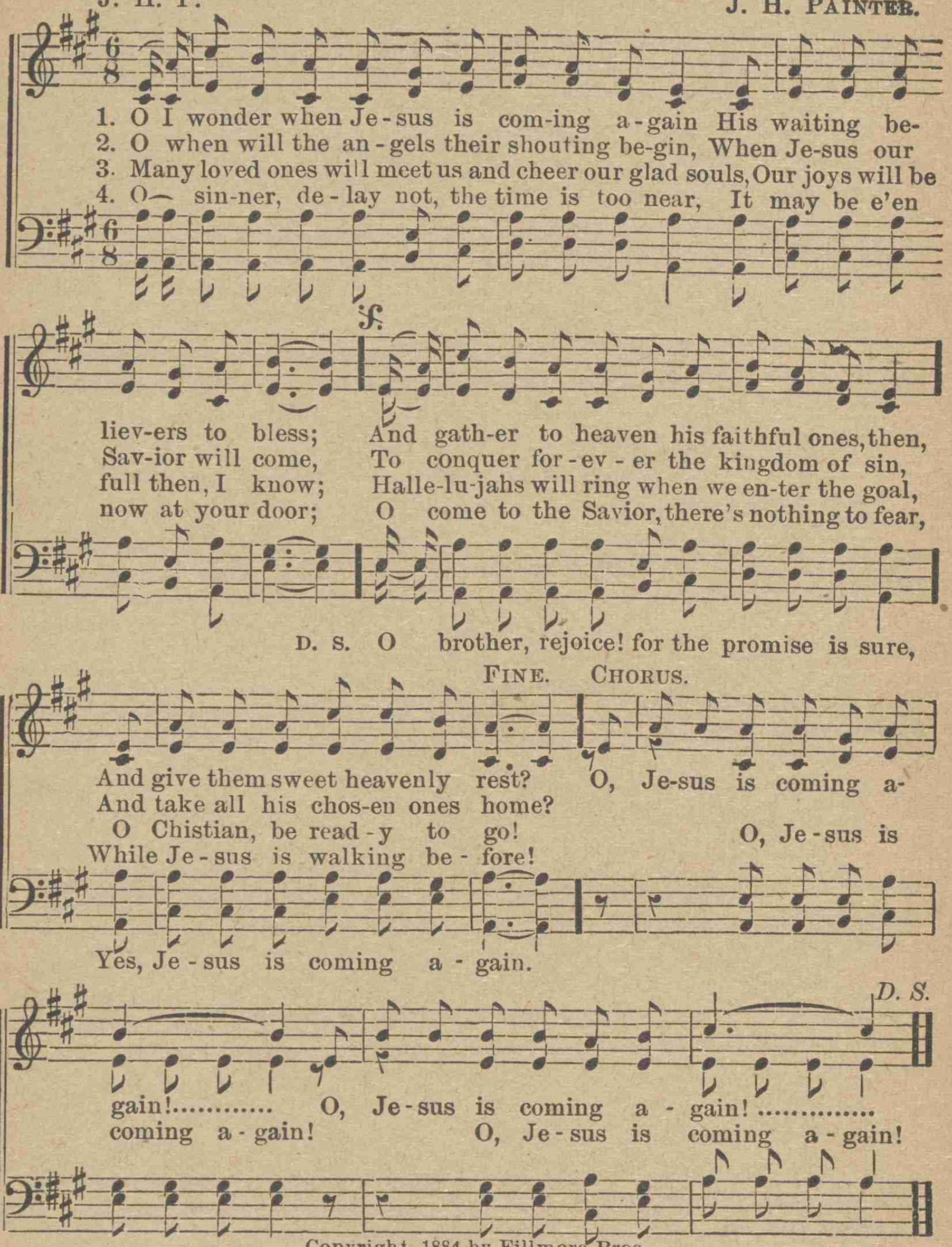
Lord, praise His name, Bless the
Bless the Lord, praise His name,

Lord, O my soul, Bless the Lord, O my soul.

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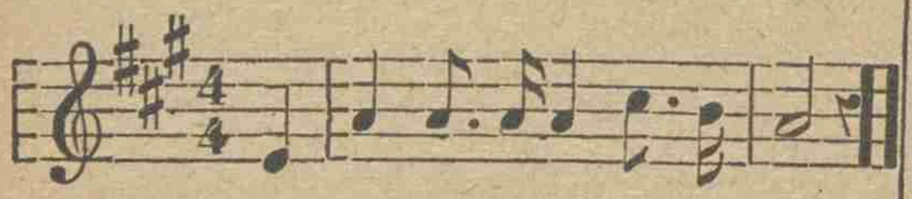
217. Jesus is Coming Again.

J. H. P. J. H. PAINTER.



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218. The Home Over There.



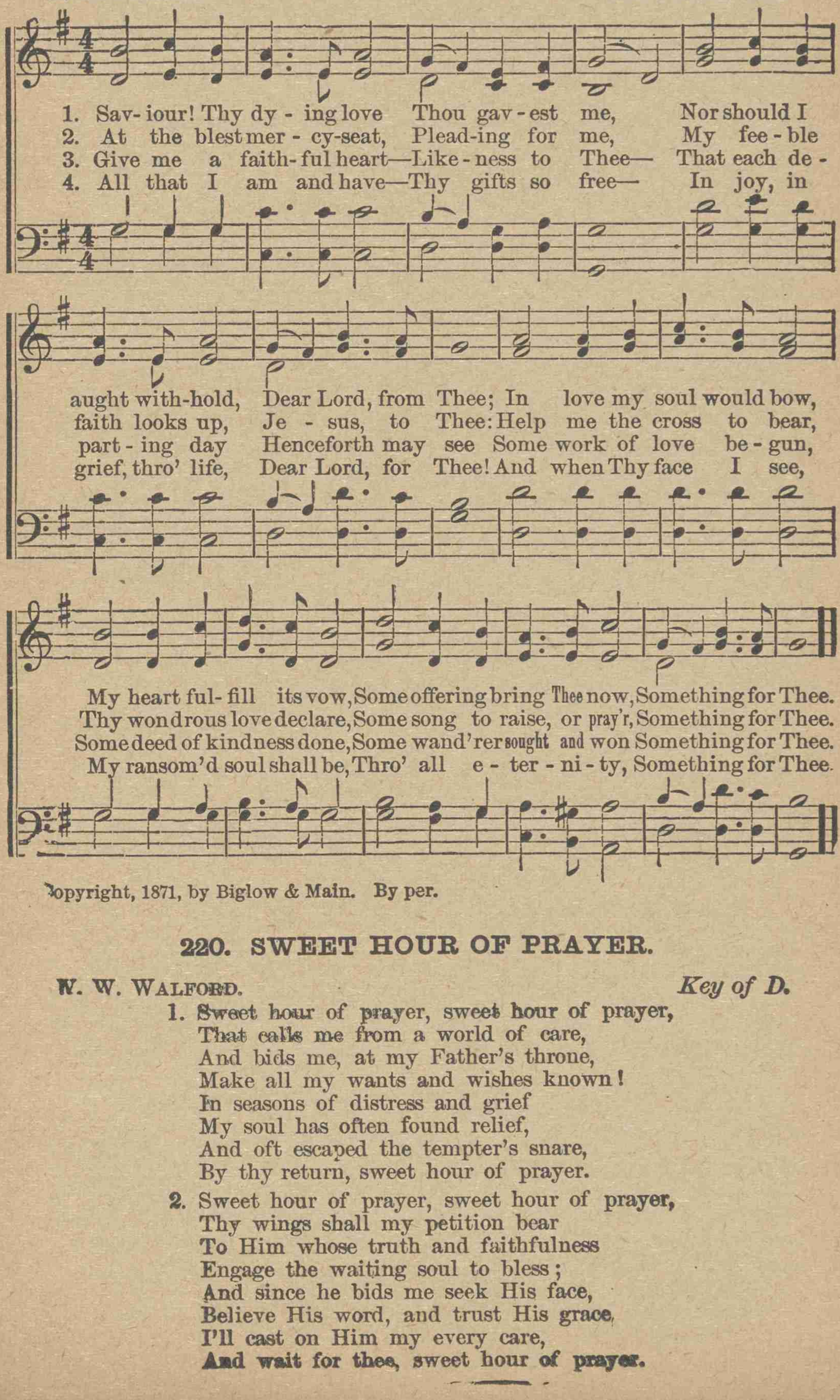
1 O think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white,
Over there, over there,
O think of the home over there,

2 O think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God,
Over there, over there,
O think of the friends over there.

3 My Savior is now over there;
There my kindred and friends are at rest;
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.
Over there, over there,
My Savior is now over there.

219. Something for Jesus.

S. D. PHELPS. REV. R. LOWRY.



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220. SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.
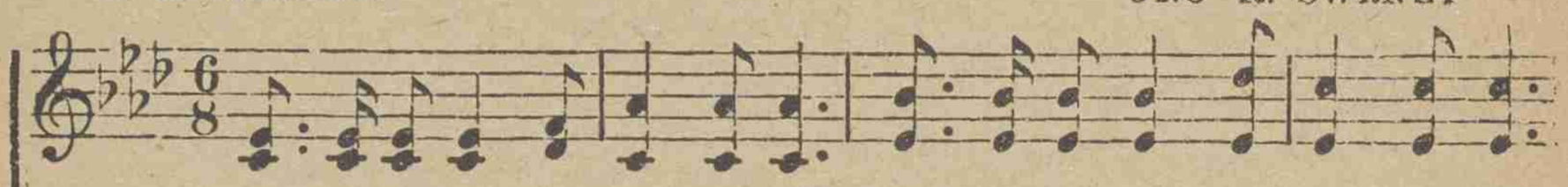
W. W. WALFORD. *Key of D.*

1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known!
In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.
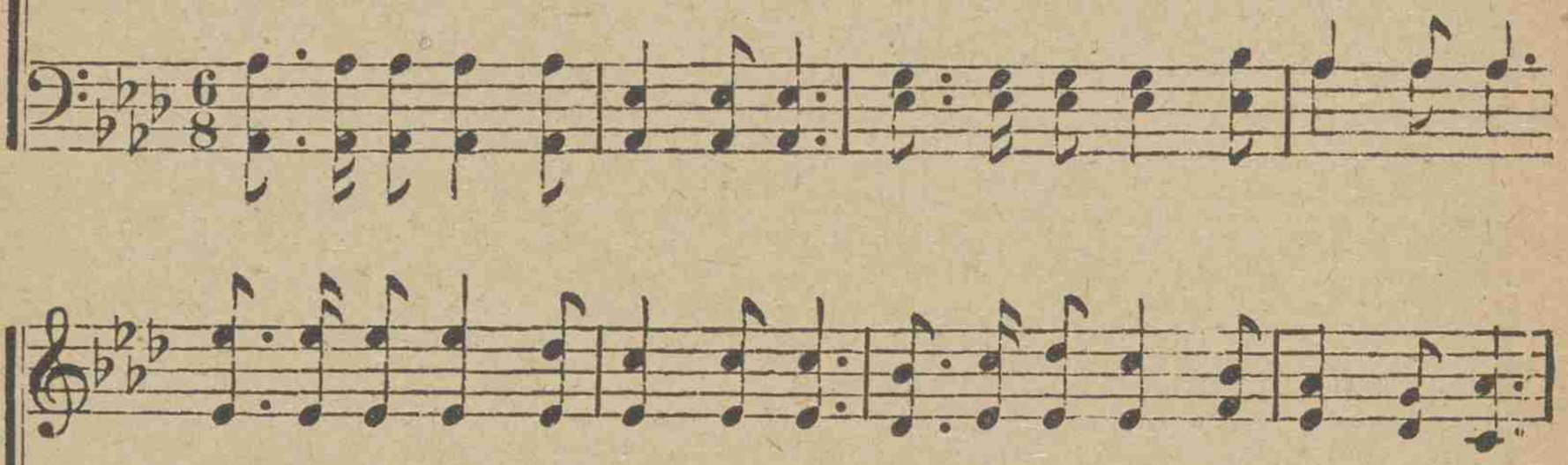
2. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

221. More About Jesus.
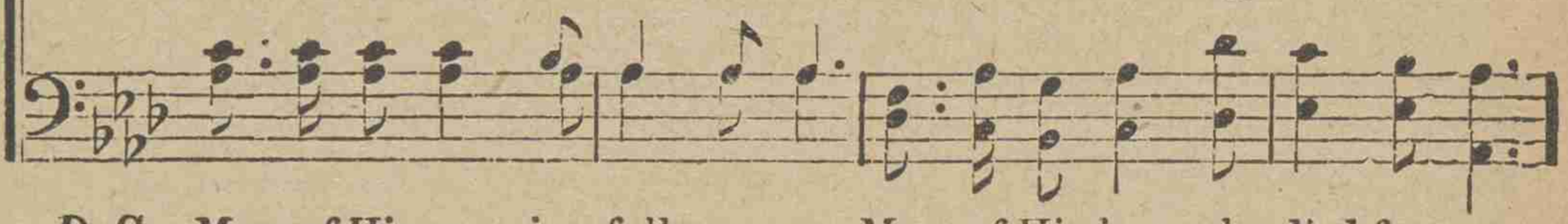
E. E. HEWITT. JNO R. SWENEY



1. More a-bout Je-sus would I know, More of His grace to oth-ers show
2. More a-bout Je-sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis-cern
3 More a-bout Je-sus; in His word, Holding communion with my Lord.
4. More a-bout Je-sus, on His throne, Rich-es in glo-ry all His own.

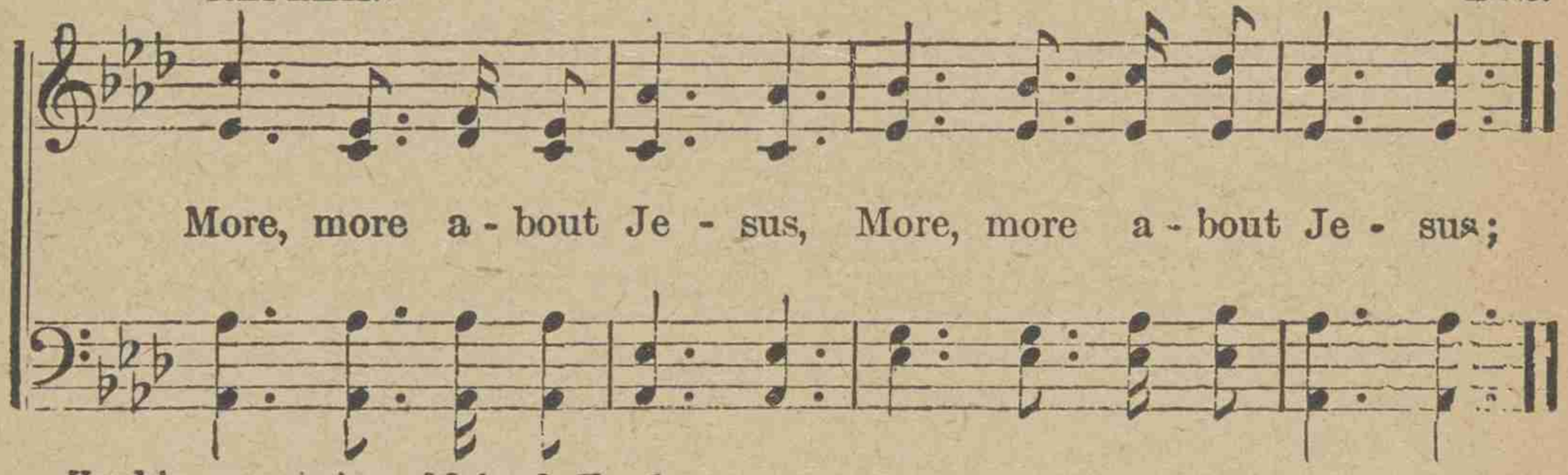


More of His sav - ing full-ness see, More of His love Who died for me.
Spir - it of God, my teach-er be, Showing the things of Christ to me.
Hear-ing His voice in ev - 'ry line, Making each faithful say - ing mine.
More of His kingdom's sure increase, More of His com-ing, Prince of Peace.



D. S.—More of His sav ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.

REFRAIN. *D. S.*



More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus;

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222. I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR.

Key of A♭

1. I need Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord,
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford.

CHO.—I need Thee, oh! I need Thee,
Every hour I need Thee;
O bless me now, my Saviour,
I come to Thee.
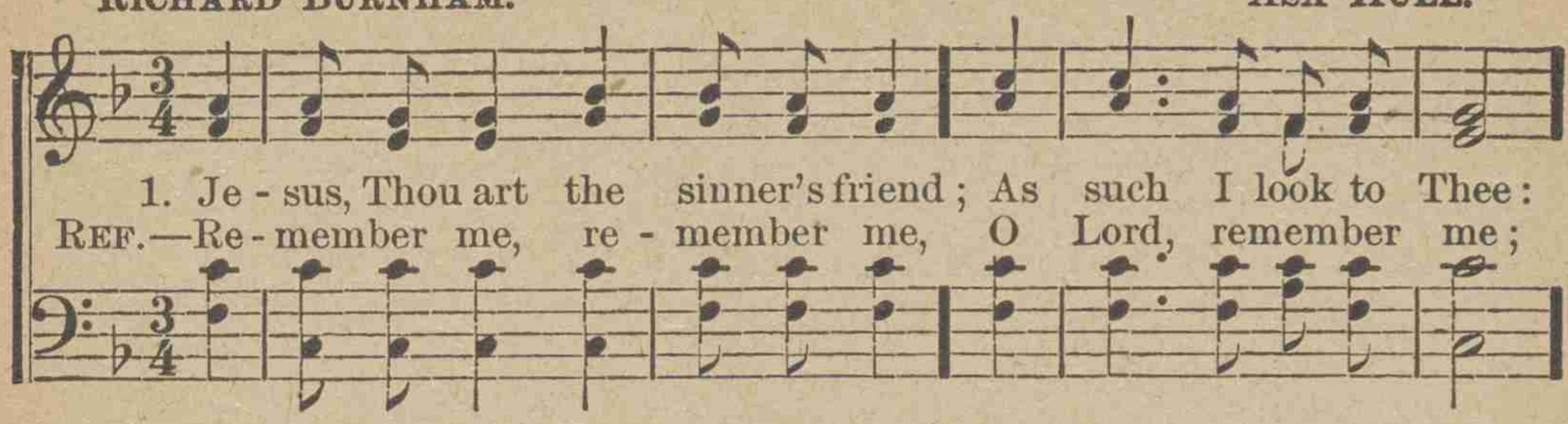
2. I need Thee every hour,
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.

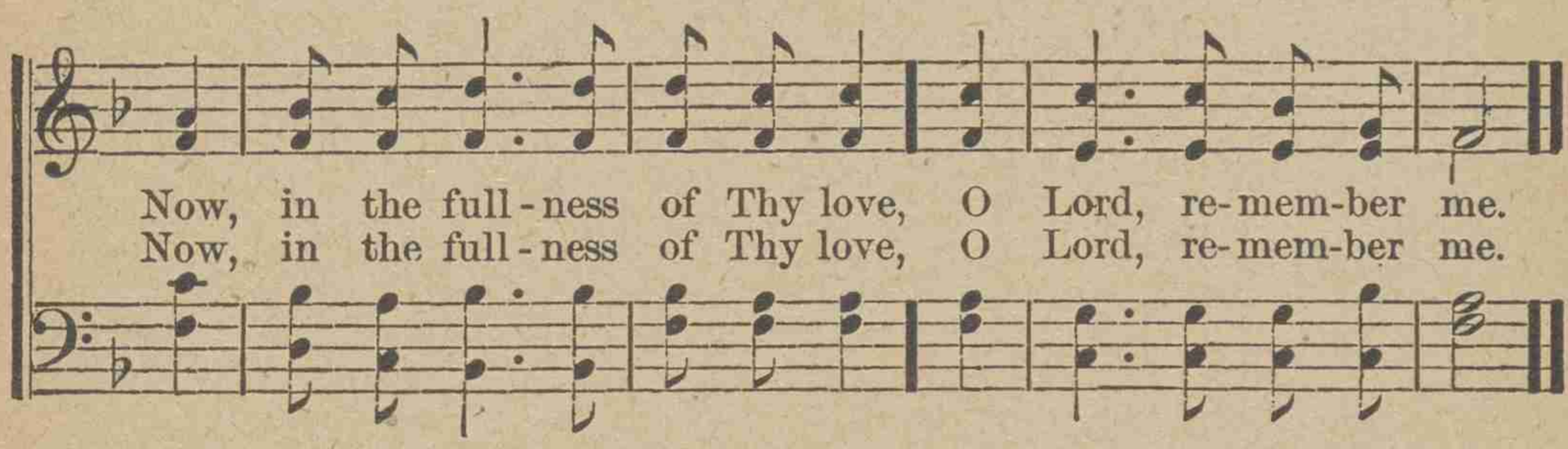
3. I need Thee every hour:
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfill.

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223. Remember Me.

RICHARD BURNHAM. ASA HULL.





2. Remember Thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary;
Remember all Thy promises,
And then remember me.—REF.

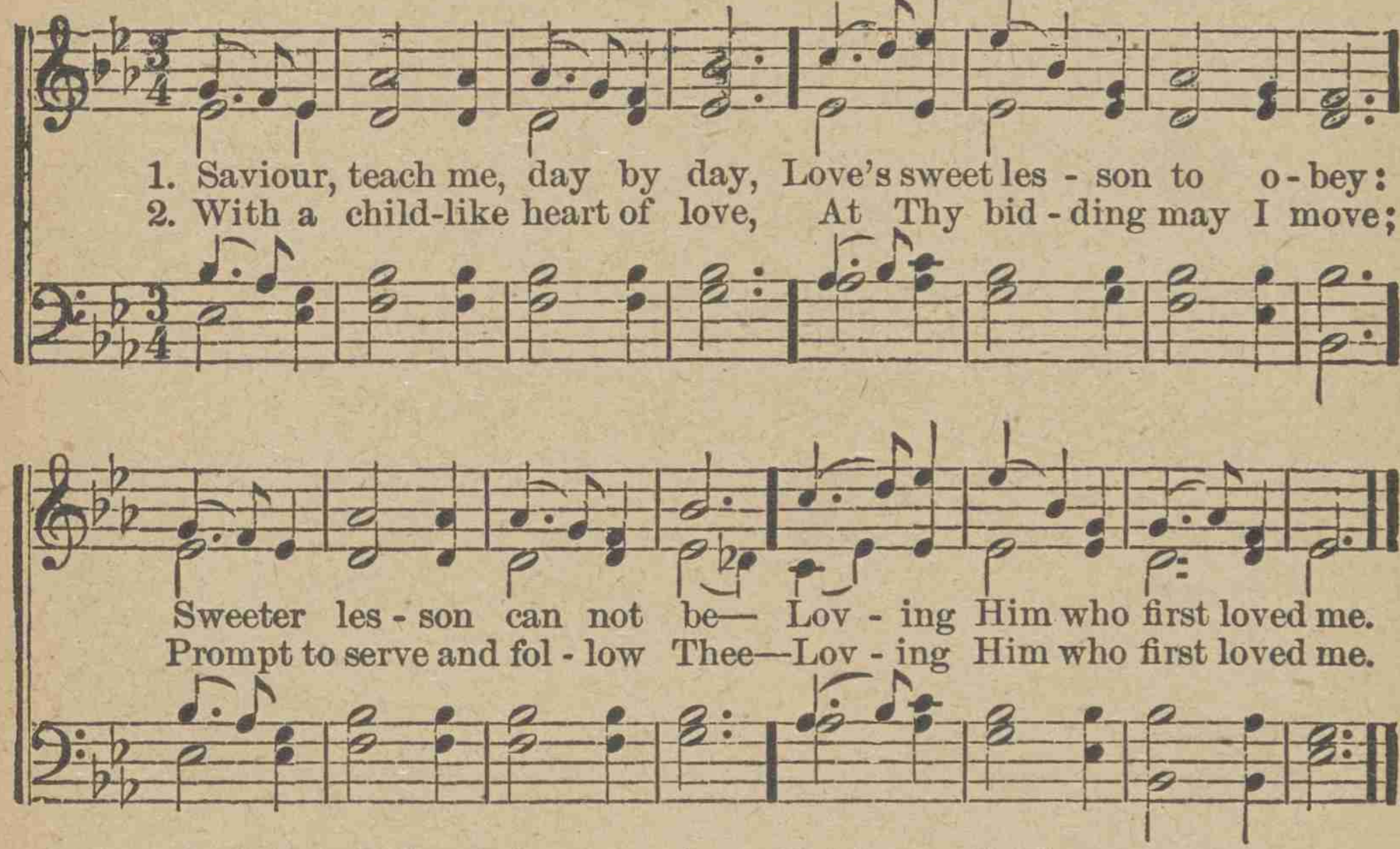
3. Thou mighty Advocate with God,
I yield myself to Thee:
While Thou art sitting on Thy throne,
O Lord, remember me.—REF.

4. I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile;
Yet Thy salvation's free:
Then in Thy all-abounding grace,
O Lord, remember me.—REF.

5. And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature helps all flee,
Then, O my great Redeemer, Lord,
I pray, remember me.—REF.

224. Loving Him.

J. H. FILLMORE.

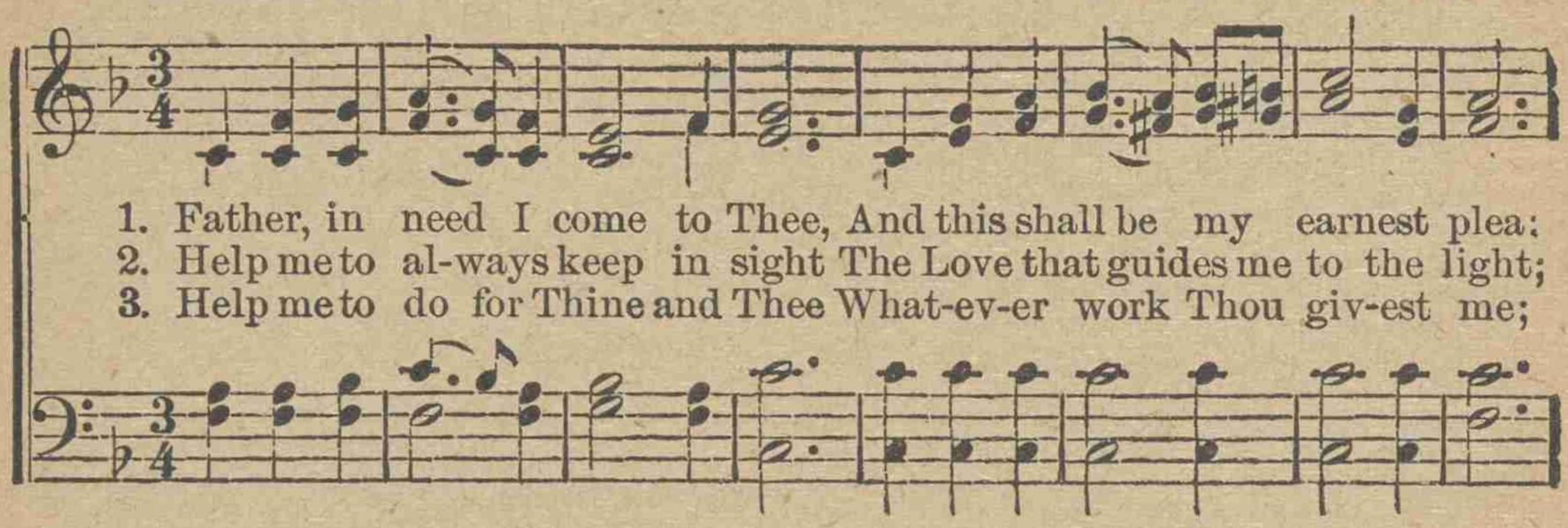


3. Love in loving finds employ
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be—
Loving Him who first loved me.

4. Teach me all Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace;
Learning how to love from Thee—
Loving Him who first loved me.

225. Thy Will Be Done.

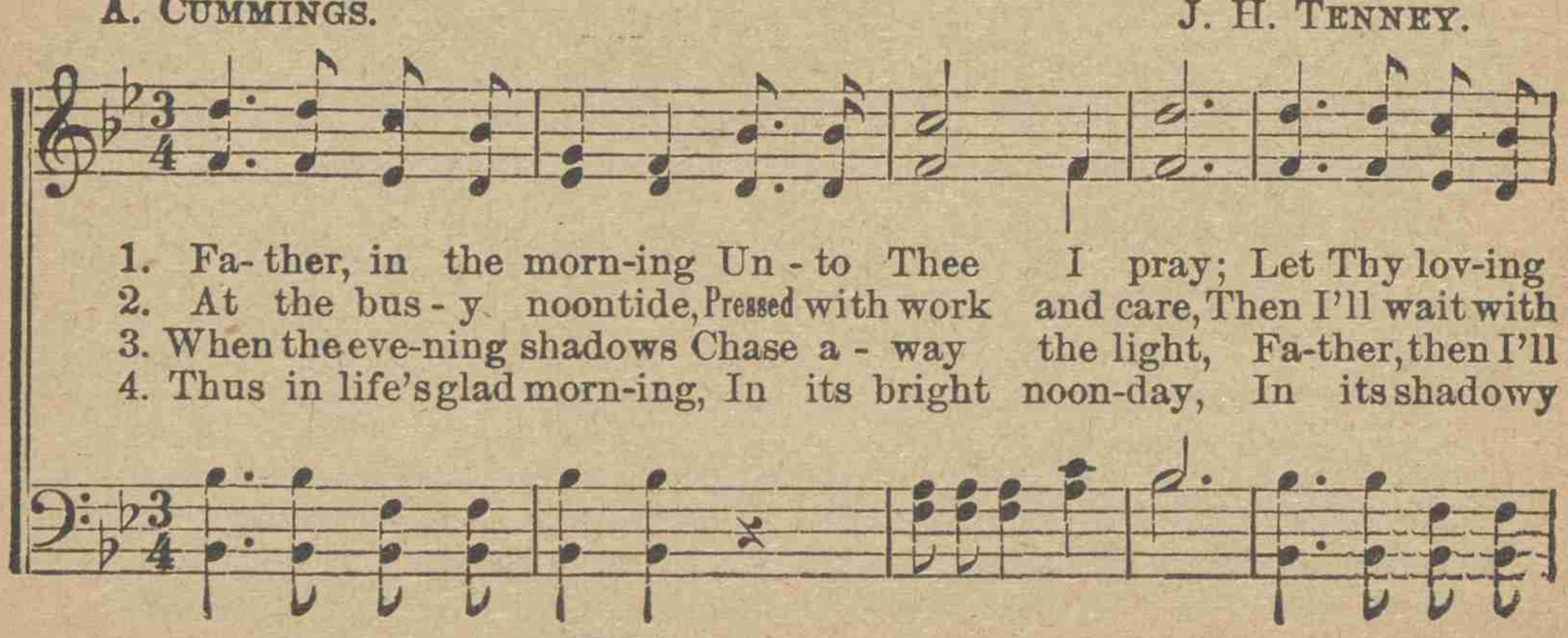
E. E. REXFORD. FRED A. FILLMORE.



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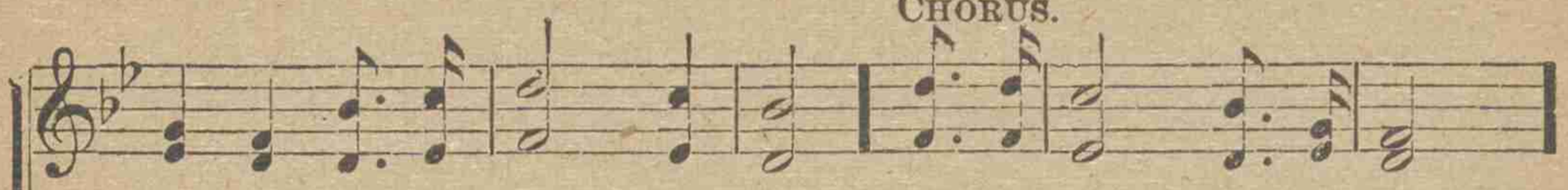
226. Ever Will I Pray.

A. CUMMINGS. J. H. TENNEY.
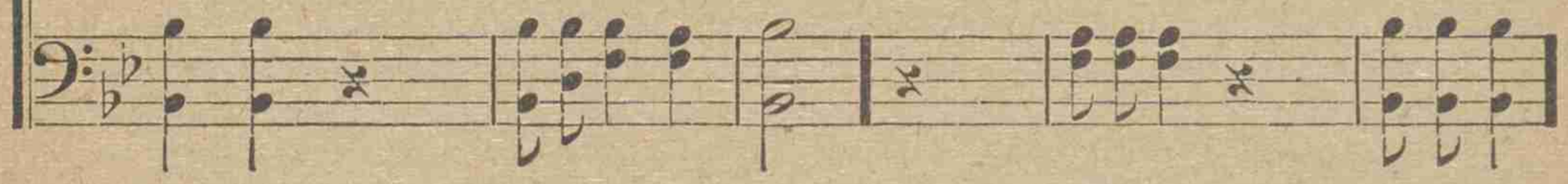


Ever Will I Pray.—Concluded.

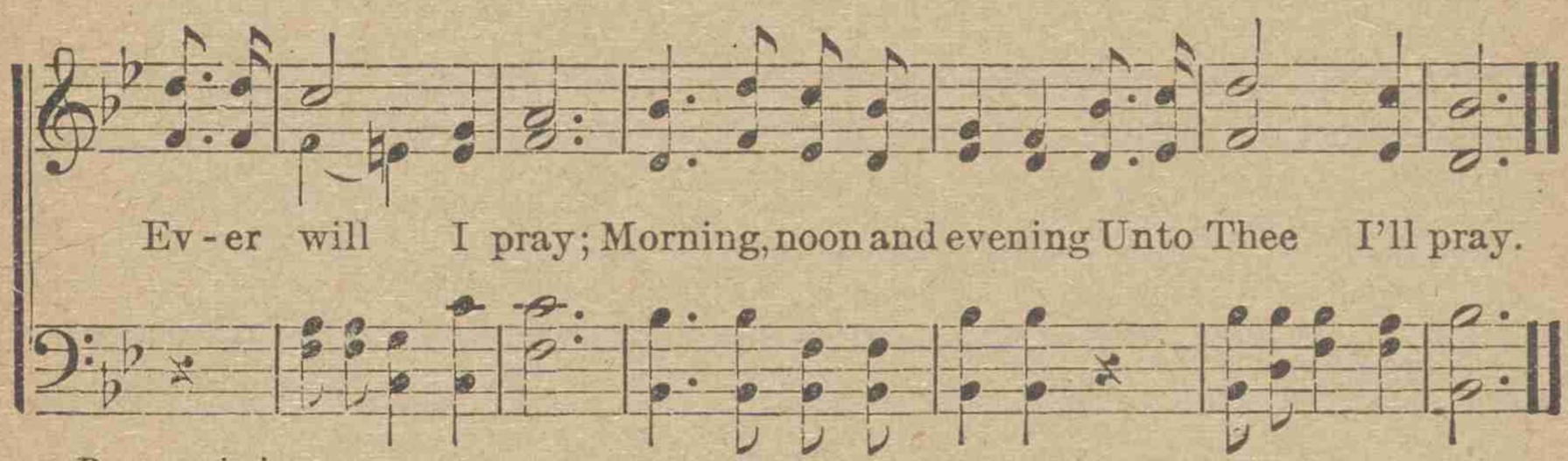
CHORUS.



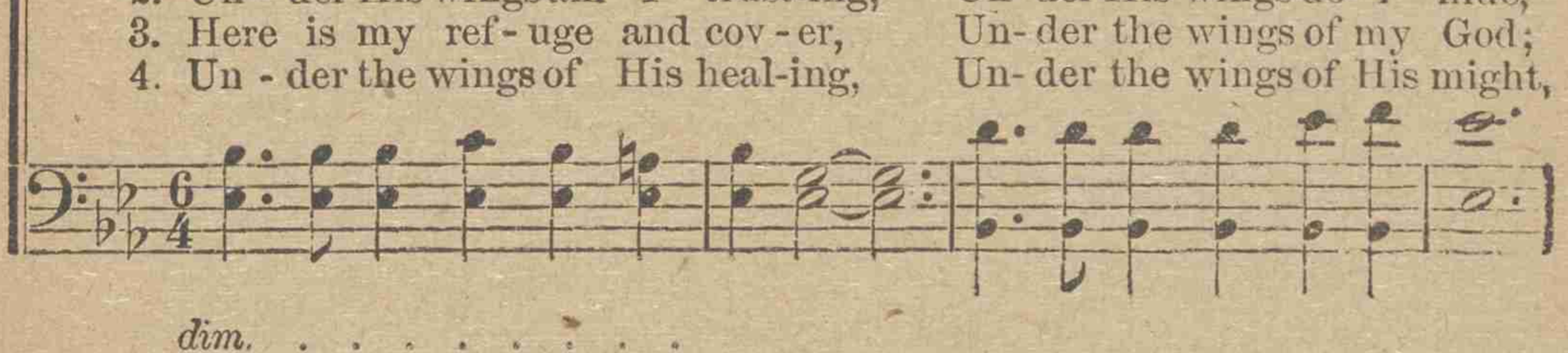
kind-ness Keep me through this day.
Je - sus Till He hear my pray'r.
pray Thee, Bless Thy child to - night.
eve-ning, Ev - er will I pray.

I will pray, I will pray,





Ev - er will I pray; Morning, noon and evening Unto Thee I'll pray.



By permission.

227. Under His Wings.

J. M. DUNGAN.

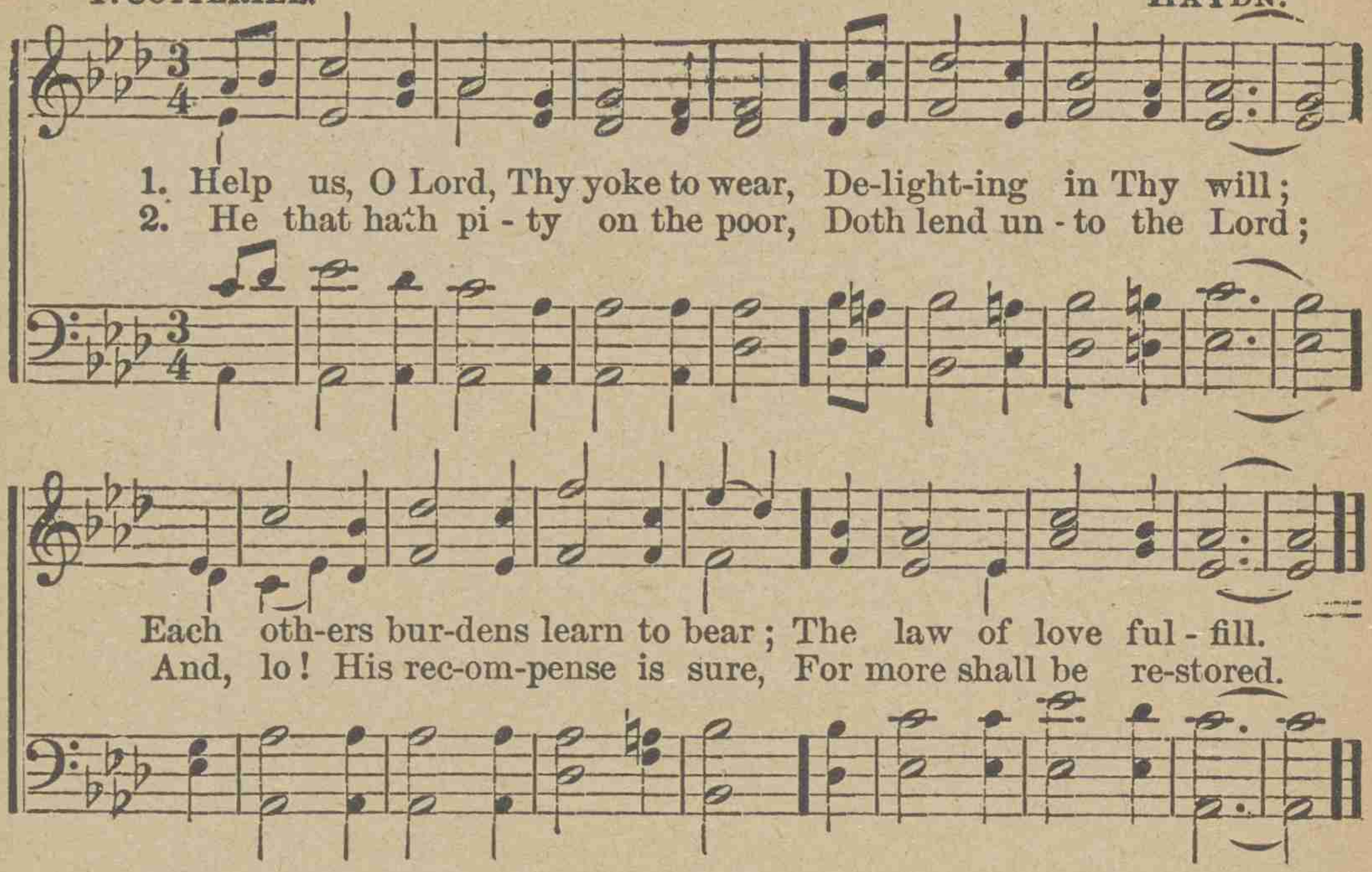
1. Covered with feathers of mer-cy, Covered with feathers of love,
2. Un - der His wings am I trust-ing, Un- der His wings do I hide,
3. Here is my ref - uge and cov - er, Un- der the wings of my God;
4. Un - der the wings of His heal-ing, Un- der the wings of His might,

Covered from all that might harm me, Safe till God calls me a - bove.
Safe in this beau - ti - ful shad-ow, Let me for - ev - er a - bide.
Here am I per - fect - ly rest - ing, Trusting His love and His rod.
Keep me for - ev - er, dear Saviour, Sheltered by day and by night.

By permission.

228. Help Us, O Lord.

T. COTTERILL. HAYDN.

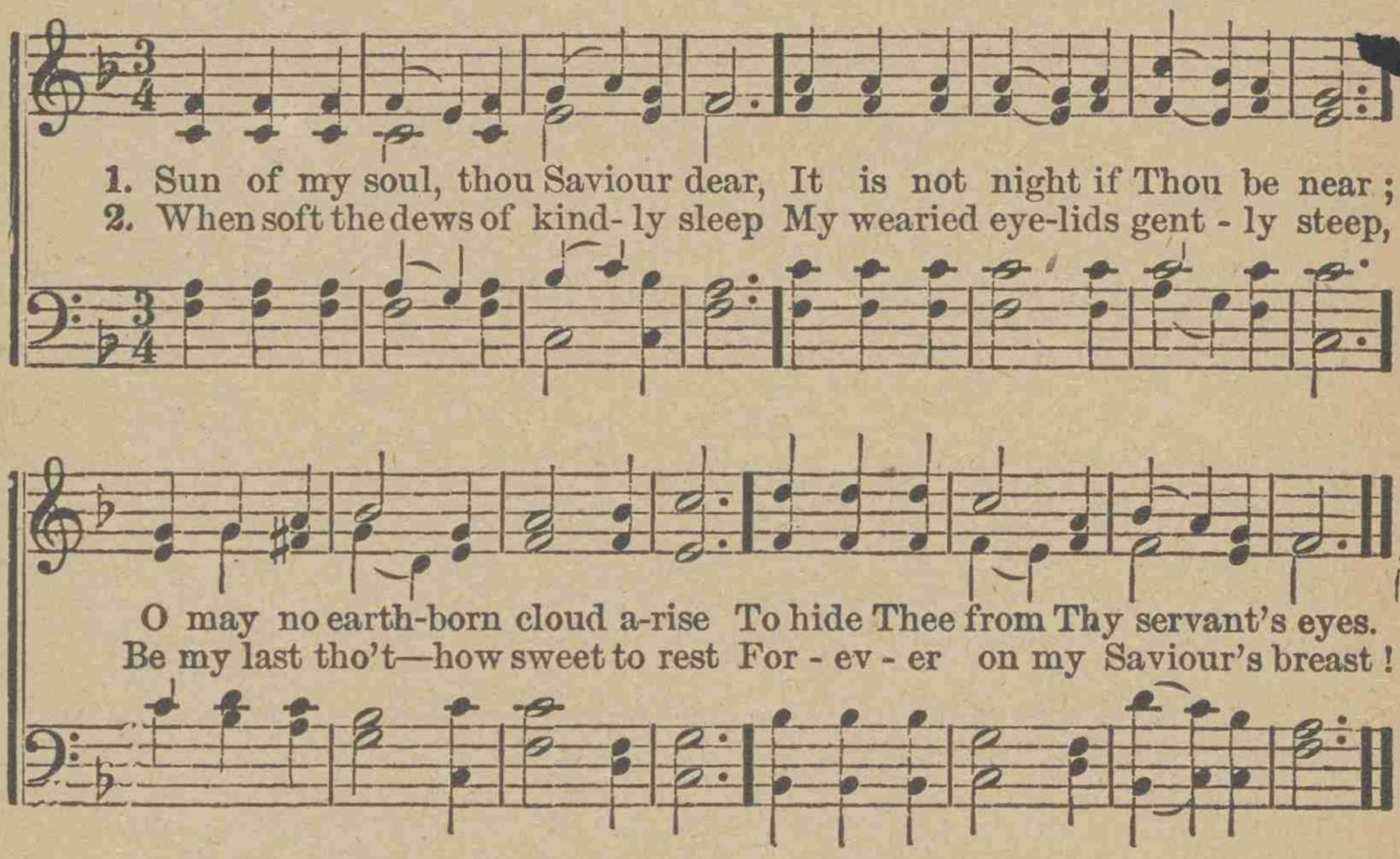


3. To Thee our all devoted be,
In Whom we move and live;
Freely we have received from Thee,
And freely may we give.

4. And while we thus obey Thy word,
And every want relieve,
O may we find it, gracious Lord,
More blest than to receive.

229. Sun of My Soul.

J. KEBLE. Arr. by W. H. MONK.

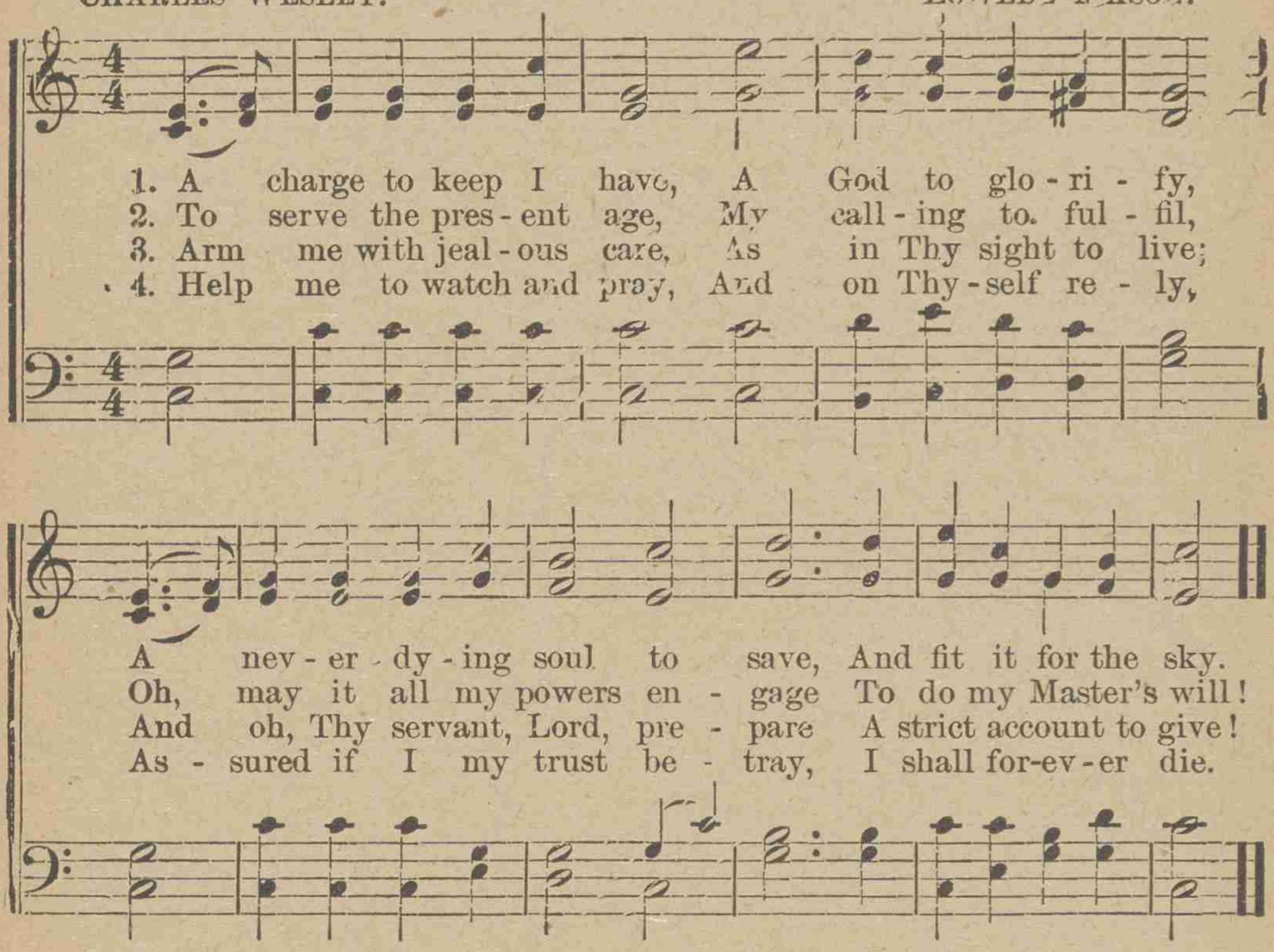


3. Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4. Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere thro' the world my way I take;
Abide with me till, in Thy love,
I lose myself in heaven above.

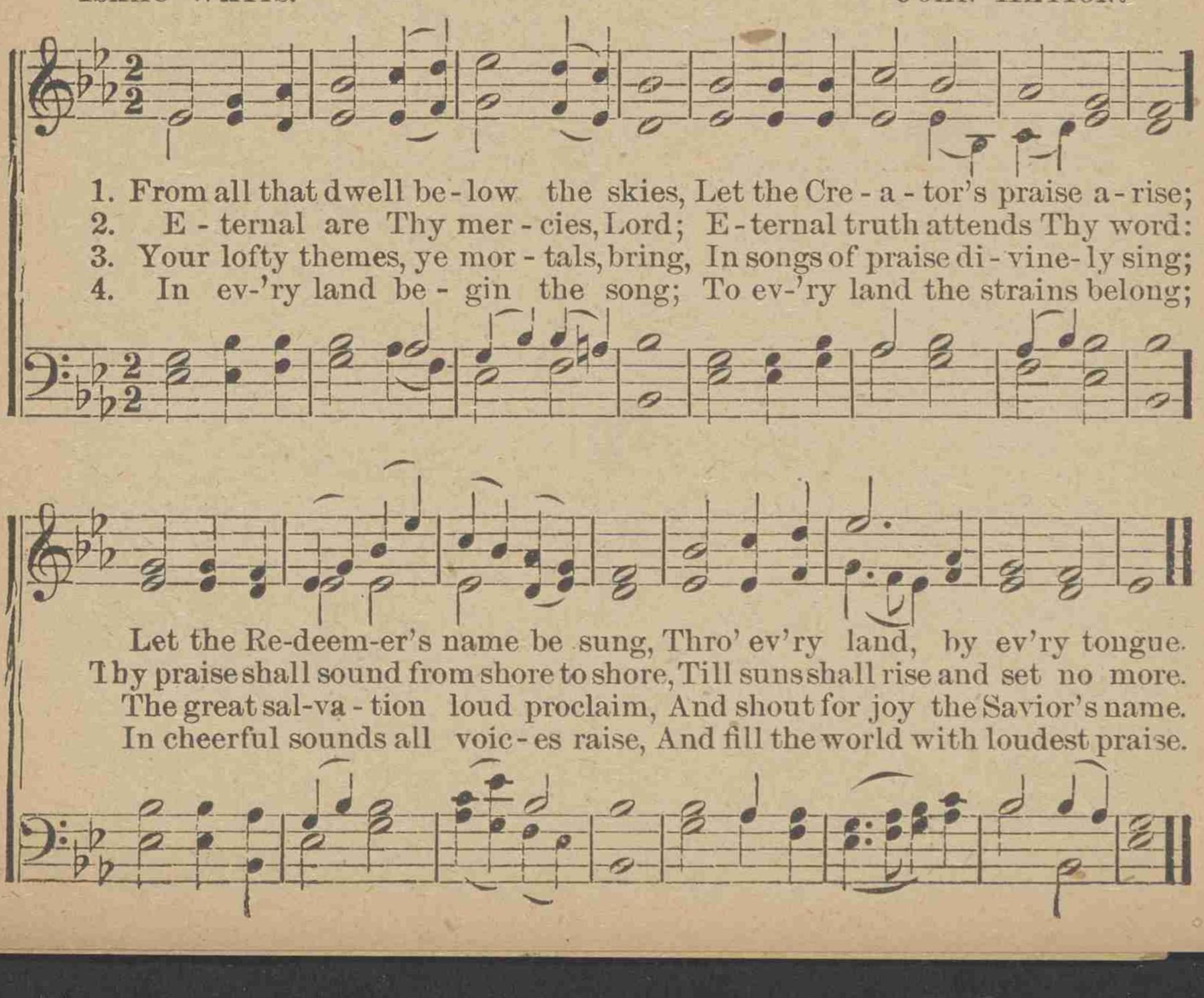
230. A Charge to Keep I Have.

CHARLES WESLEY. LOWELL MASON.



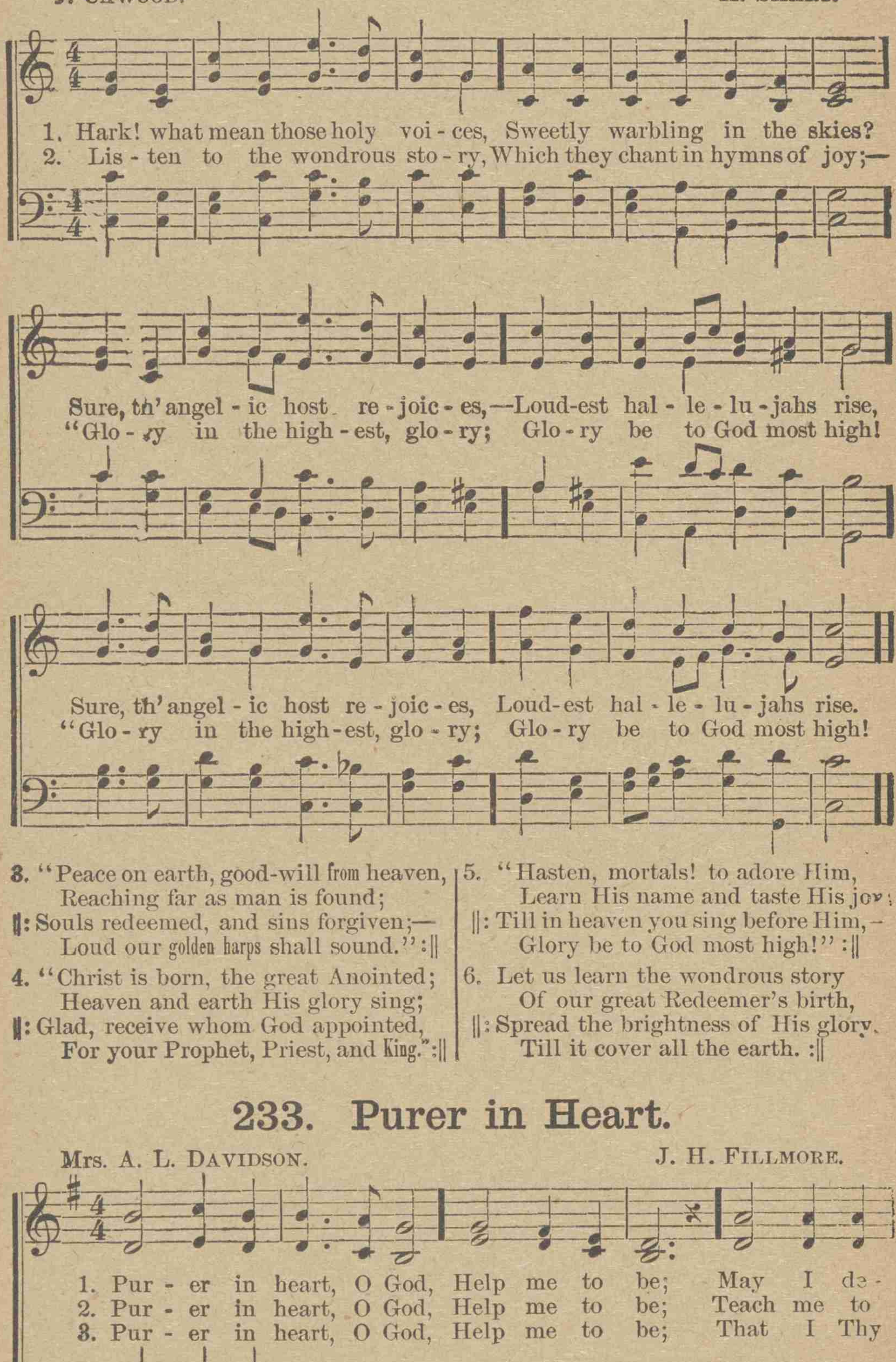
231. From All That Dwell.

ISAAC WATTS. JOHN HATTON.



232. Those Holy Voices.

J. CAWOOD. H. SMART.



3. "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
‖: Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven;—
Loud our golden harps shall sound." :‖
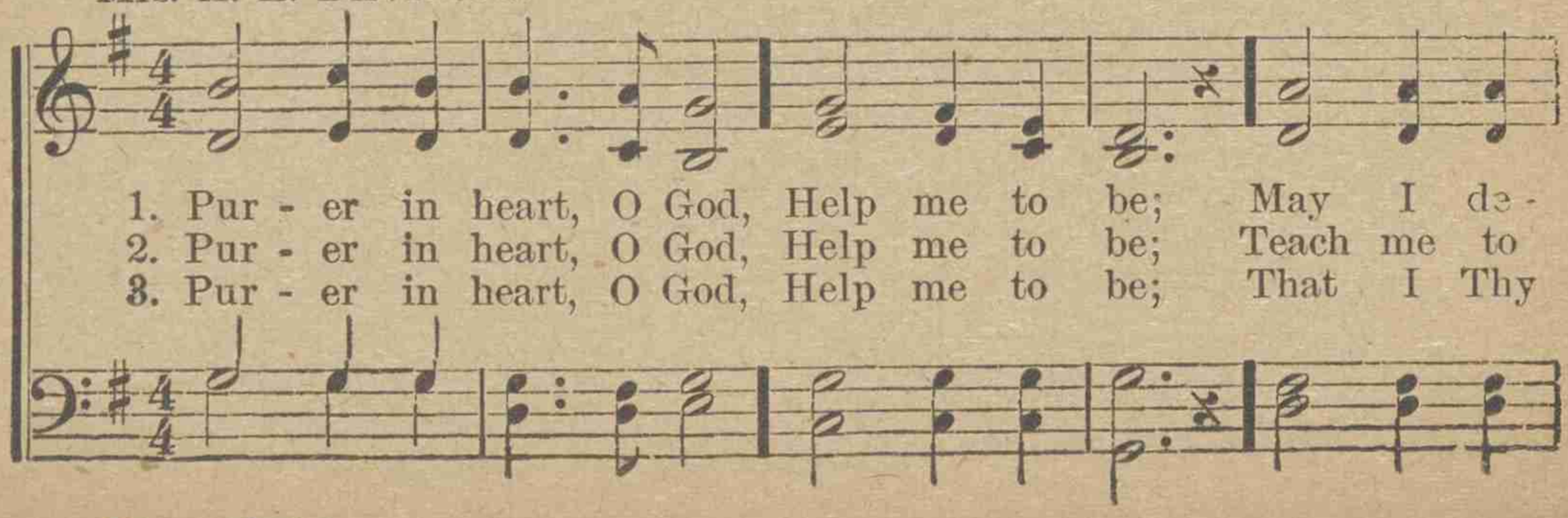
4. "Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth His glory sing;
‖: Glad, receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King." :‖

5. "Hasten, mortals! to adore Him,
Learn His name and taste His joy;
‖: Till in heaven you sing before Him,—
Glory be to God most high!" :‖

6. Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth,
‖: Spread the brightness of His glory,
Till it cover all the earth. :‖

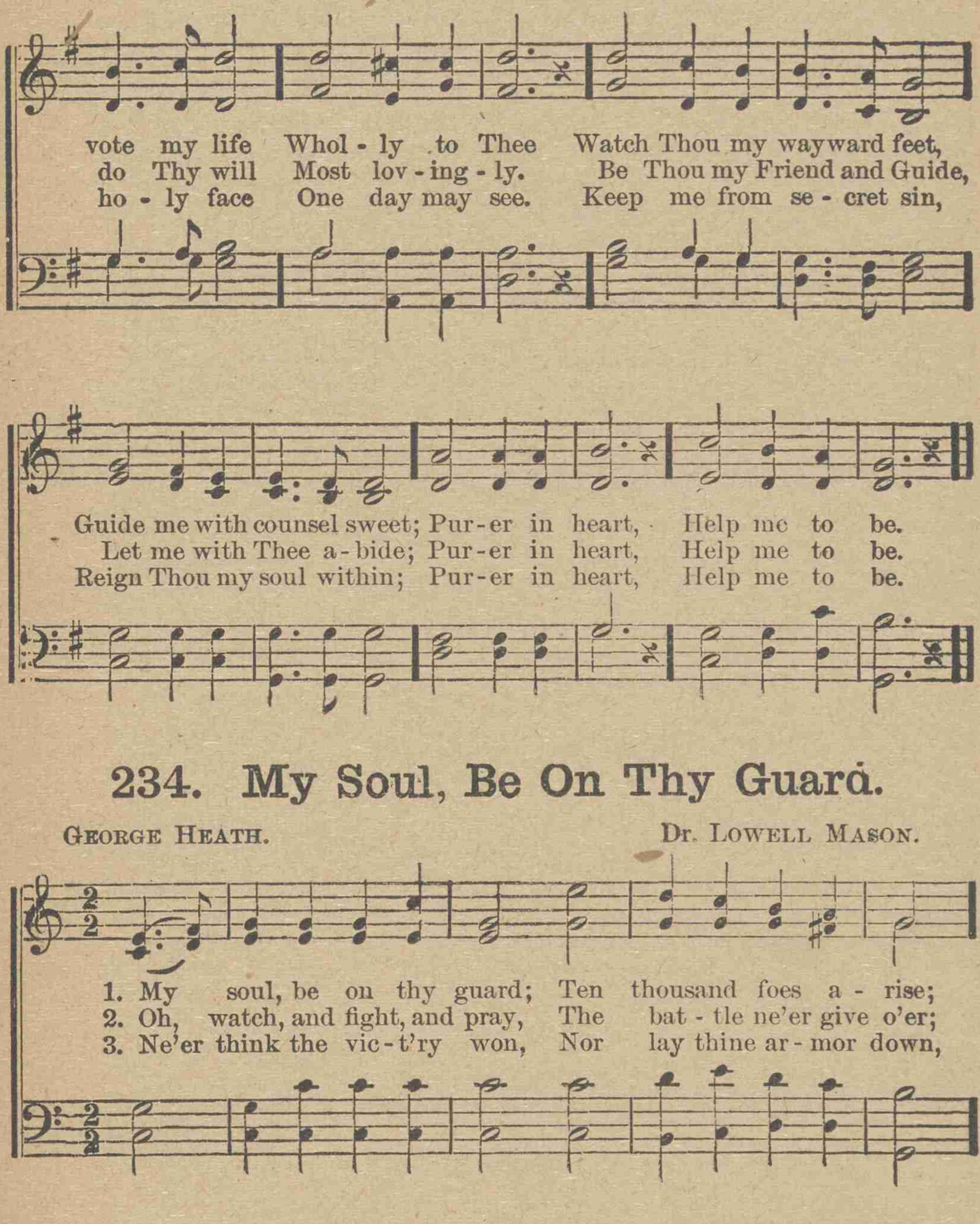
233. Purer in Heart.

Mrs. A. L. DAVIDSON. J. H. FILLMORE.



By permission.

Purer in Heart.—Concluded.



234. My Soul, Be On Thy Guard.

GEORGE HEATH. Dr. LOWELL MASON.

235. Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love.

P. H. ROBLIN. P. BILHORN.

1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, (sweet strain,) A
2. By Christ on the cross peace was made, (was made,) My
3. When Je - sus as Lord I had crowned, (had crowned,) My
4. In Je - sus for peace I a - bide, (a - bide,) And

glad and a joy - ous re - frain, (re - frain,) I
debt by His death was all paid, (all paid,) No
heart with this peace did a - bound, (a - bound,) In
as I keep close to His side, (His side,) There's

sing it a-gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
oth - er foundation is laid For peace, the gift of God's love.
Him the rich blessing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
nothing but peace doth be - tide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

CHORUS.

Peace, peace, sweet peace, Wonderful gift from a - bove, (a - bove,) Oh,

rit

won-der-ful, won-der - ful peace, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

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236. Come to the Saviour.

Words and Music by GEO. F. ROOT.

Earnestly.

1. Come to the Saviour, make no de-lay; Here in His word He's shown us the way; Here in our midst he's stand-ing to-day,
2. "Suf-fer the children!" Oh, hear His voice; Let ev-'ry heart leap forth and re-joice, And let us free-ly make Him our choice:
3. Think once again, He's with us to-day; Heed now His blest com-mands and o-bey; Hear now His ac-cents ten-der-ly say,

CHORUS.
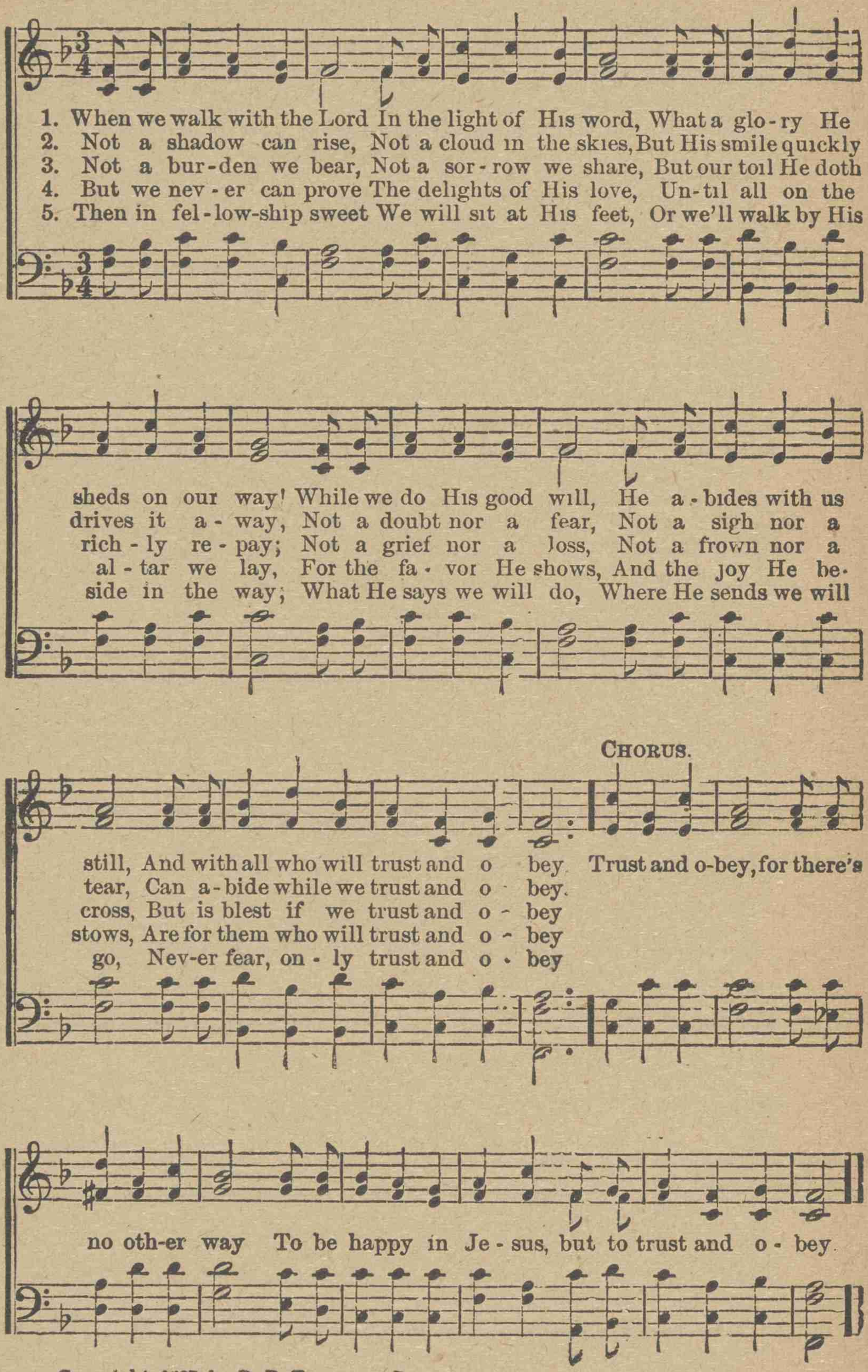
Ten-der-ly say-ing "Come!"
Do not de-lay, but come.
"Will you, my chil-dren, come?"

Joy-ful, joy-ful will the meeting be, When from sin our hearts are pure and free;
And we shall gather, Saviour, with Thee, In our e-ter-nal home.

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237. Trust and Obey.

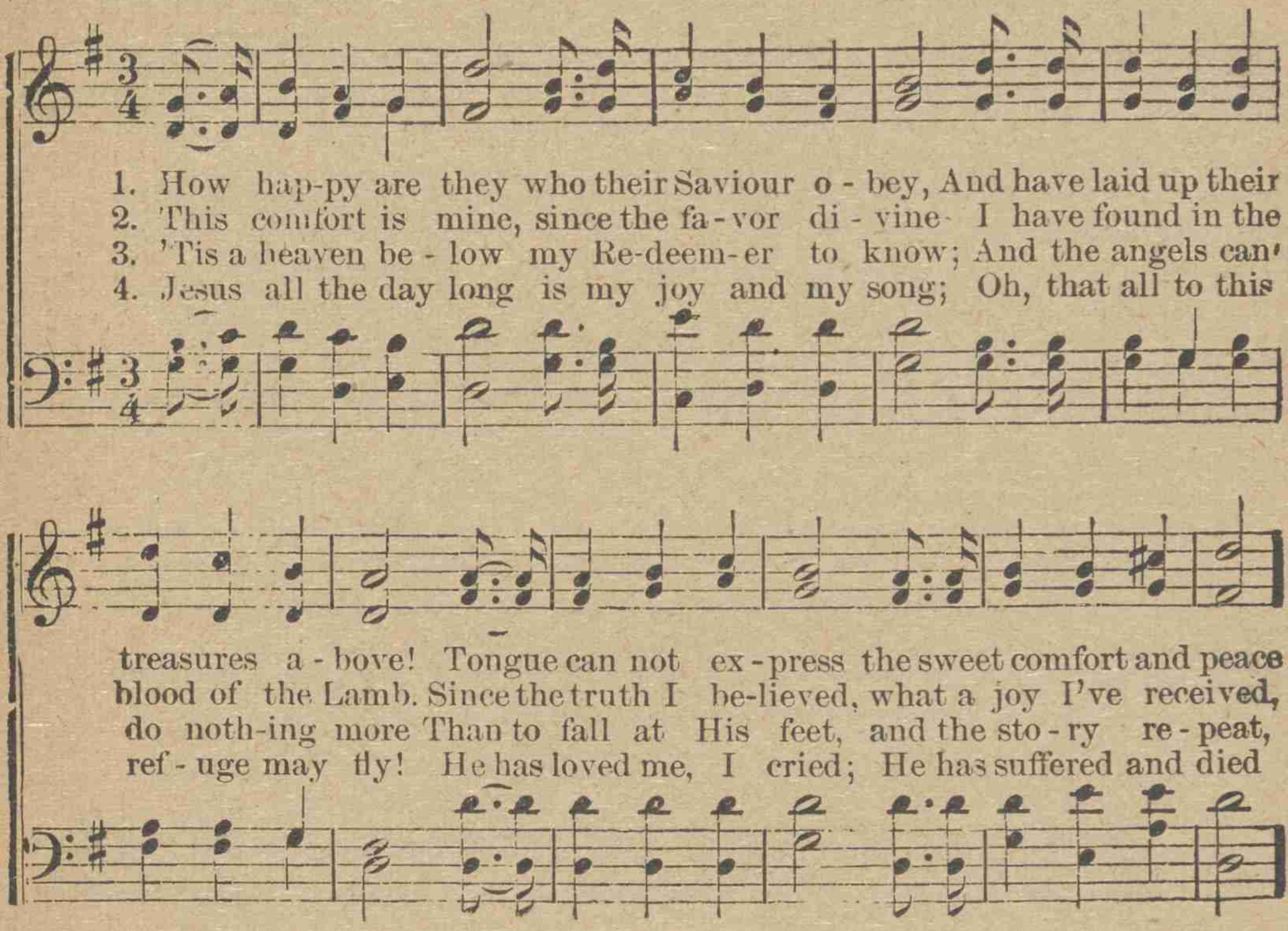
J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.



Copyright, 1887, by D B TOWNER By per

238. How Happy are They.*

CHARLES WESLEY. LOWELL MASON.



5 On the wings of His love I am carried above
All my sin and temptation and pain
Oh, why should I grieve, while on Him I believe?
Oh, why should I sorrow again?

6 Oh, the rapturous height of that holy delight,
Which I find in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possessed, I am perfectly blessed,
Being filled with the fullness of God!
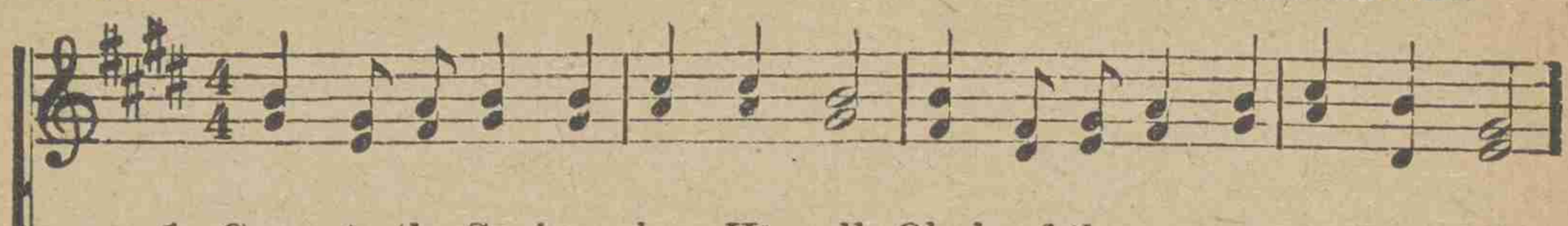
7 Now my remnant of days will I spend to His praise,
Who has died, me from sin to redeem;
Whether many or few, all my years are His due—
They shall all be devoted to Him.

8. What a mercy is this! what a heaven of bliss!
How unspeakably happy am I!
Gathered into the fold, with believers enrolled—
With believers to live and to die!
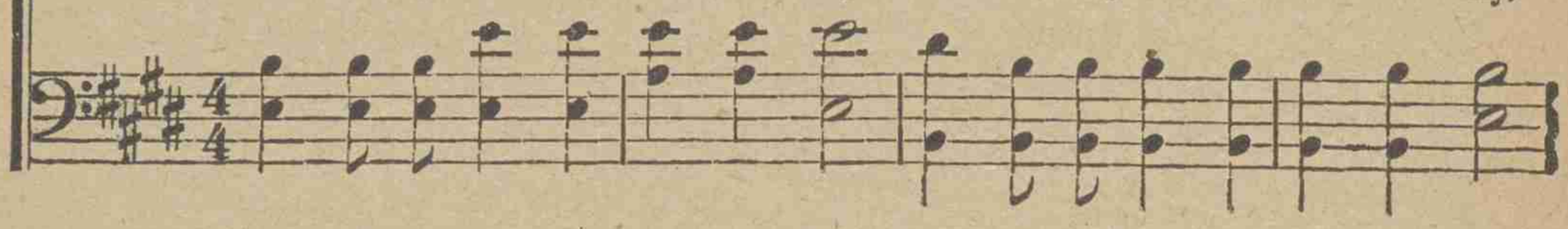
*Can use music and chorus of opposite page.
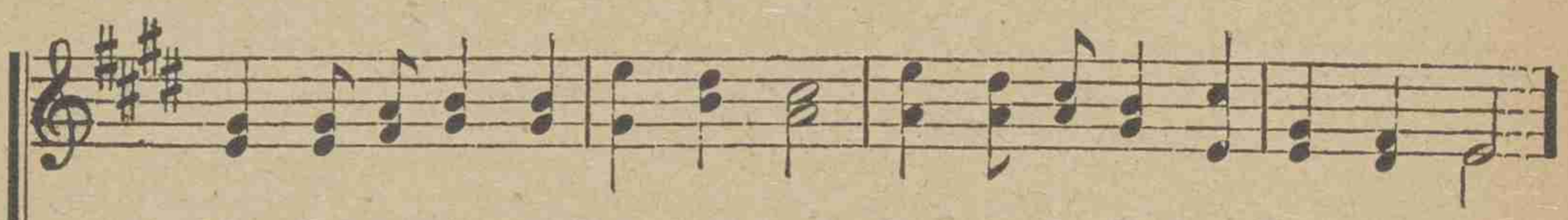
239. Come.

MASON. J. E. HAWES.

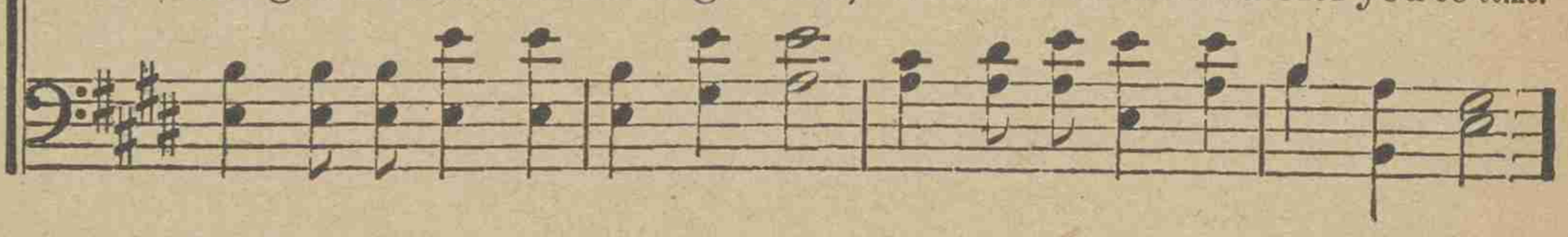


1. Come to the Saviour, hear His call, Oh, heed the message sent to all;
2. Come while the day of grace is thine, Trust in the Son of God di-vine;
3. List to His ten der, pleading cry, Why will you stay away to die?
4. None are re-ject - ed, rich or poor, Come, for the King spreads wide the door·
5. What will you do with Christ today? Make now your choice without delay,
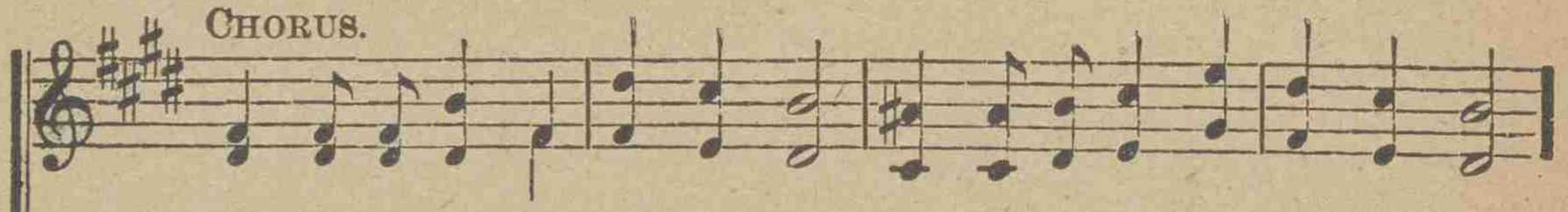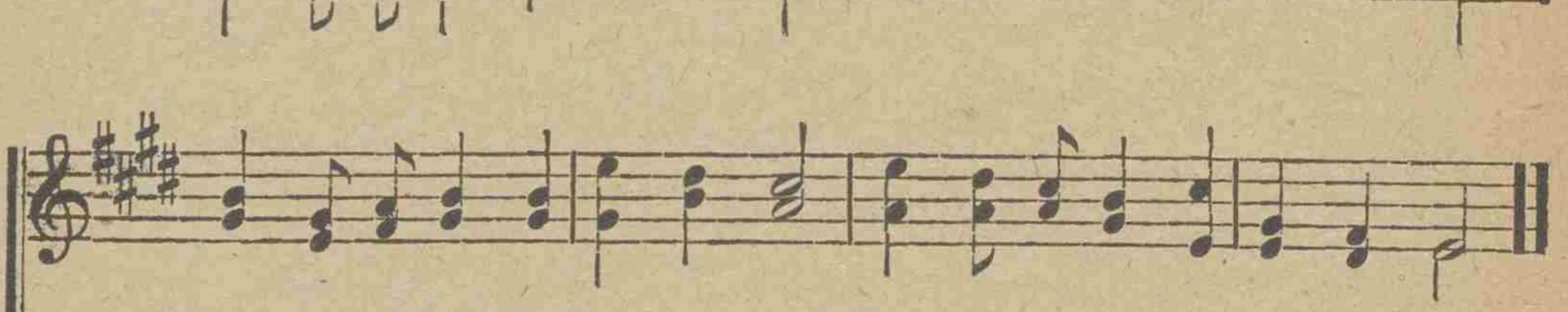




Ye who e-ter-nal life would have, Je - sus the Christ, a-lone can save.
Give Him Thy love, He died for thee, Died on the cross of Cal - va - ry.
Je-sus will par-don all your sin, Cleanse you from ev'ry guilty stain.
Lo, at its por- tal now He stands, Beck'ning to thee with nail-scarred hands.
An-gels will bear the tidings home, Where loved ones wait for you to come.
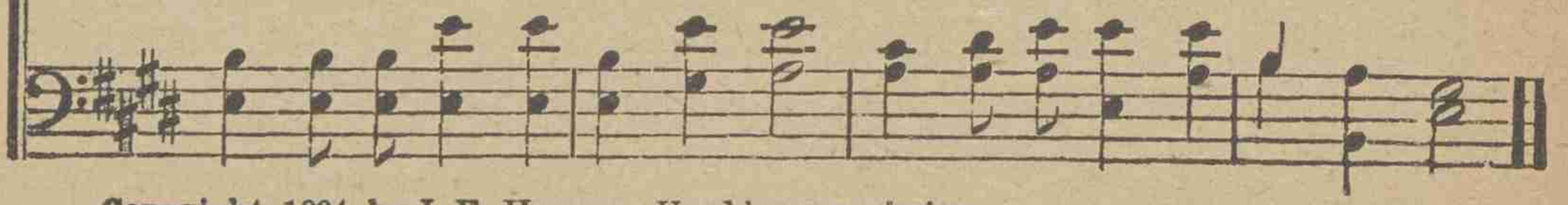


CHORUS.



Come lay thy bur-den at the cross; Earth's gain and glory are but dross;



Come, wea-ry one, in Christ find rest, Trusting His word thou shalt be blest.



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240. Will You Come?

"And I will give you rest."

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Will you come, will you come, with your poor broken heart, Burden'd and sin op press'd? Lay it down at the feet of your Sa-viour
2. Will you come, will you come? there is mer - cy for you, Balm for your ach - ing breast; On - ly come as you are, and be - lieve on
3. Will you come, will you come, you have noth-ing to pay; Je - sus, who loves you best, By his death on the Cross purchas'd life for
4. Will you come, will you come? how he pleads with you now! Fly to his lov - ing breast, And what-ev - er your sin or your sor - row

REFRAIN.

and Lord, Je - s s will give you rest.
his name, Je - su s will give you rest.
your soul, Je - sus will give you rest.
may be, Je - sus will give you rest.

Oh, hap - py rest,

sweet hap - py rest! Je - sus will give you rest, (happy rest,) Oh,

why won't you come in simple, trusting faith? Jesus will give you rest.

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241. Oh, Why Will You Go Away To-night?

I. N. McHOSE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Oh, why will you go a - way to-night, Un-saved and re - ject- ing the
2. Oh, why will you go a - way to-night, Not heed-ing the Spir- it's sweet
3. Oh, why will you go a - way to-night, To wan - der in sin's deep - est
4. Oh, why will you go a - way to-night, You're hardening your heart by de -

Lord? Why grope in the darkness, re - fus - ing the light, No
call? This may be your last in - vi - ta - tion; then come, There's
gloom? Oh, come, ere the Spir - it for - sake thee in flight, And
lay! Re - fus - ing the joys of yon heav - en so bright; Oh,

CHORUS.

hope of a bless-ed re - ward?
room and a welcome for all.
leave you to com-fort-less doom.
why are you go - ing a - way?

You're go - ing a - way un -

saved! You're go-ing a - way un - saved, While pardon is free,
unsaved, unsaved,

Dear sin - ner, for thee, You're go - ing a - way un - saved.
unsaved.

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242. Follow Me.

Mrs. J. V. C. Mrs. J. V. COOMBS.

Earnestly.

1. Have you heard the in-vi - ta - tion, Which the Lord extends to thee?
2. Now the call to you is giv - en, From your sins would you be free?
3. Still the "Gospel Call" is sounding, Will you heed the earn-est plea?

It has sounded down the a - ges, "Leave the world and follow me."
Hear the Savior gen-tly plead-ing, "Leave the world and follow me."
Je - sus calls you gently, sweet-ly, "Leave the world and follow me."

CHORUS.
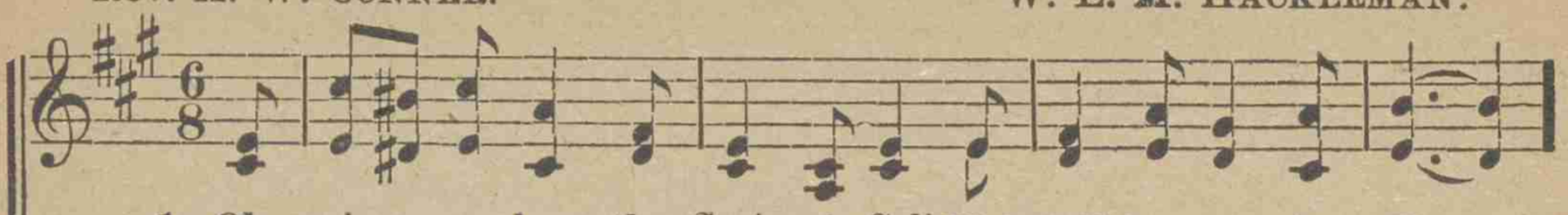
Fol-low me, Fol-low me, I will lead thee all the way,
Fol-low me, Fol-low me I will lead thee all the way,
We will fol - low,
We will fol - low,

We will fol - low, To the realms of end - less day.
We will fol-low,
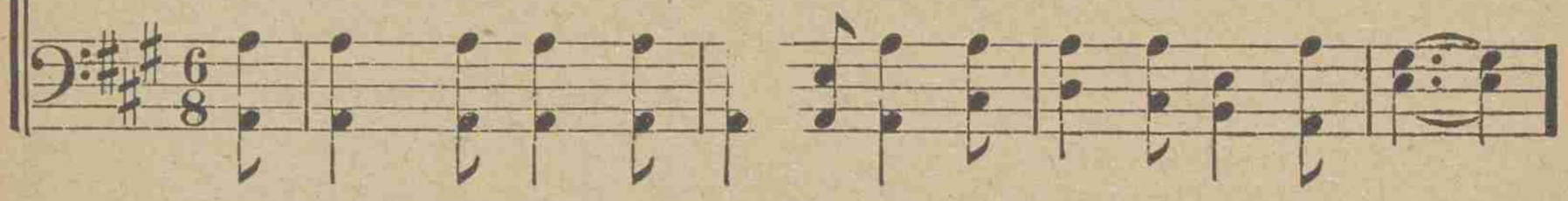
Copyright, 1897, by W. E. M. Hackleman.
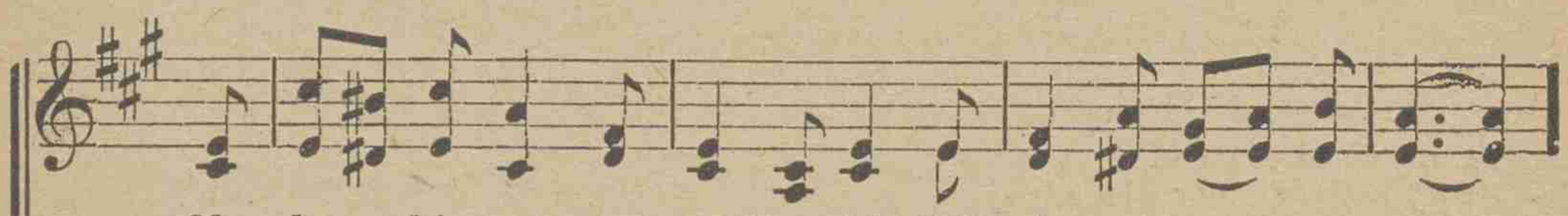
243. Oh, Sinner, Hear the Saviour's Call.

Rev. A. W. CONNER. W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.
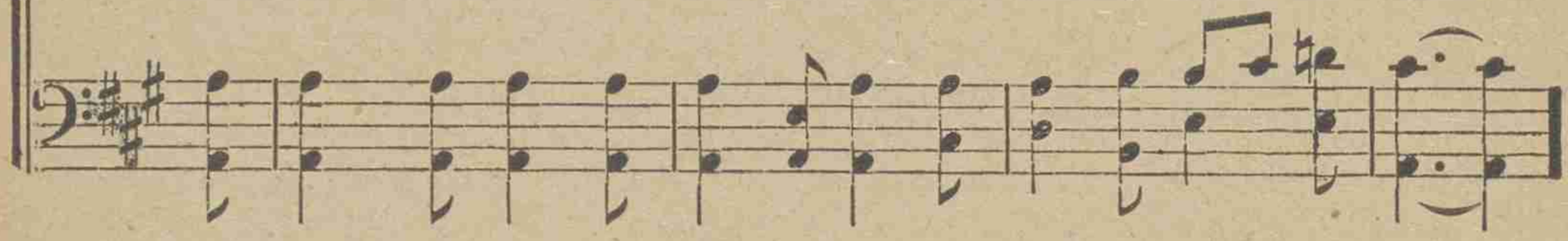


1. Oh, sin - ner, hear the *Saviour's Call*, He's call-ing now to thee;
2. Oh, sin - ner, hear the firm command, Be-lieve, re-pent, o - bey!
3. This ea - sy yoke—this burden light, You're ask'd to bear for him,
4. Oh, sin - ner, hear his pro-mise sweet, "The weary I'll give rest."
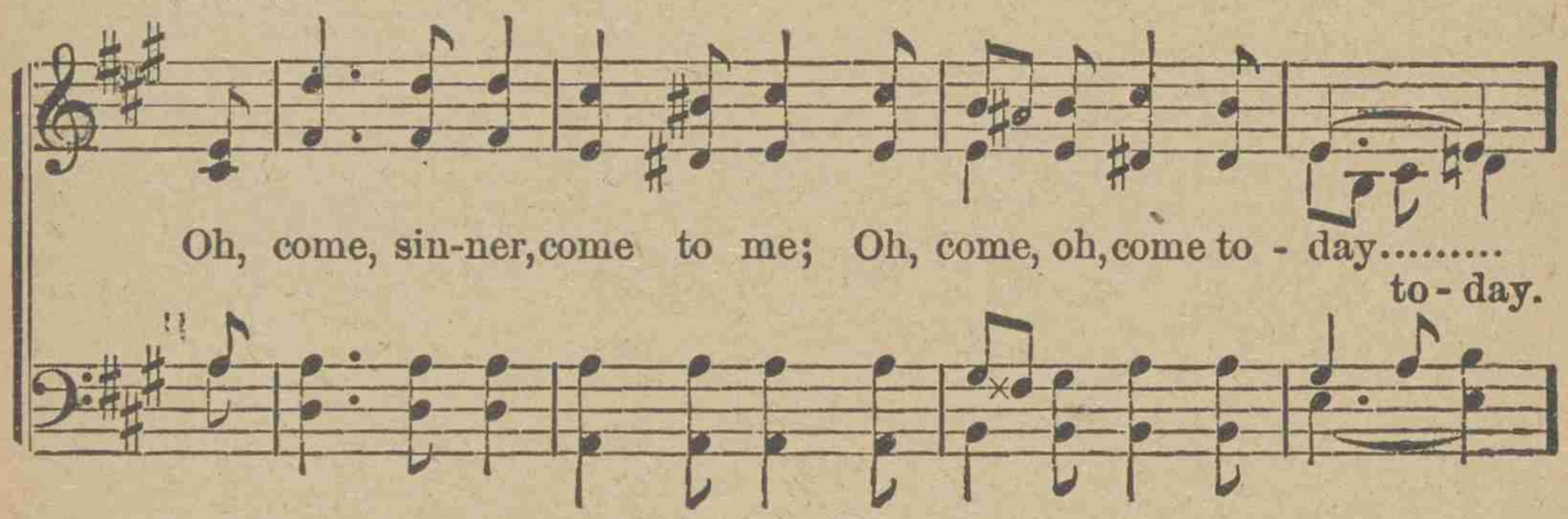




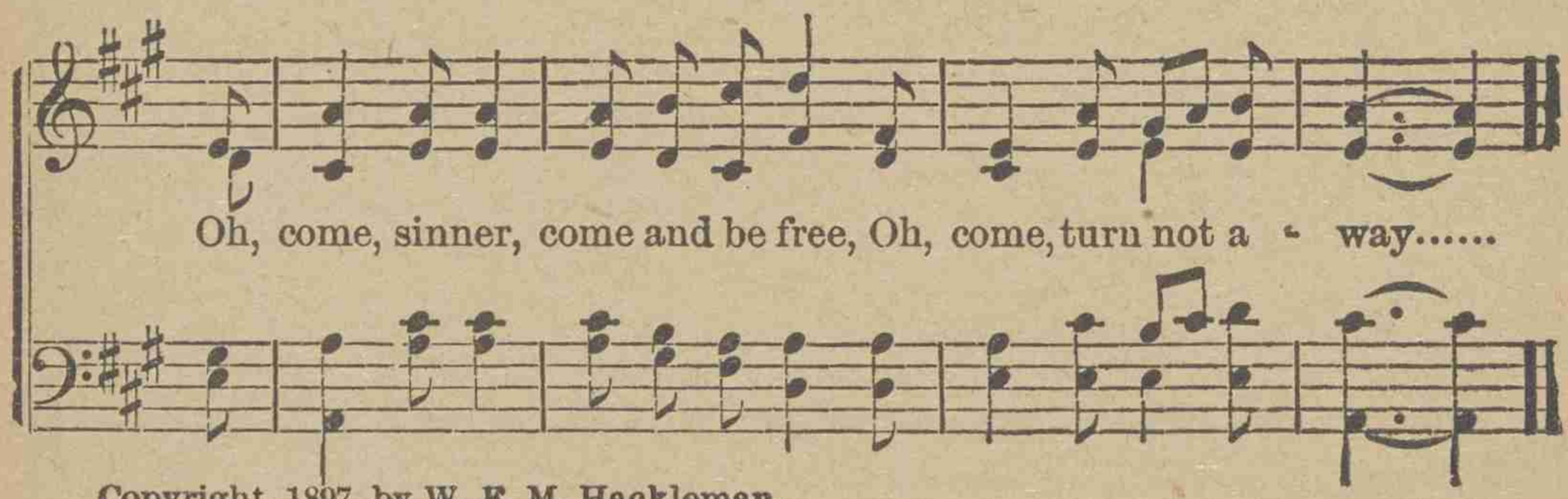
Oh, hear his ac-cents as they fall, "Oh, sin-ner, come to me."
The way to come you un-derstand, Oh, why do you de - lay?
Whose pain-ful death up-on the Cross Can make you free from sin.
Come, cast your-self at Je-sus' feet, And let thy soul be blest.



CHORUS.



Oh, come, sin-ner, come to me; Oh, come, oh, come to - day.....
to - day.

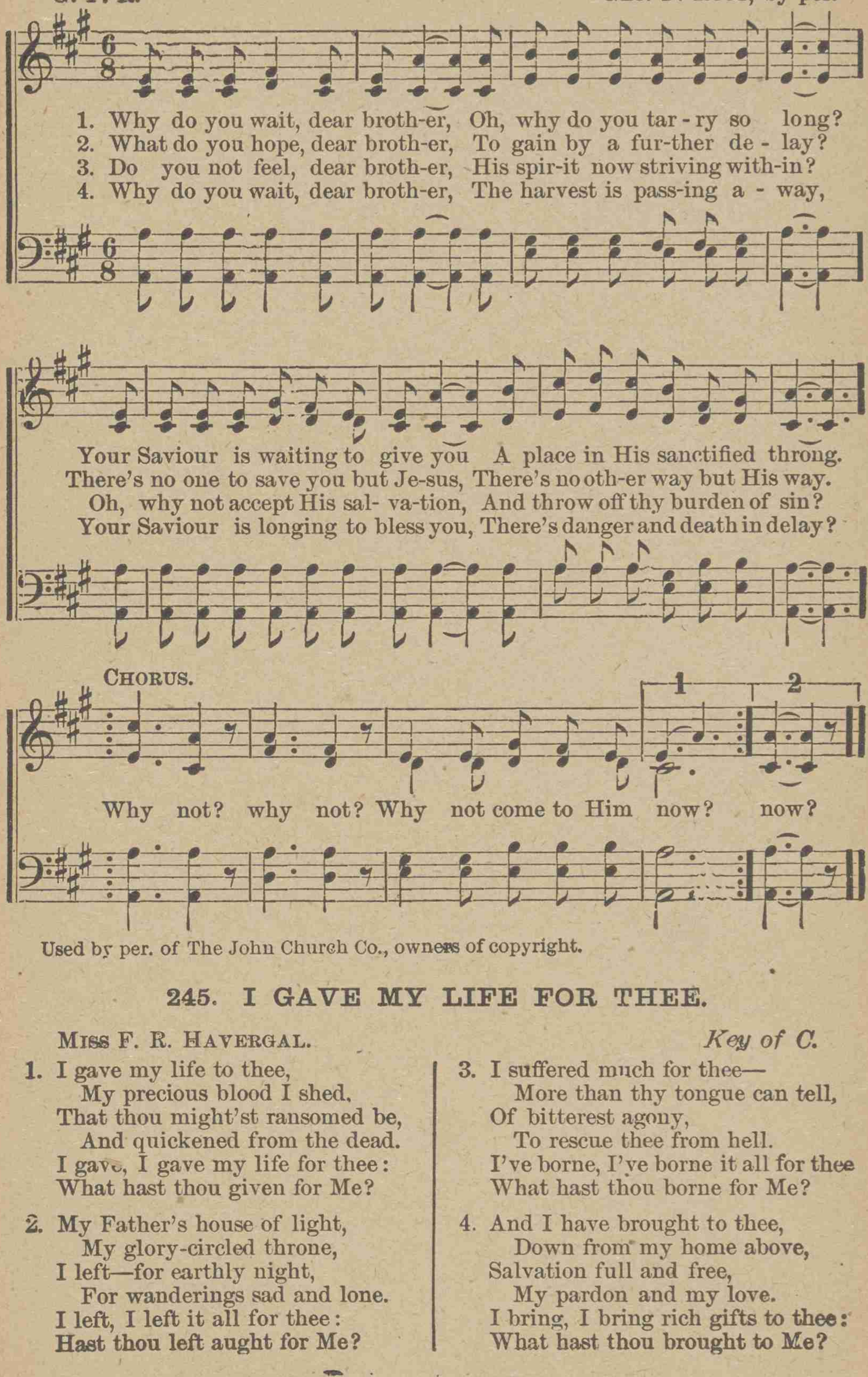


Oh, come, sinner, come and be free, Oh, come, turn not a - way.....

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244. Why Do You Wait?

G. F. R. GEO. F. ROOT, by per.



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245. I GAVE MY LIFE FOR THEE.

MISS F. R. HAVERGAL. *Key of C.*

1. I gave my life to thee,
   My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
   And quickened from the dead.
I gave, I gave my life for thee:
What hast thou given for Me?

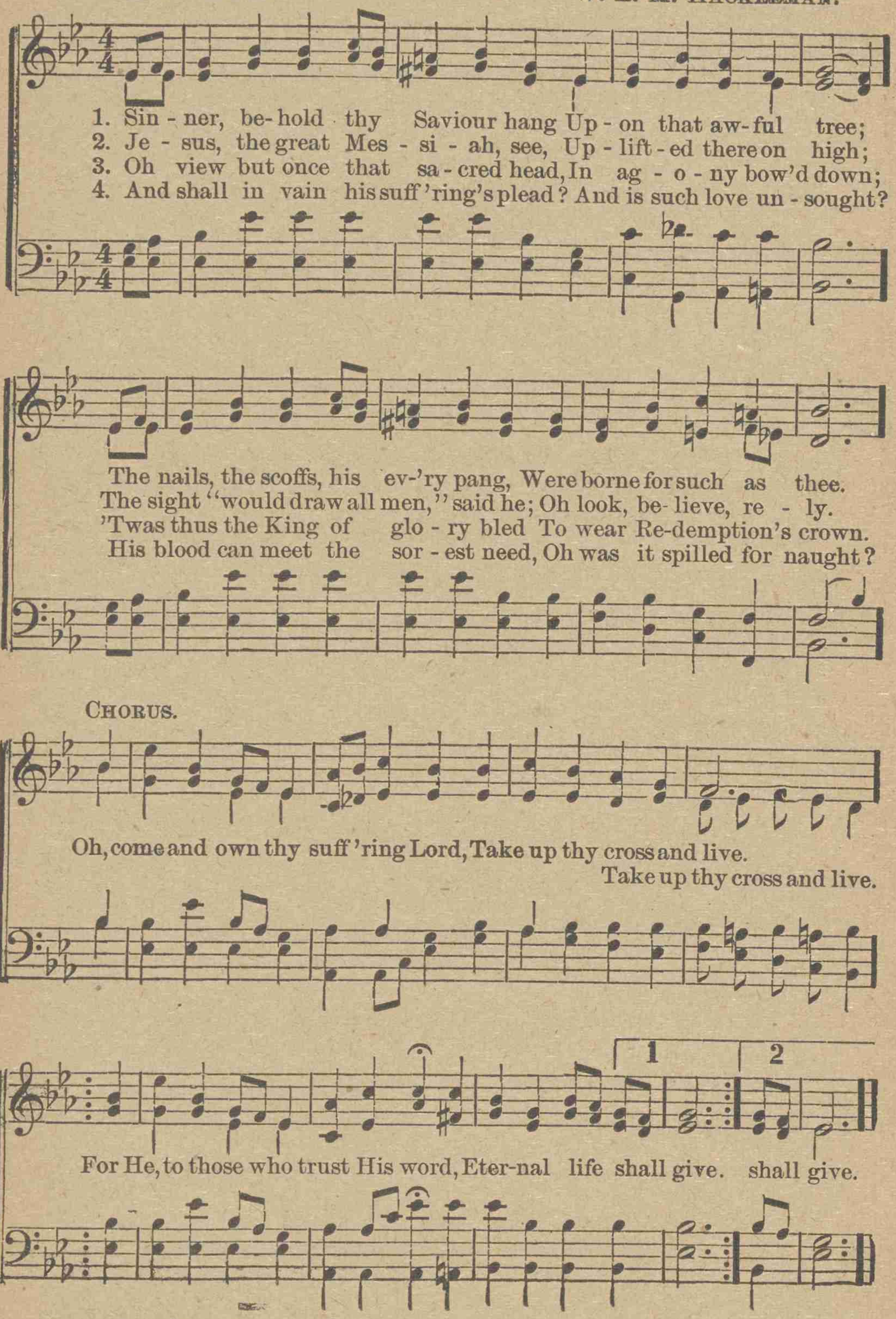
2. My Father's house of light,
   My glory-circled throne,
I left—for earthly night,
   For wanderings sad and lone.
I left, I left it all for thee:
Hast thou left aught for Me?

3. I suffered much for thee—
   More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
   To rescue thee from hell.
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee
What hast thou borne for Me?

4. And I have brought to thee,
   Down from my home above,
Salvation full and free,
   My pardon and my love.
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee:
What hast thou brought to Me?

246. Behold the Crucified One.

REUBEN BUTCHART. W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.



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247. On What are you Building, my Brother?

H. R. TRICKETT. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. On what are you build-ing, my broth er? Your hopes of an
2. On one or the oth - er, my broth-er? You are building your
3. Your Sav-iour has warned you, my broth-er: I pray you, give
4. No mat - ter how care - ful, my broth-er, The sand for your

e - ter - nal home, Is it loose, shifting sand, or the firm, sol - id rock,
hopes day by day; You are risk - ing your soul on the works that you do:
heed to his voice; There is life on the rock, but there's death on the sand,
house you pre-pare, 'Twill be all swept away when the floods shall descend,

CHORUS.

You are trust - ing for a - ges to come.
Will the dark wa - ters sweep you a - way.
Oh, my broth - er, pray tell me your choice.
Leav-ing noth - ing but death and des-pair.
} Hearing and doing, we

build on the Rock, Hearing a - lone, we build on the sand; Both will be

tried by the storm and the flood, On - ly the Rock the tri - al will stand.

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248. Heed the Last Call To-night.

GRANVILLE JONES. F. M. DAVIS.

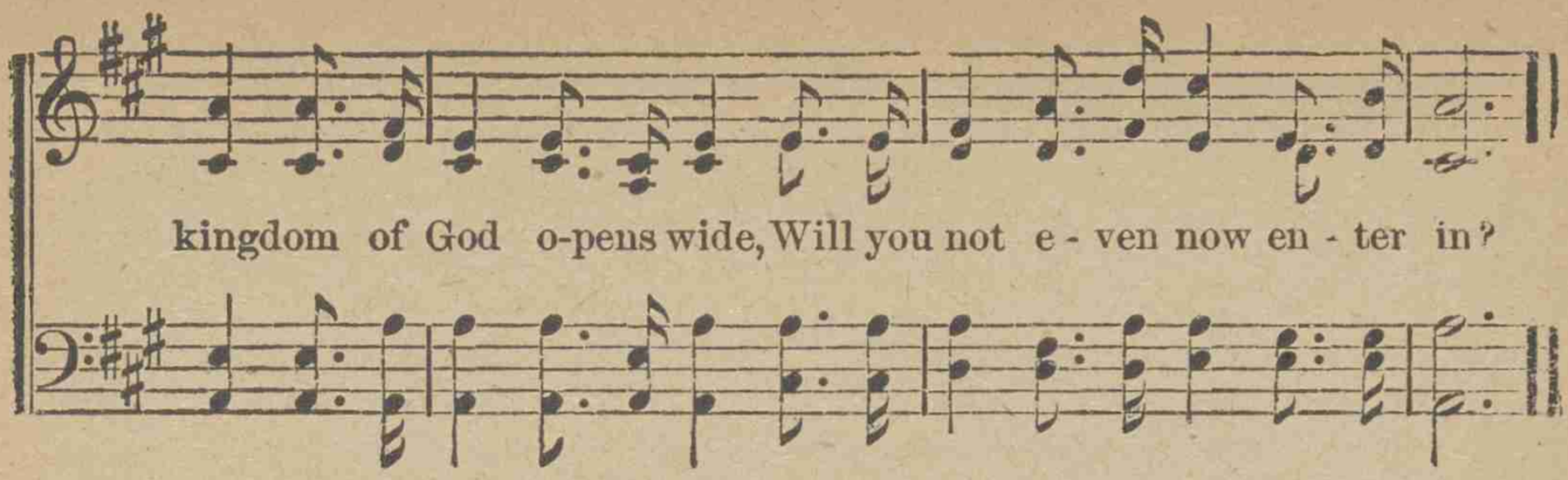
1. "Heed the last call to-night!" 'tis the Fa - ther implores From the depth of His won-der-ful love; He would have thee re-turn from the dark-ness of sin To the light of the man-sion a - bove.
2. "Heed the last call to-night!" 'tis the Sav - ior of men, With the hands that were nailed to the tree, Reaching out from the door of the king-dom of God, In His in - fi - nite yearn-ing for thee.
3. "Heed the last call to-night!" 'tis the Spir - it of God Plead-ing hard with the prod - i - gal child; He may from you depart and re - turn nev - er-more; Will you not come and be rec - on - ciled?

CHORUS.

Heed the last call to-night! Sin-ner, do not de-lay! For thy heart will grow harder in sin, (in sin,) While the door of the

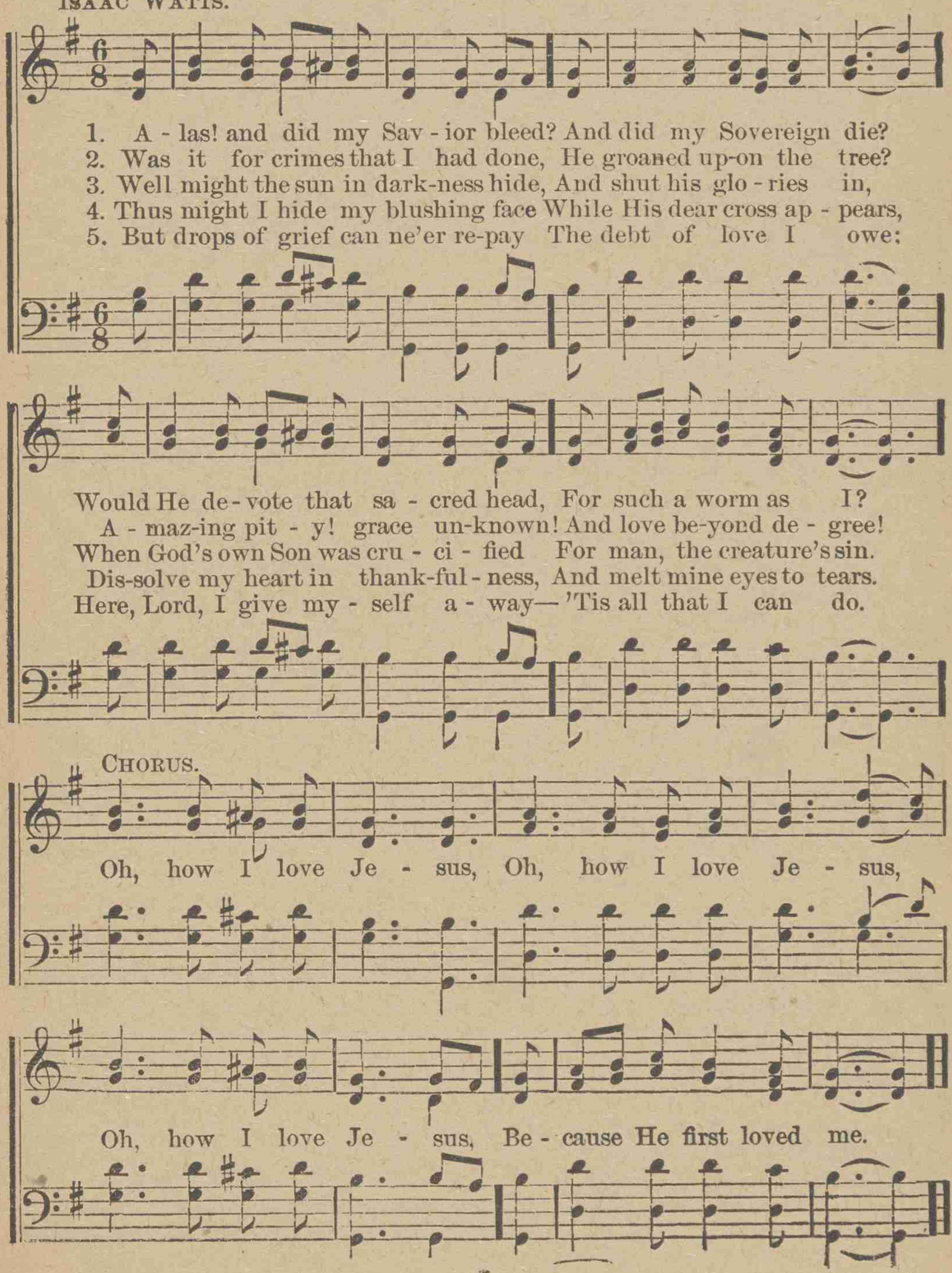
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Heed the Last Call To-night.—Concluded.



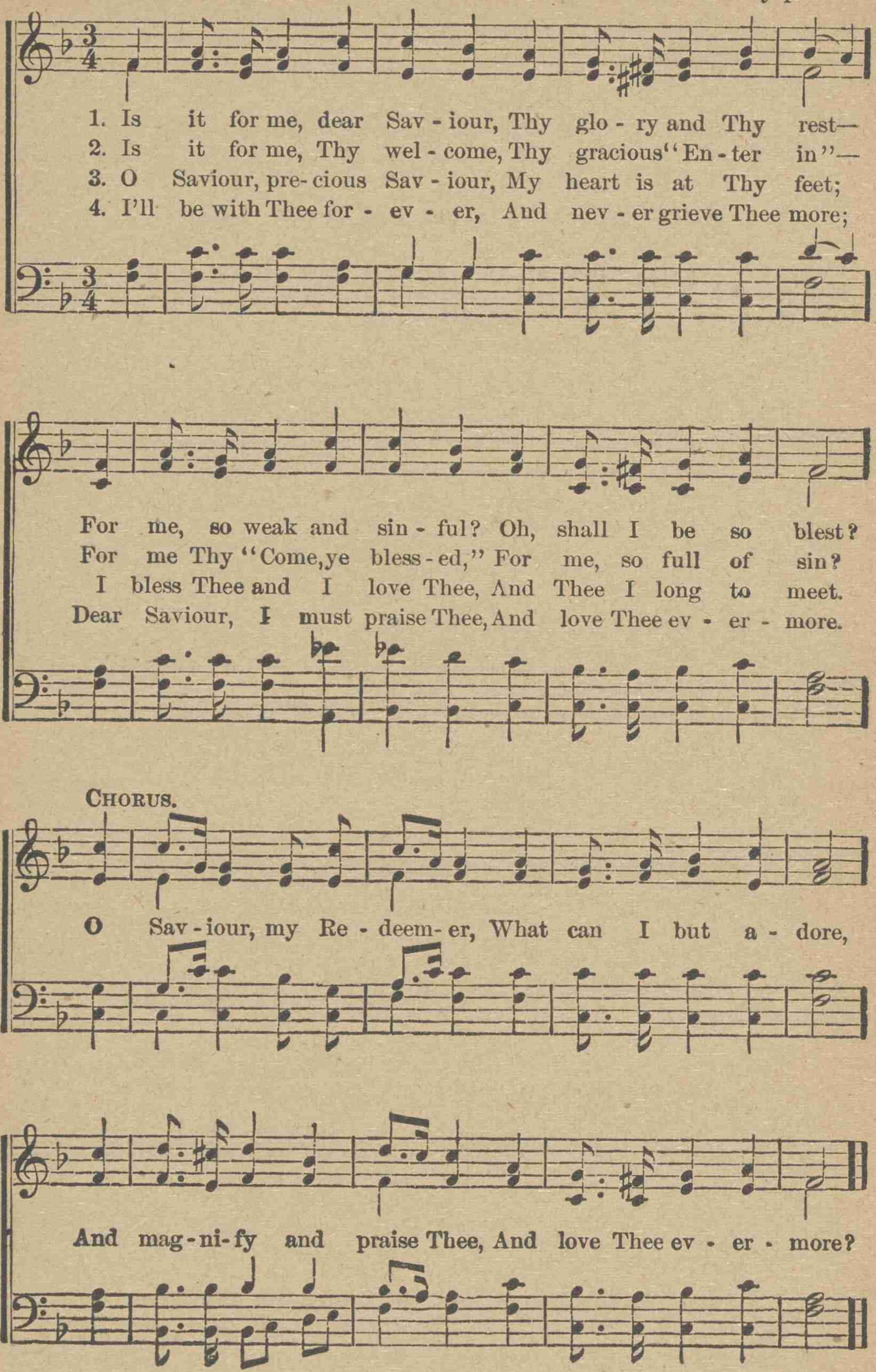
249. Oh, How I Love Jesus.

ISAAC WATTS.



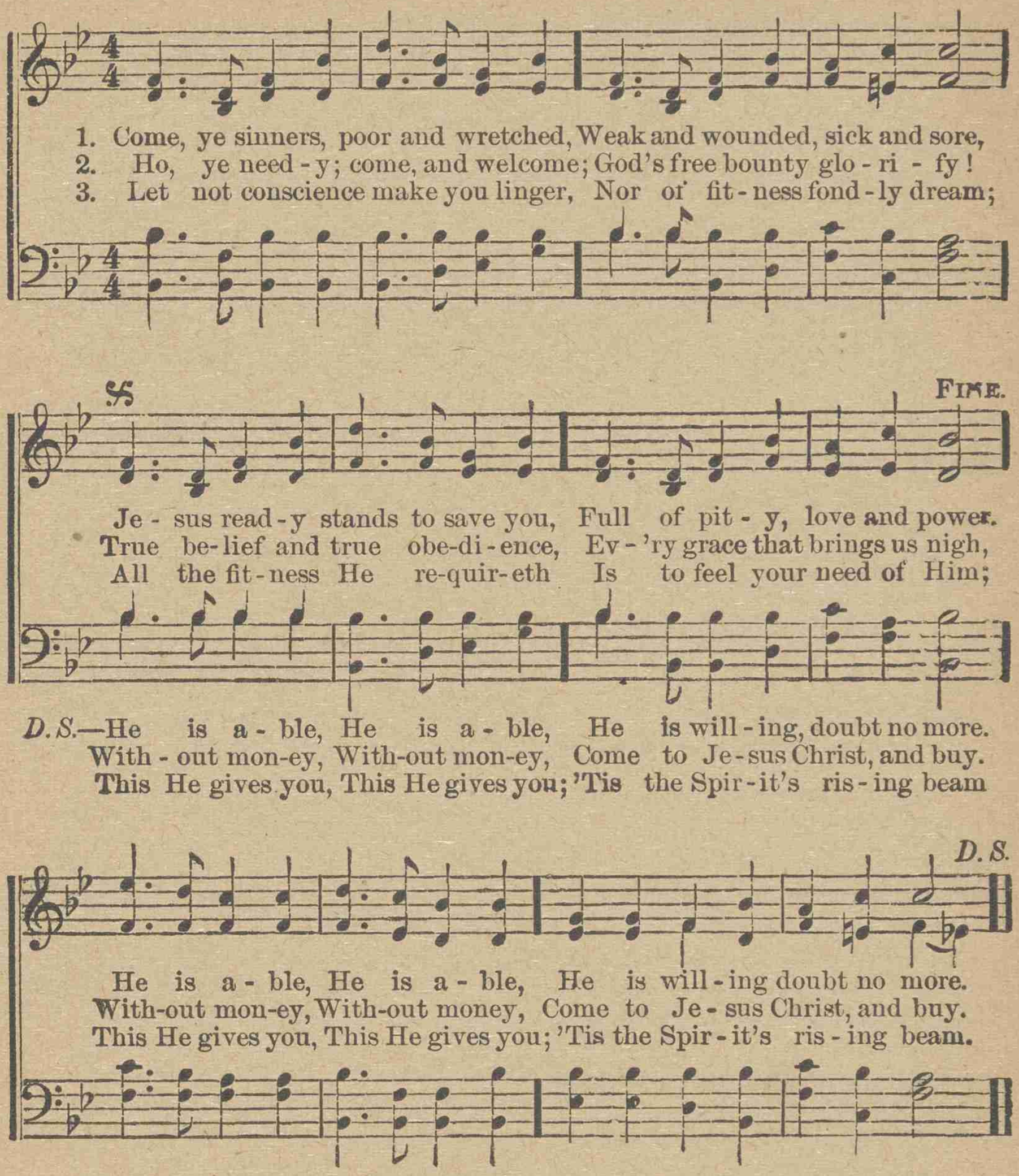
250. Is it for Me?

MISS F. R. HAVERGAL. T. C. O'KANE. By per.



251. Come, Ye Sinners.

J. HART. C. C. CONVERSE. ART.



252. MERCY'S CALL.

(*For music, see above.*)

1. Sinners, will you scorn the message,
Coming from the courts above?
Mercy beams in every passage;
Every line is full of love;
‖: Oh! believe it,
Every line is full of love. :‖

2. Now the herald of salvation
Joyful news from heaven proclaim!
Sinners freed from condemnation,
Through the all-atoning Lamb!
‖: Life receiving
Through the all-atoning Lamb! :‖

3. O ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way;
Haste ye to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay:
‖: Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey :‖

—J. A[illegible]

253. Mercy is Boundless and Free.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Thanks be to Je - sus His mer - cy is free; Mer-cy is free,
2. Why on the mountains of sin wilt thou roam? Mer-cy is free,
3. Think of His goodness, His patience and love; Mer-cy is free,
4. Yes, there is par - don for all who be - lieve; Mer-cy is free,

REF.—Je - sus, the Sav - ior is look - ing for thee, Looking for thee,

mer-cy is free: Sin-ner, that mer-cy is flow-ing for thee,
mer-cy is free: Gen-tly the Spir-it is calling, "Come home,"
mer-cy is free: Pleading thy cause with His Fa-ther a - bove,
mer-cy is free: Come and this moment a bless-ing re - ceive,

looking for thee: Lov - ing - ly, ten - der - ly call - ing for thee,

FINE

Mer - cy is boundless and free. If thou art will - ing on
Mer - cy is boundless and free. Thou art in darkness, O
Mer - cy is boundless and free Come and re-pent-ing, O
Mer - cy is boundless and free Je - sus is wait - ing, O
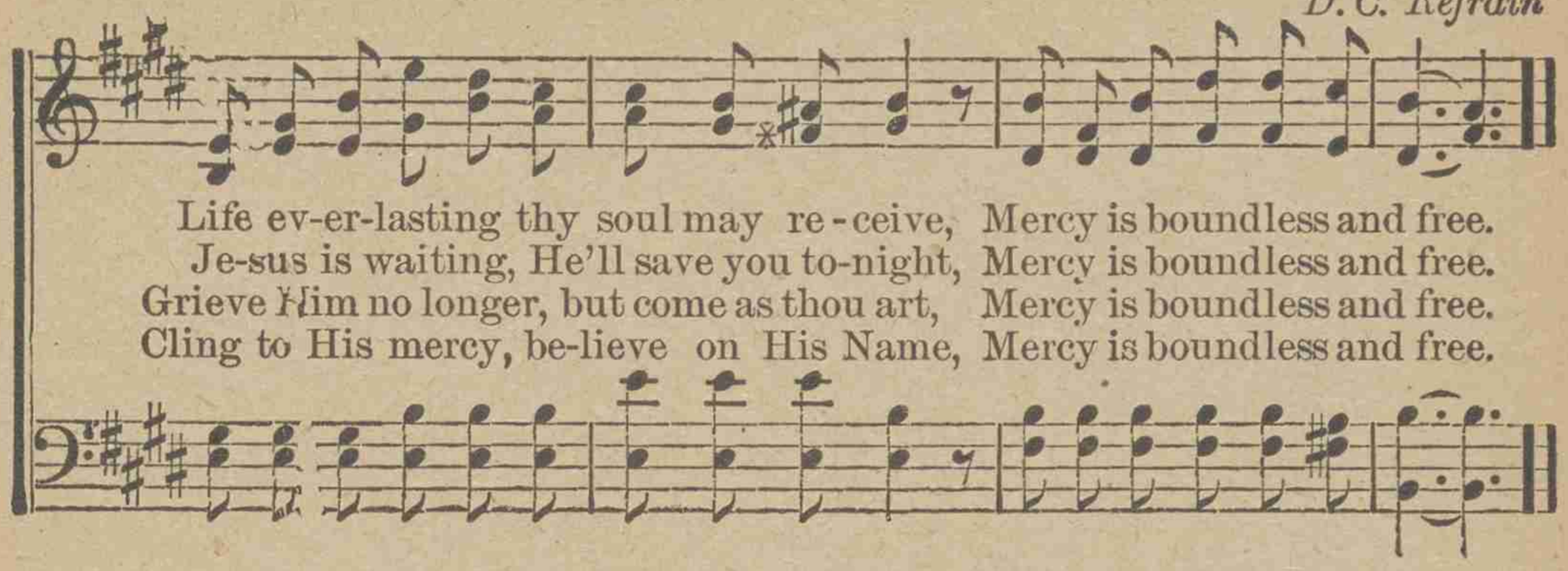
Call - ing and look - ing for thee.

Him to be - lieve, Mer - cy is free, mer - cy is free.
come to the light, Mer - cy is free, mer - cy is free.
give Him thy heart, Mer - cy is free, mer - cy is free.
hear Him proclaim, Mer - cy is free, mer - cy is free.

Copyright, 1882, by W J. KIRKPATRICK By per

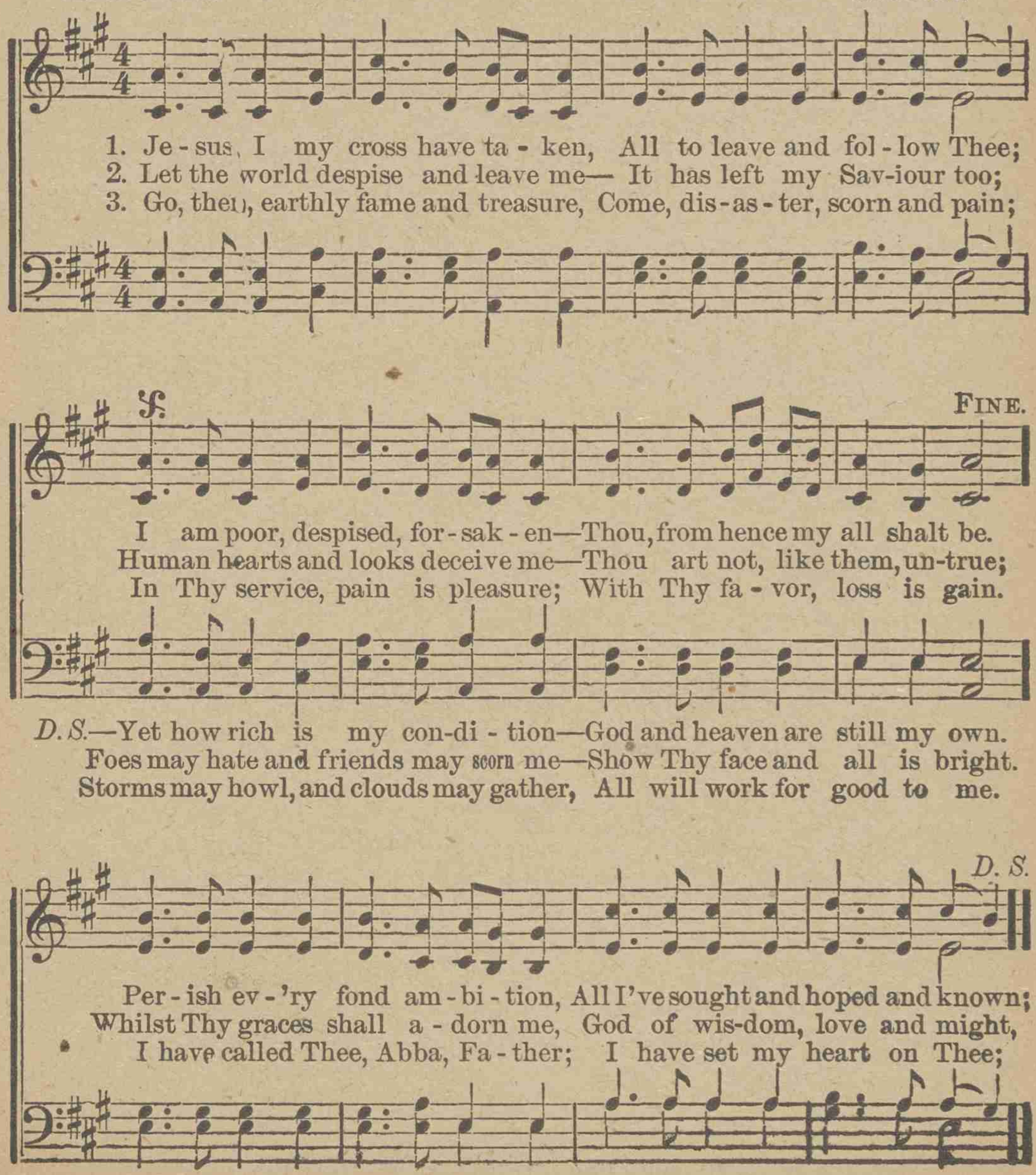
Mercy is Boundless and Free.—Concluded.

D. C. Refrain



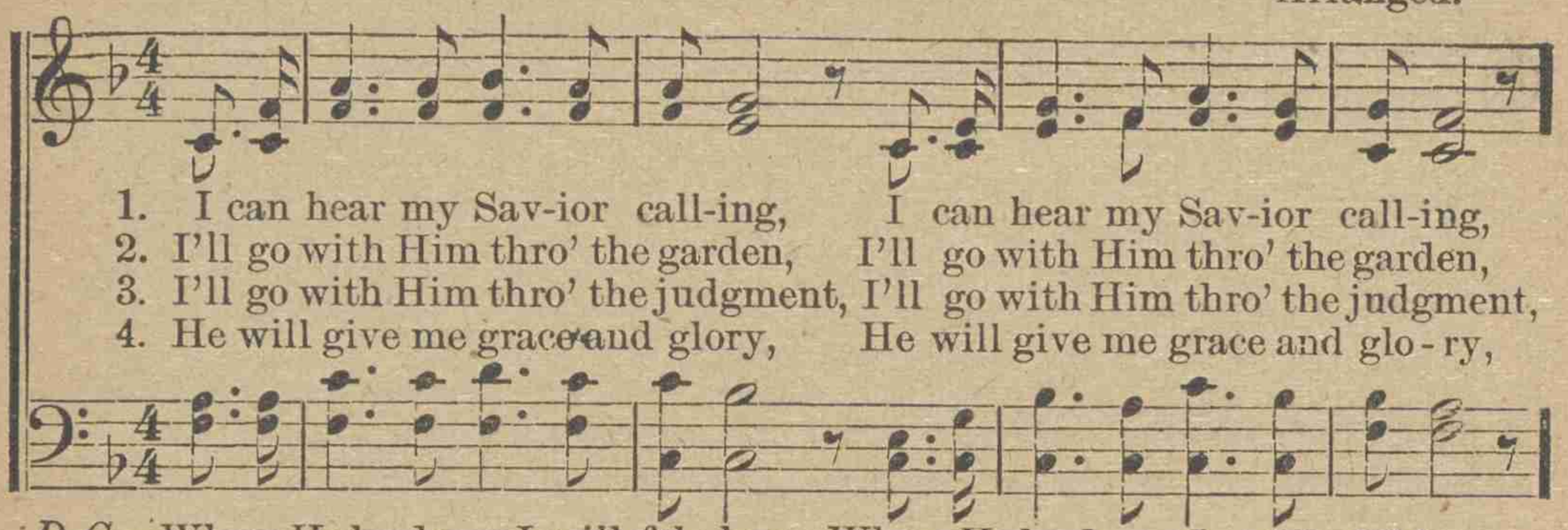
254. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

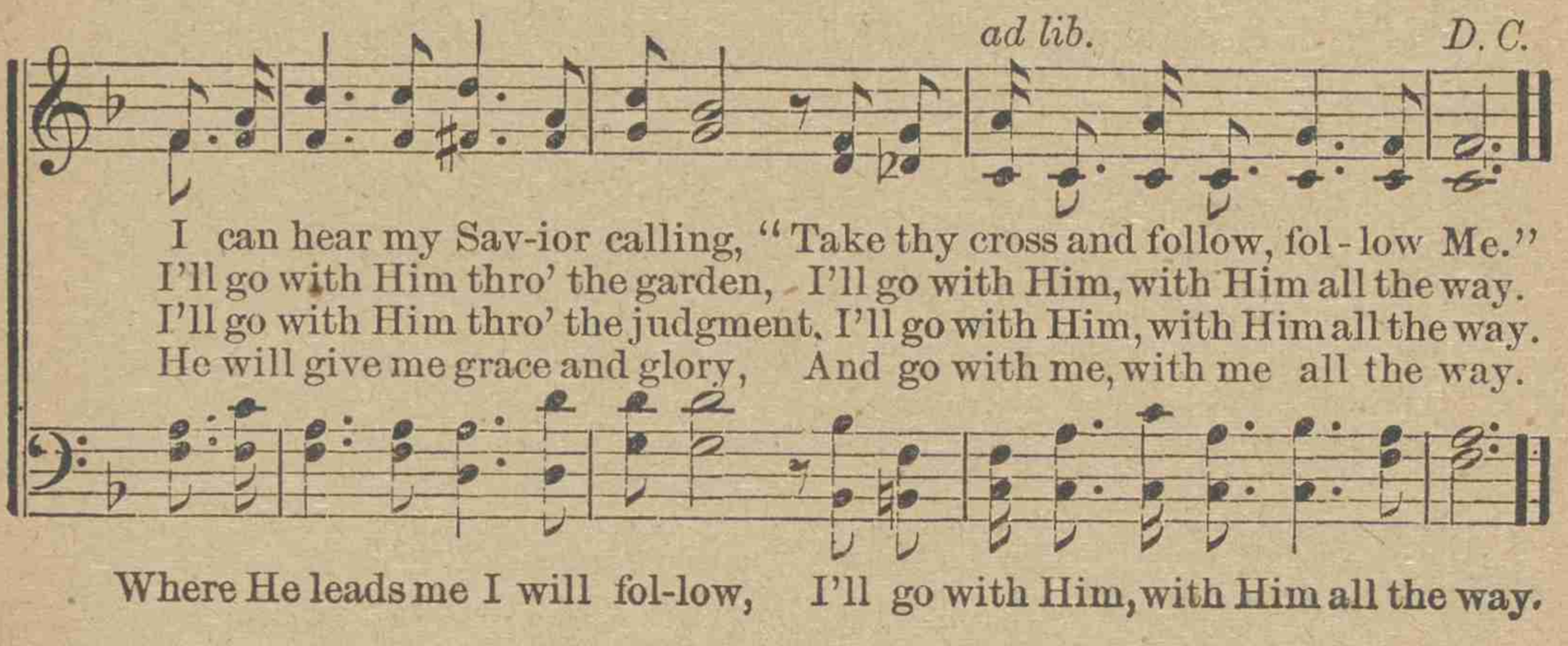
H. F. Lyte. Mozart.



255. The Way of the Cross.

E. W. BLANDLY. Arranged.





256. Near the Cross.

Key of G.

1. Jesus, keep me near the cross:
There a precious fountain,
Free to all, a living stream,
Flows from Calvary's mountain.

Chorus:—

In the cross, in the cross,
Be my glory ever,
Till my raptured soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.

2. Near the cross a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me;
There the bright and morning star
Sheds its beams around me.

3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadows o'er me.

—F. C. VAN ALSTYNE.

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257. Almost Persuaded.

Key of G.

1. "Almost persuaded" now to believe;
"Almost persuaded" Christ to receive
Seems now some soul to say,
"Go, Spirit, go thy way,
Some more convenient day
On thee I'll call."

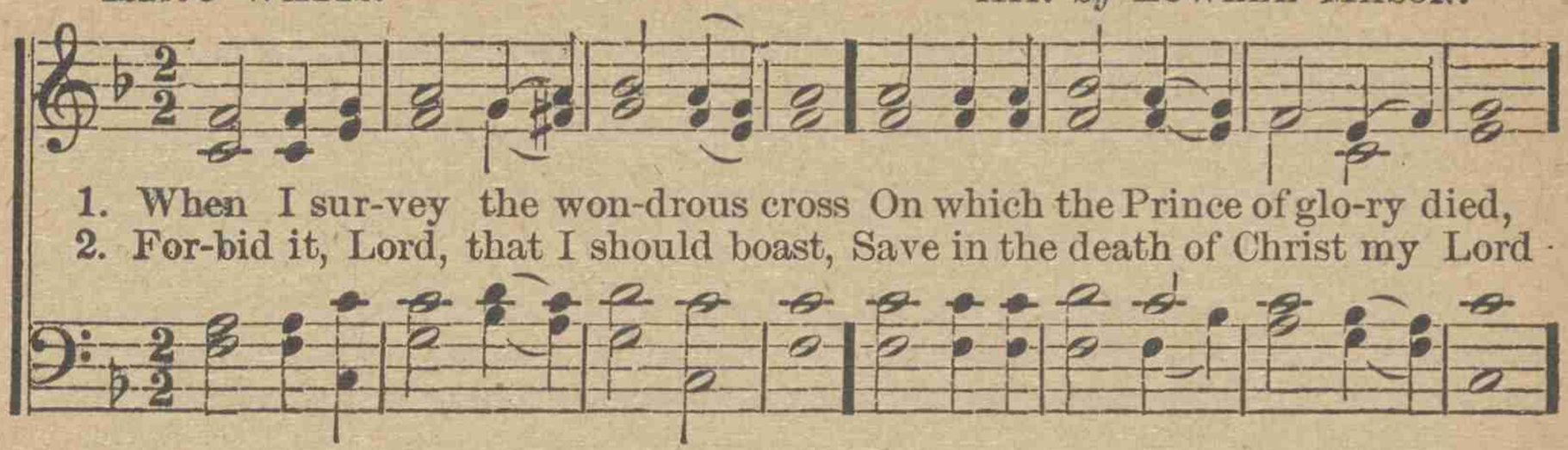
2. "Almost persuaded," come, come to-day
"Almost persuaded," turn not away.
Jesus invites you here,
Angels are lingering near;
Prayers rise from hearts so dear:
O wanderer, come!

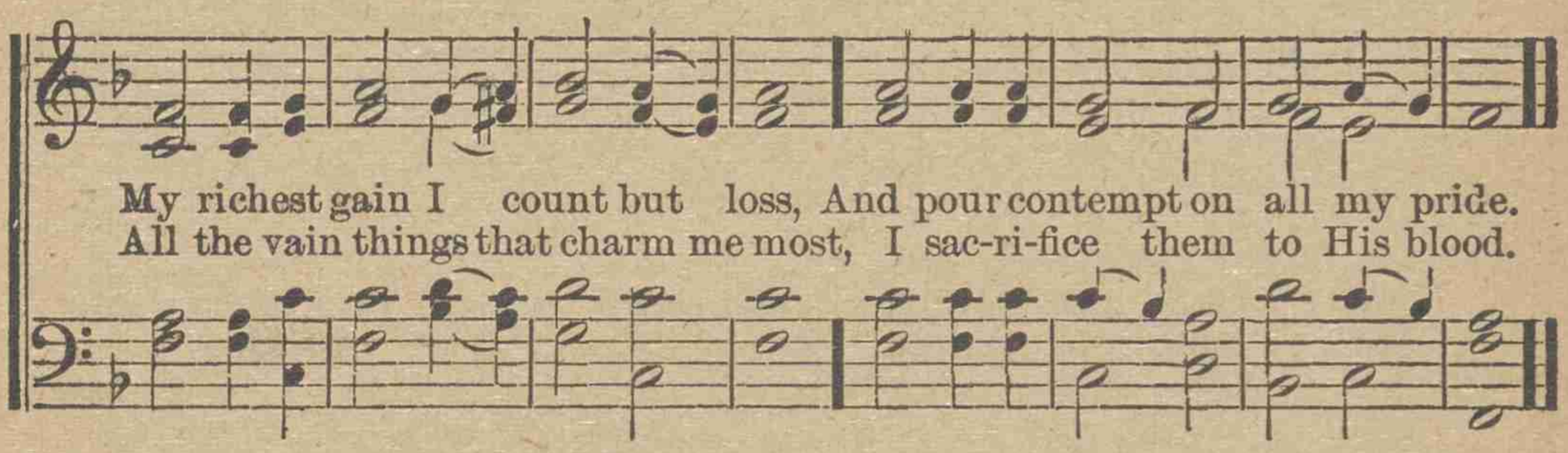
3. "Almost persuaded," harvest is past:
"Almost persuaded," doom comes at last.
"Almost" can not avail;
"Almost" is but to fail—
Sad, sad that bitter wail—
"Almost, but lost!"

Used by per. of The John Church Co.

258. When I Survey

ISAAC WATTS. Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



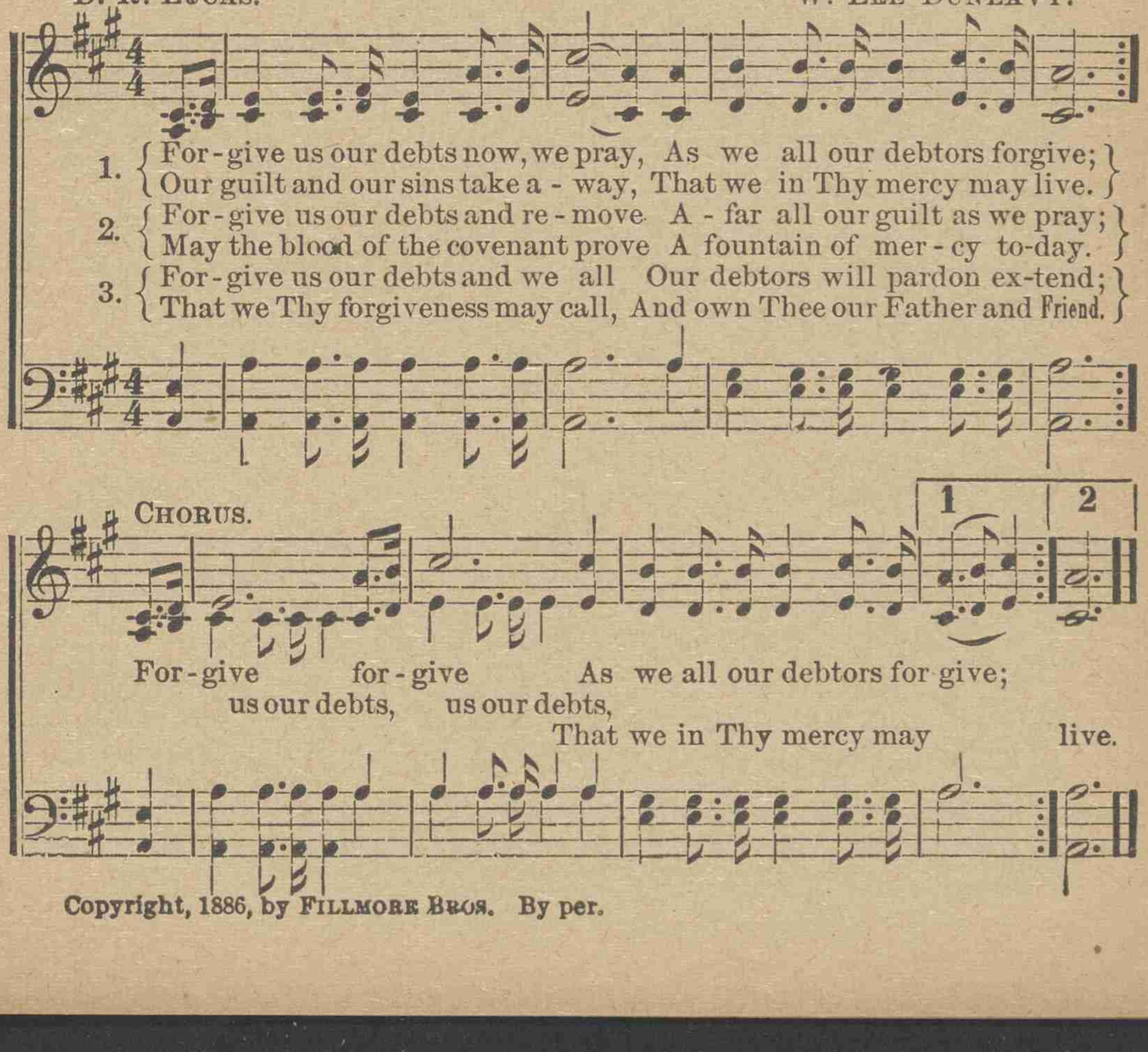


3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4. Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

259. Forgive Us Our Debts.

D. R. LUCAS. W. LEE DUNLAVY.



Copyright, 1886, by FILLMORE BROS. By per.

260. The Lord's Table.

R. BUTCHART. W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Slowly.

1. What treas-ures of Thy love are stored, In this, Thy
2. Par - tak - ing of this bread and wine, We re - al -
3. We take these sym - bols from Thy hand, And thank Thee
4. O hear us Sav - ior while we pray, And feed our

ta - ble, gra - cious Lord; Here hun - gry souls by
ize their gra - cious sign; For while we this in
for Thy blest com - mand; Nor sweet - er to - ken
faint - ing souls to - day; Make us to know, help

faith are fed, With lat - er man - na, heav'n - ly bread.
mem - 'ry do, Thy bro - ken bod - y comes to view.
could there be, Than do - ing this, dear Lord, for Thee.
us to prove, The won-drous mean - ing of Thy love.

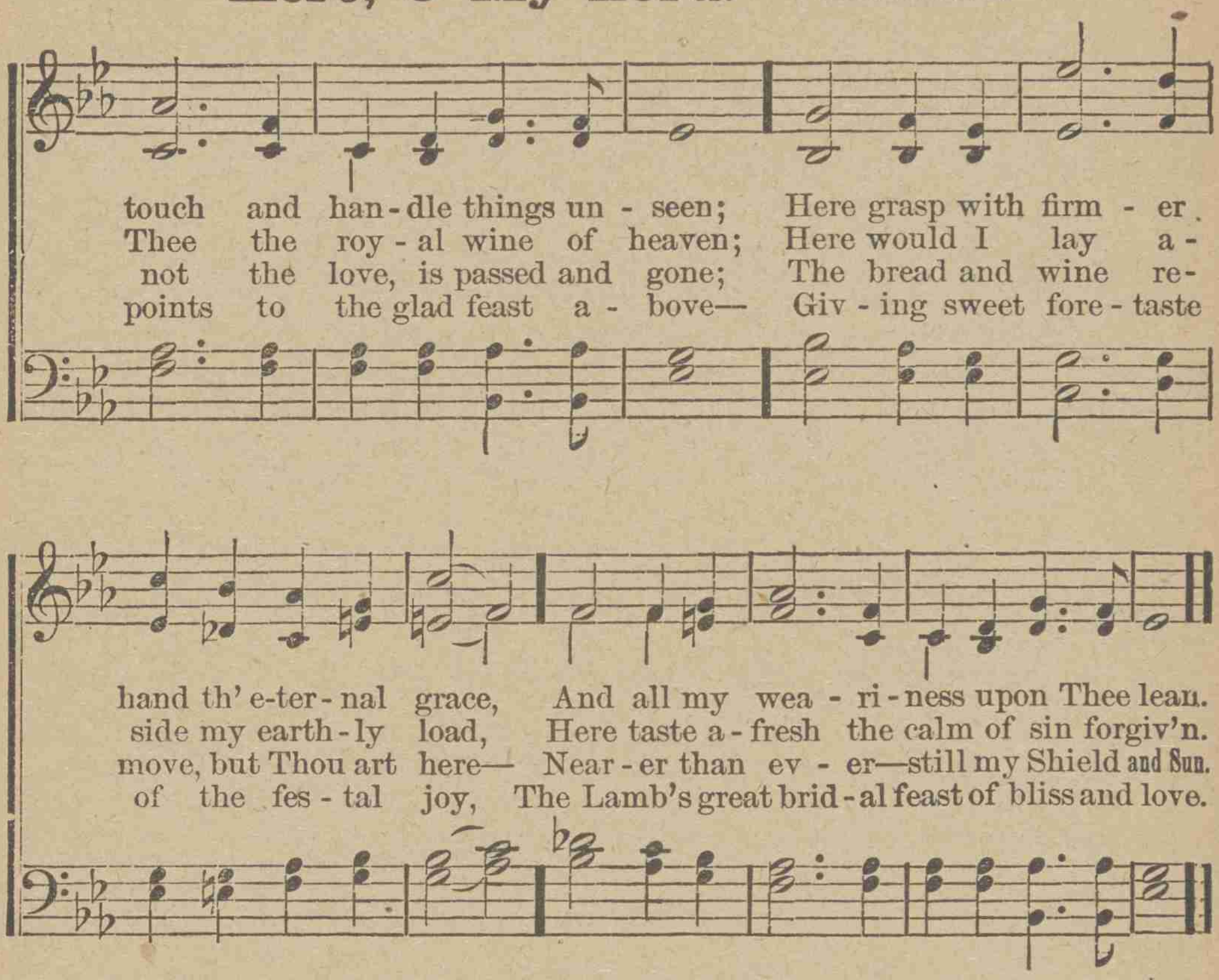
Copyright, 1897, by W. E. M. Hackleman.

261. Here, O My Lord.

HORATIUS BONAR. MENDELSSOHN.

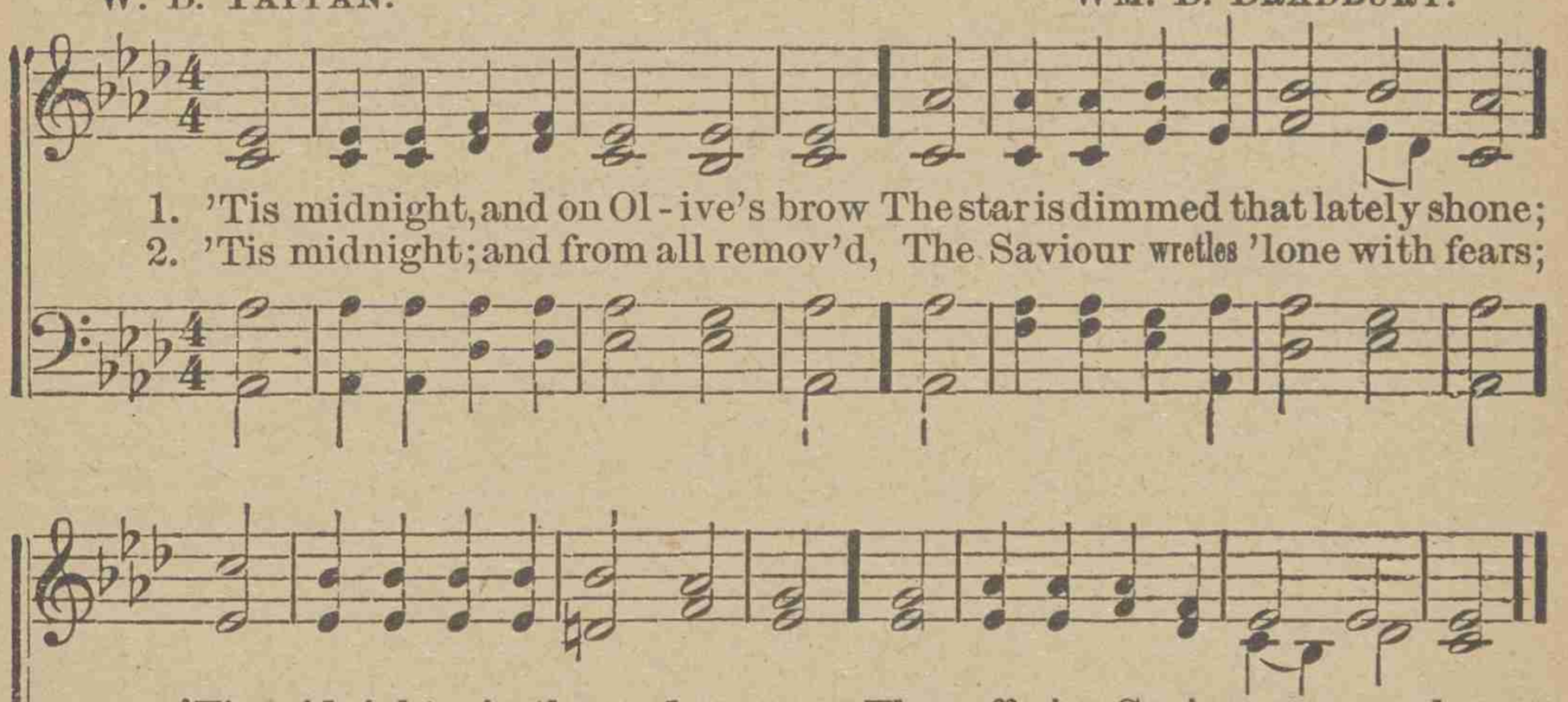
1. Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face; Here would I
2. Here would I feed up - on the bread of God; Here drink with
3. Too soon we rise; the sym-bols dis - ap - pear; The feast, tho'
4. Feast aft - er feast thus comes and pass-es by; Yet, passing,

Here, O My Lord.—Concluded.



262. Olive's Brow.

W. B. TAPPAN. WM. B. BRADBURY.
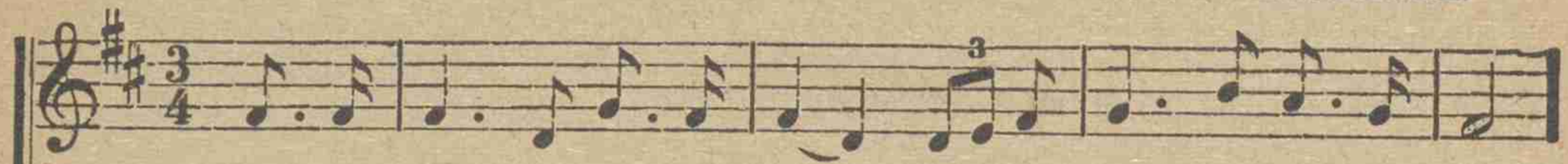


3. 'Tis midnight, and for other's guilt
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet He that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by His God.

4. 'Tis midnight, and from ether-plains
Is borne the song that angels know,
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.
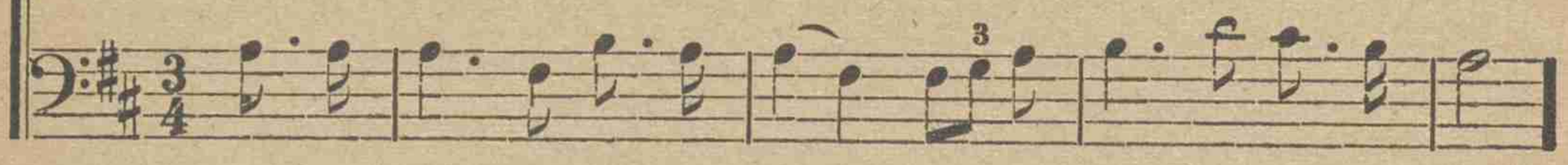
Used by permission of The Biglow & Main Co.
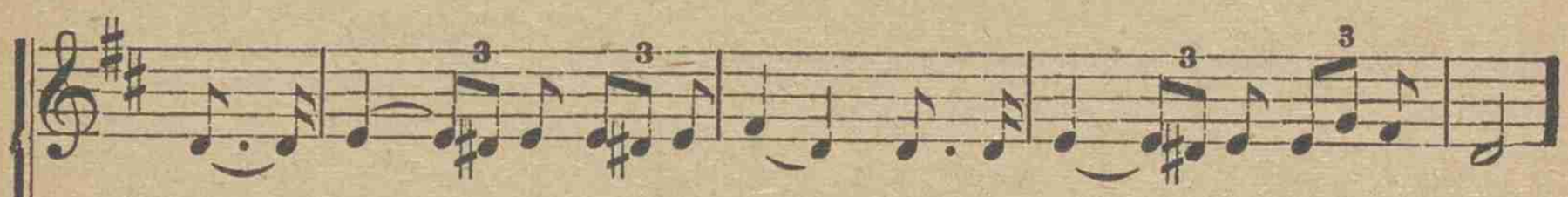
263. Refuge.

C. WESLEY. JOS. P. HOLBROOK.
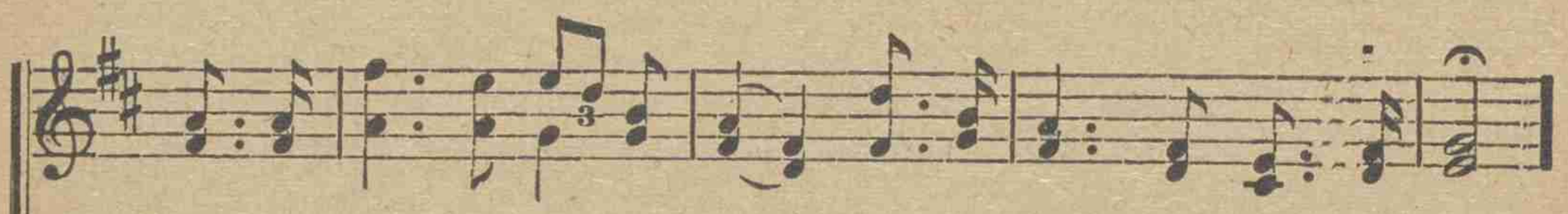


1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help-less soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find:
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found—Grace to cov - er all my sin;
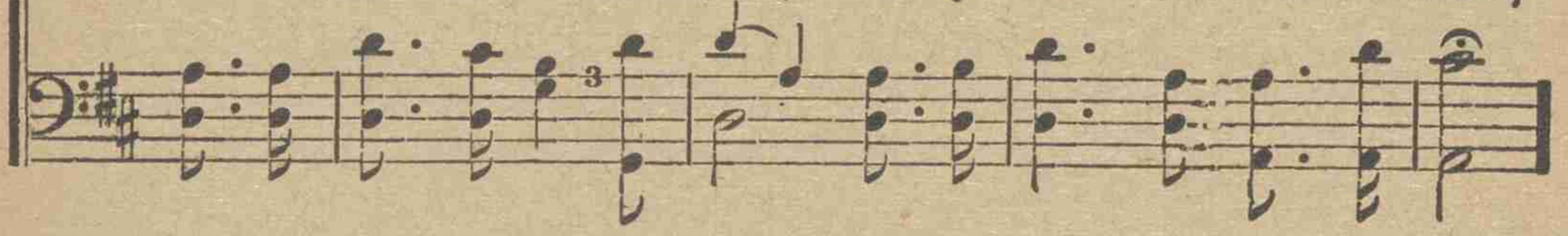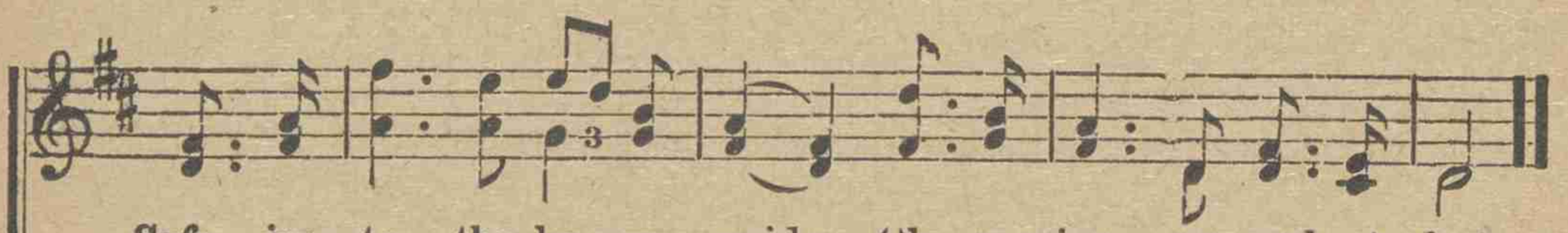




While the near - er wa-ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup-port and comfort me:
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick and lead the blind:
Let the heal - ing streams a-bound; Make me, keep me, pure with-in;
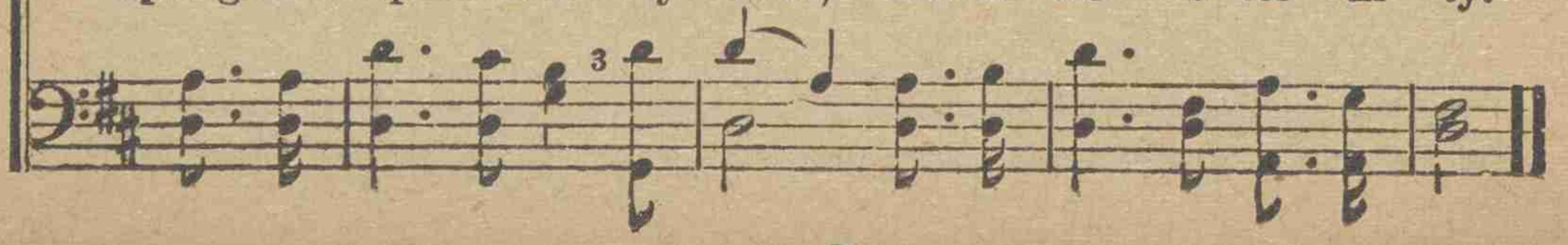




Hide me, oh, my Saviour hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un-right-eous-ness;
Thou of life the Fountain art, Free-ly let me take of Thee;



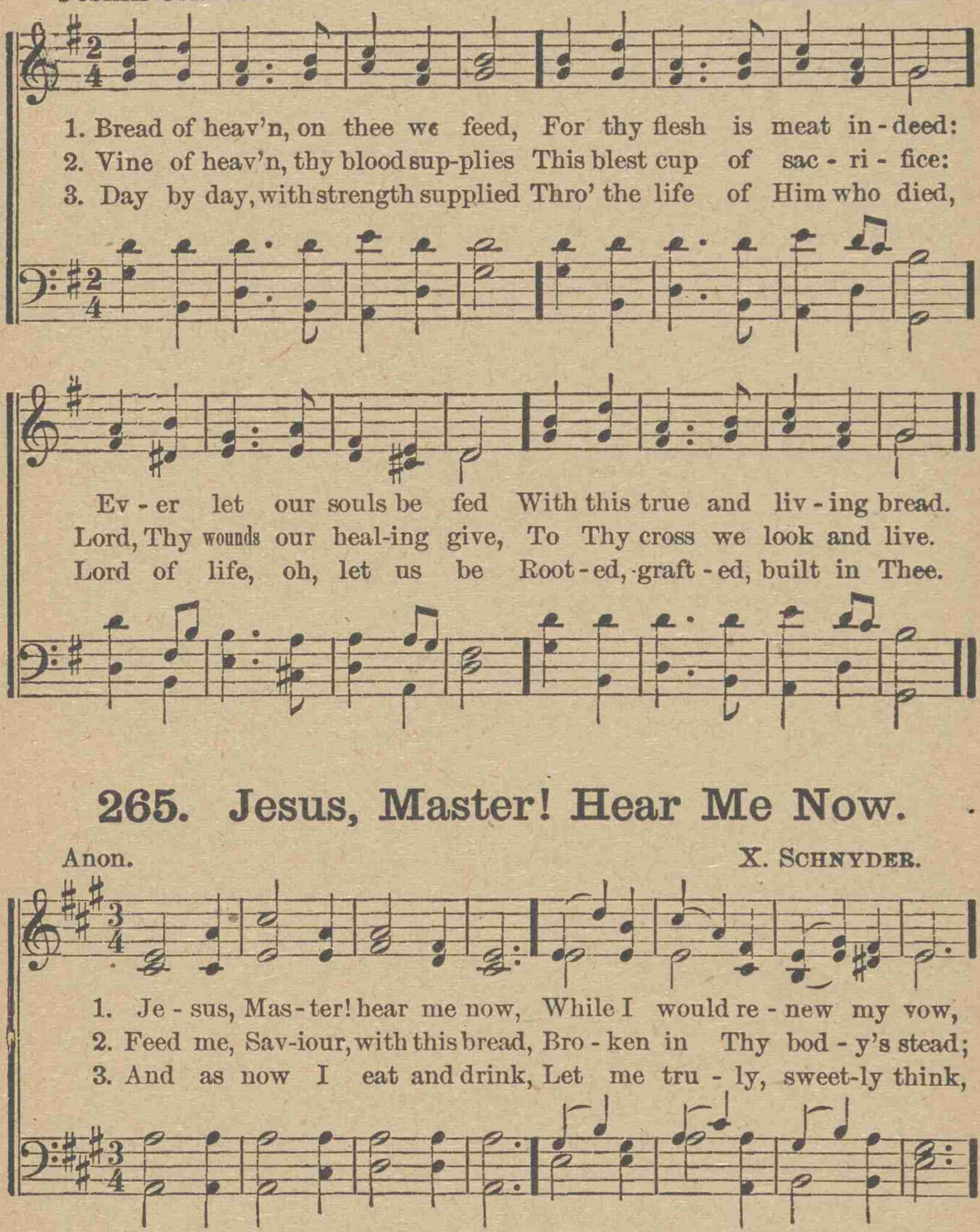


Safe in - to the ha-ven guide, Oh, re-ceive my soul at last.
Cov - er my de-fence-less head, With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
Vile, and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring Thou up with-in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.



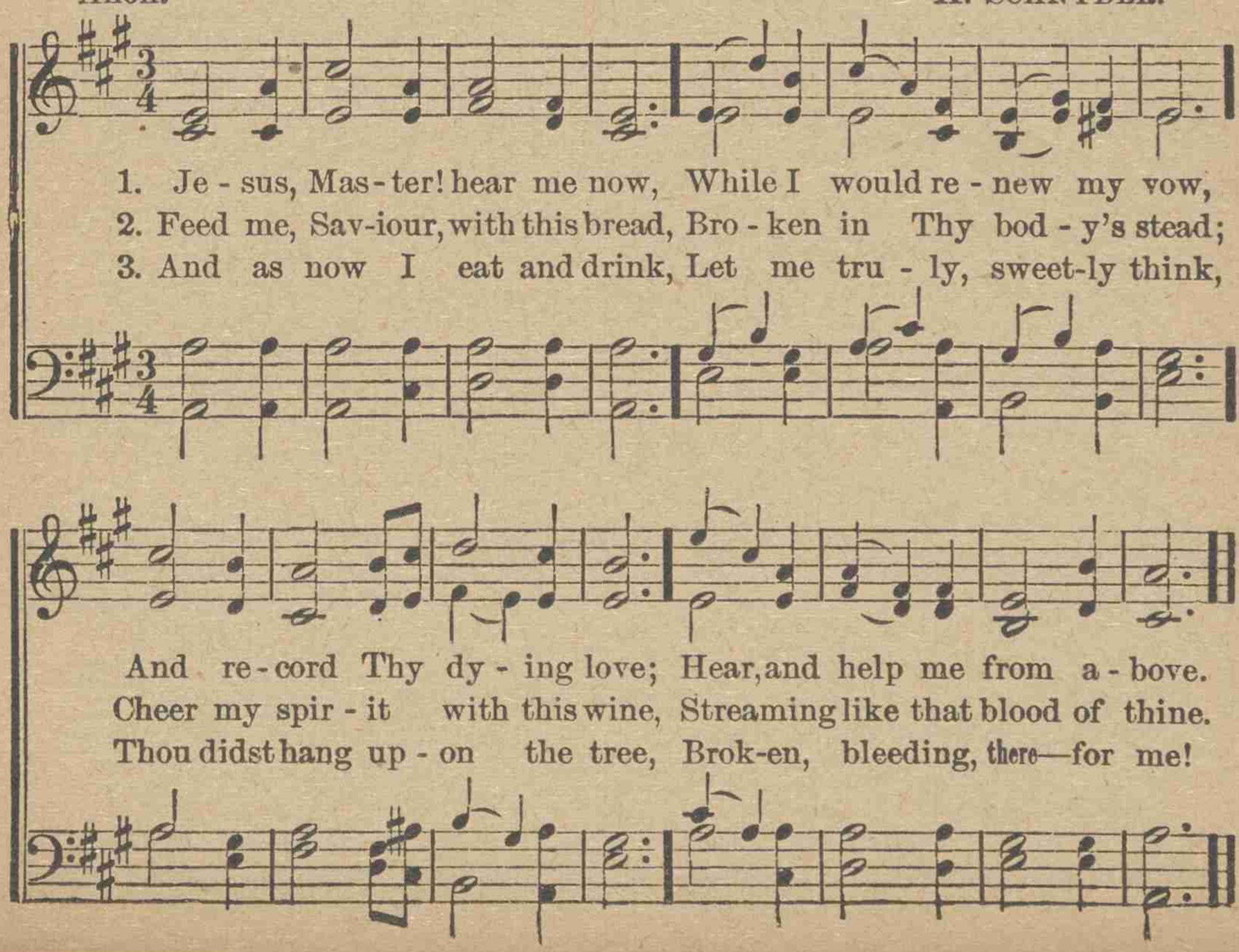
264. Bread of Heaven.

JOSIAH CONDER. IGNACE PLEYEL.



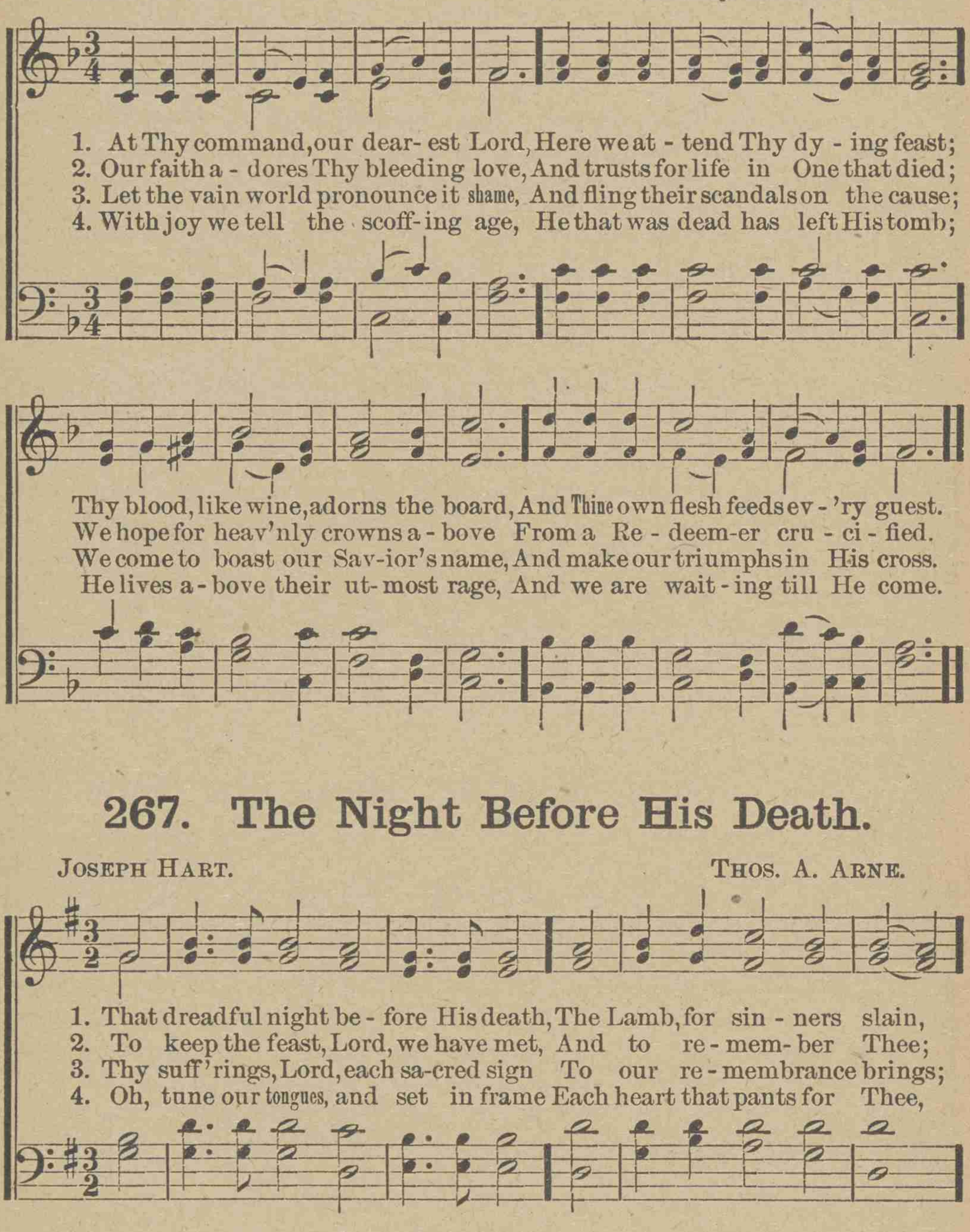
265. Jesus, Master! Hear Me Now.

Anon. X. SCHNYDER.



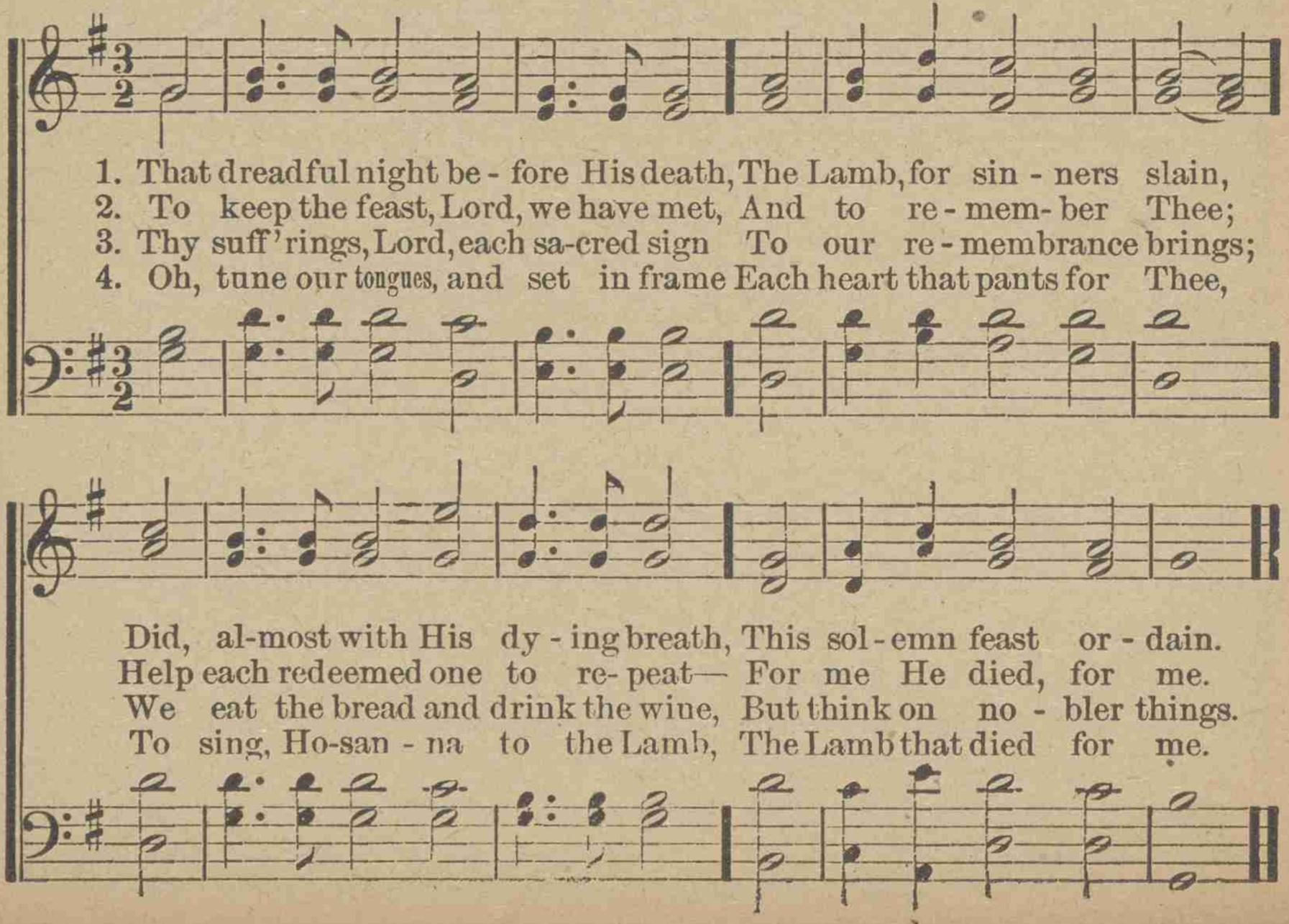
266. Do This in Memory of Me.

ISAAC WATTS. Arr. by W. H. MONK.



267. The Night Before His Death.

JOSEPH HART. THOS. A. ARNE.



BAPTISM.

268. All the Way.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. Dr. L. O. EMERSON.

1. All the way my Savior leadeth me; Shepherd, Friend and Guide is He;
2. All the way my Savior leadeth me, Nev - er can I doubtful be,
3. All the way my Savior leadeth me, And communion sweet have we;
4. All the way my Savior leadeth me, And, throughout eter-ni - ty,

And tho' clouds of darkness o'er me roll, There is joy and sunlight in my soul.
For He sweetly whispers in my ear, "Child, be patient, I, thy Lord, am near!"
Grace He gives me, and such peace affords, That I feel and know I'm all the Lord's.
I will praise Him for the love and pow'r That sustains and saves me ev'ry hour.

CHORUS.

Where He leads..... me I will fol - low, I will fol - - - low all the way;..... Where He leads..... me, I will fol-low, I will fol-low all the way.
Where He leads I will fol - low, I will fol - low all the way;
Where He leads

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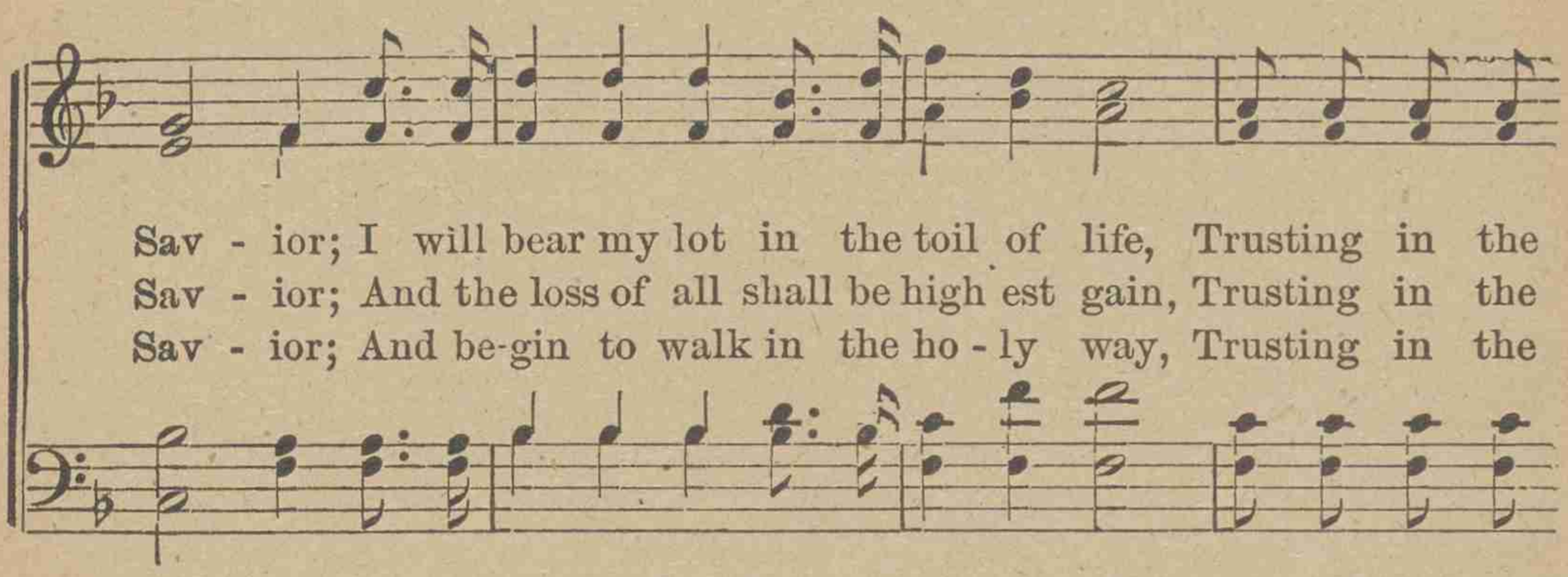
269. Trusting in the Promise.

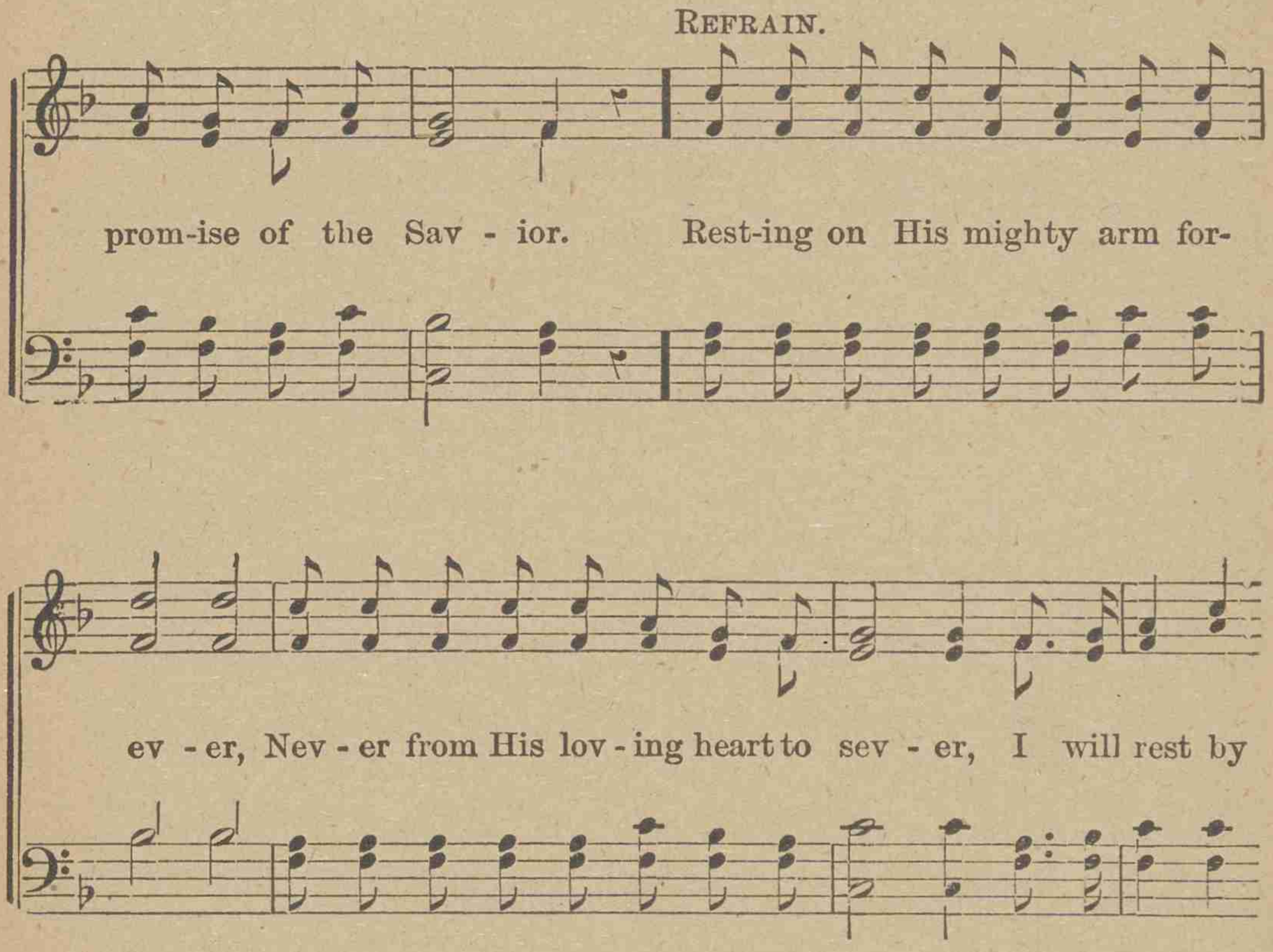
Rev. H. B. HARTZLER. Rev. E. S. LORENZ.

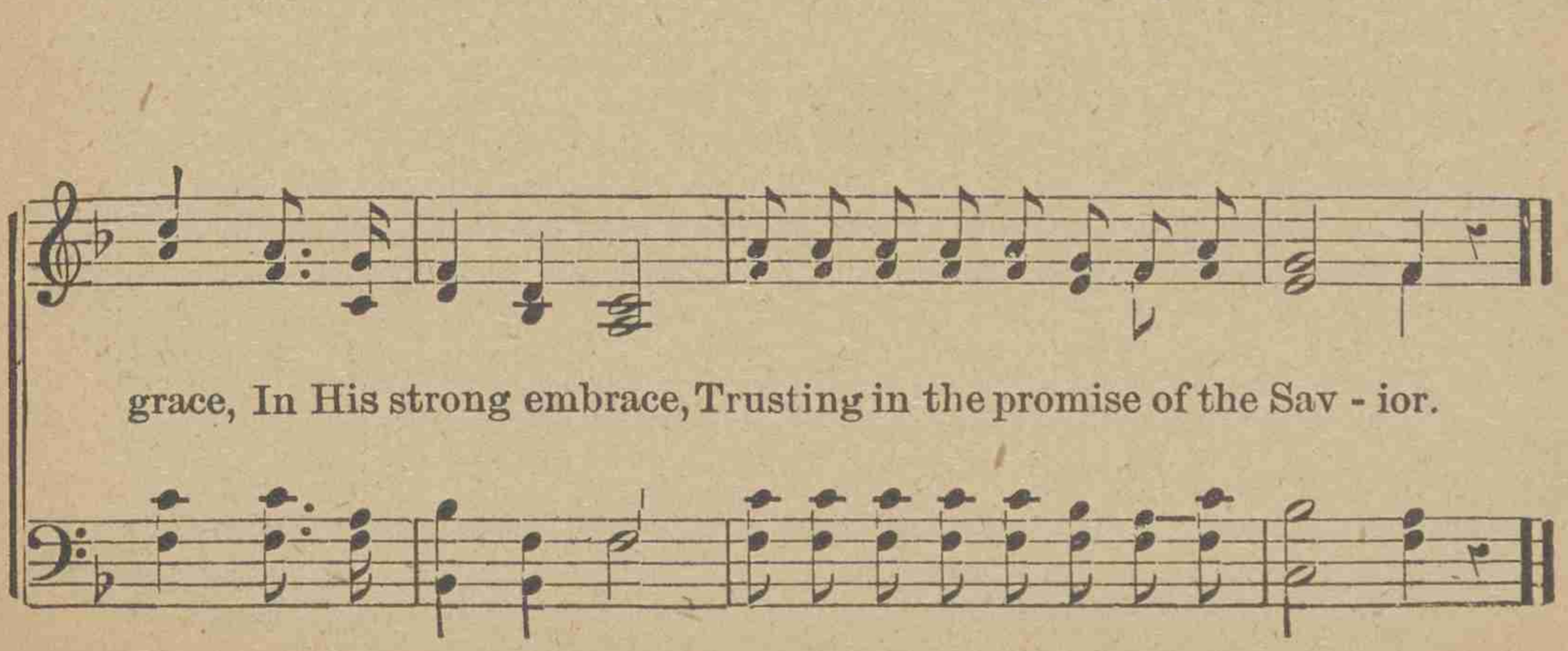
1. I have found re - pose for my wea - ry soul, Trusting in the prom - ise of the Sav - ior, And a har - bor safe when the bil - lows roll, Trust-ing in the promise of the Sav - ior, I will fear no foe in this deadly strife, Trusting in the promise of the
2. I will sing my song as the days go by, Trusting in the prom - ise of the Sav - ior, And re - joice in hope, while I live or die, Trust-ing in the promise of the Sav - ior, I can smile at grief and a-bide in pain, Trusting in the promise of the
3. Oh, the peace and joy of the life I live, Trusting in the prom - ise of the Sav - ior, Oh, the strength and grace on - ly God can give, Trust-ing in the promise of the Sav - ior, Who-so- ev - er will, may be saved to-day Trusting in the promise of the

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Trusting in the Promise.—Concluded.
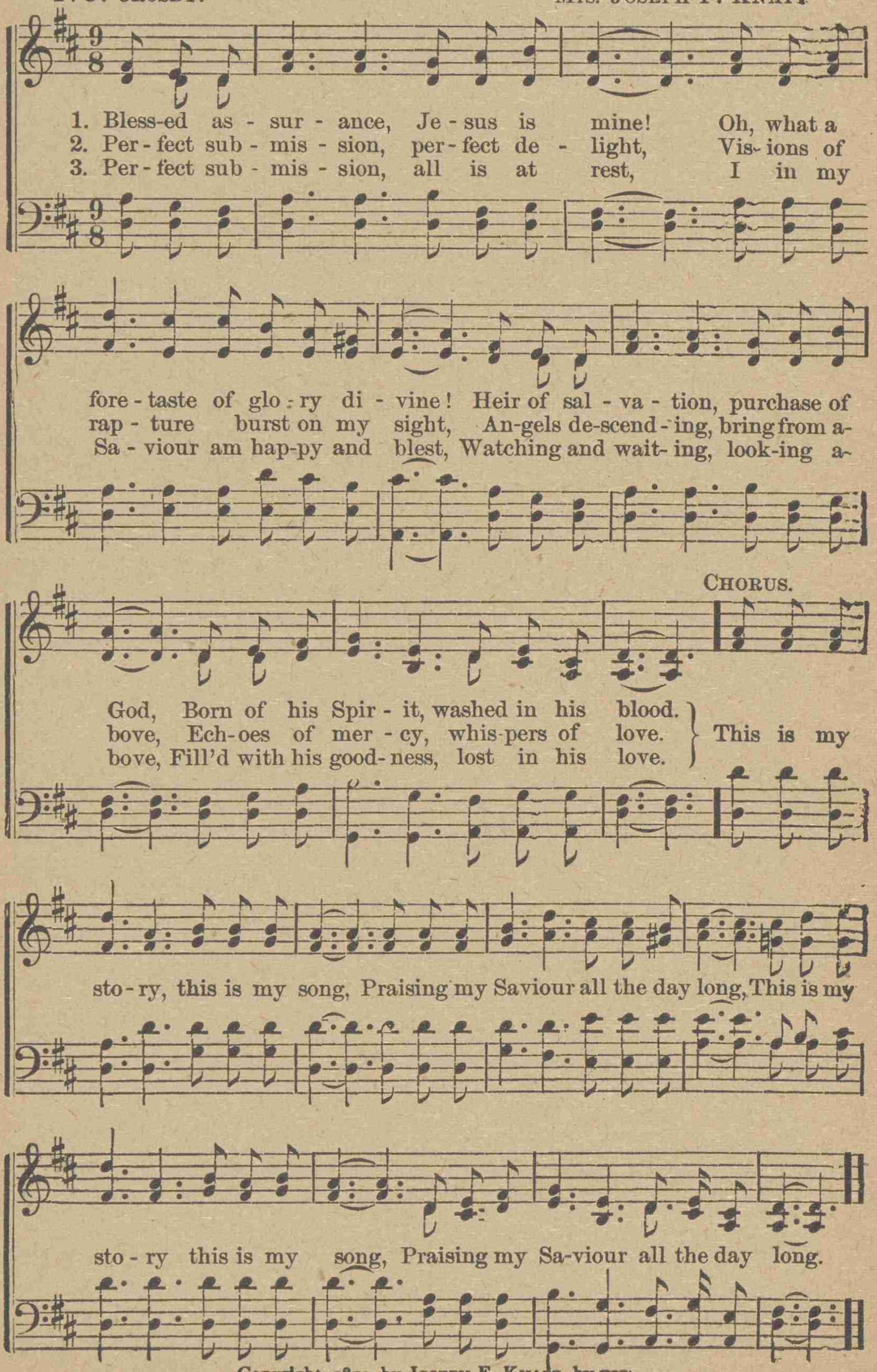






270. Blessed Assurance.

He is faithful that hath promised.—Heb. 10 : 23.

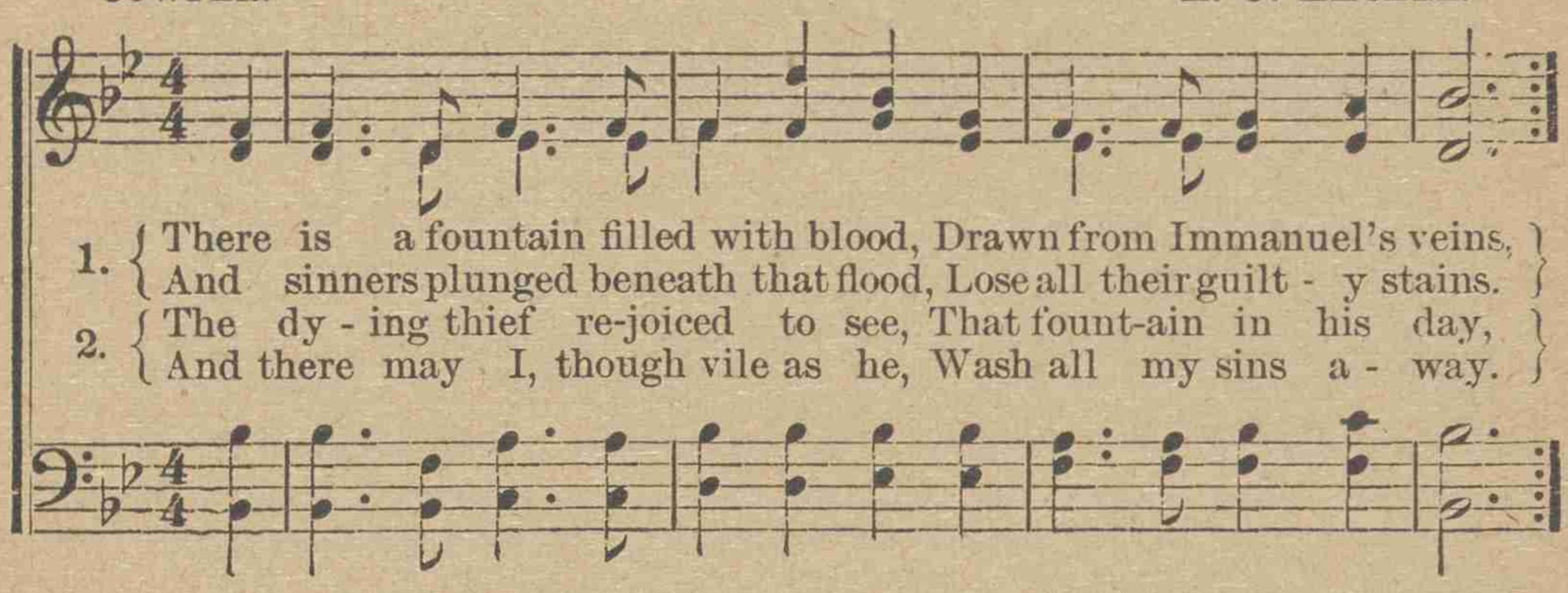
F. J. CROSBY. MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.



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271. Saviour, Wash Me in the Blood.

COWPER. E. O. EXCELL.



3. Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme
And shall be till I die.

Copyright, 1887, by E. O. Excell.

272. Whiter Than Snow.

JAMES NICHOLSON. WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole: I want thee for-
2. Lord Je sus, look down from thy throne in the skies. And help me to
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum-bly en - treat; I wait, bless-ed
4. Lord Je - sus, thou se - est I pa - tient - ly wait; Come now, and with-

ev - er, to live in my soul; Break down ev -'ry i - dol, cast
make a com-plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what-
Lord, at thy cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing, I
in me a new heart cre - ate; To those who have sought thee, thou

out ev - 'ry foe; Now wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow.
ev - er I know—Now wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow.
see thy blood flow—Now wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow.
nev-er said'st No—Now wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow.
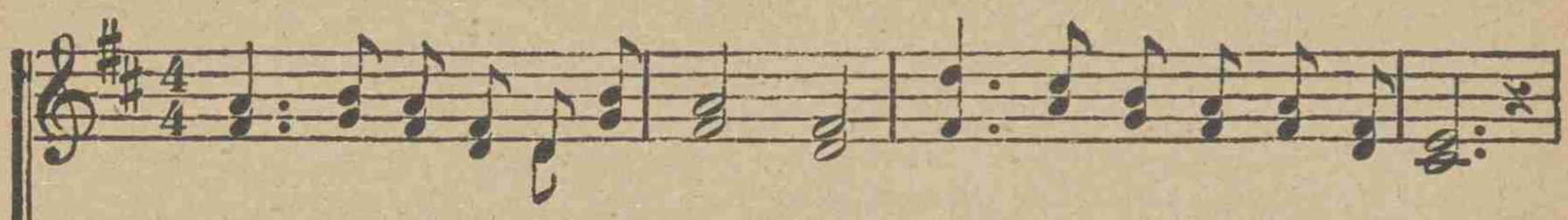
CHORUS.

Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow;

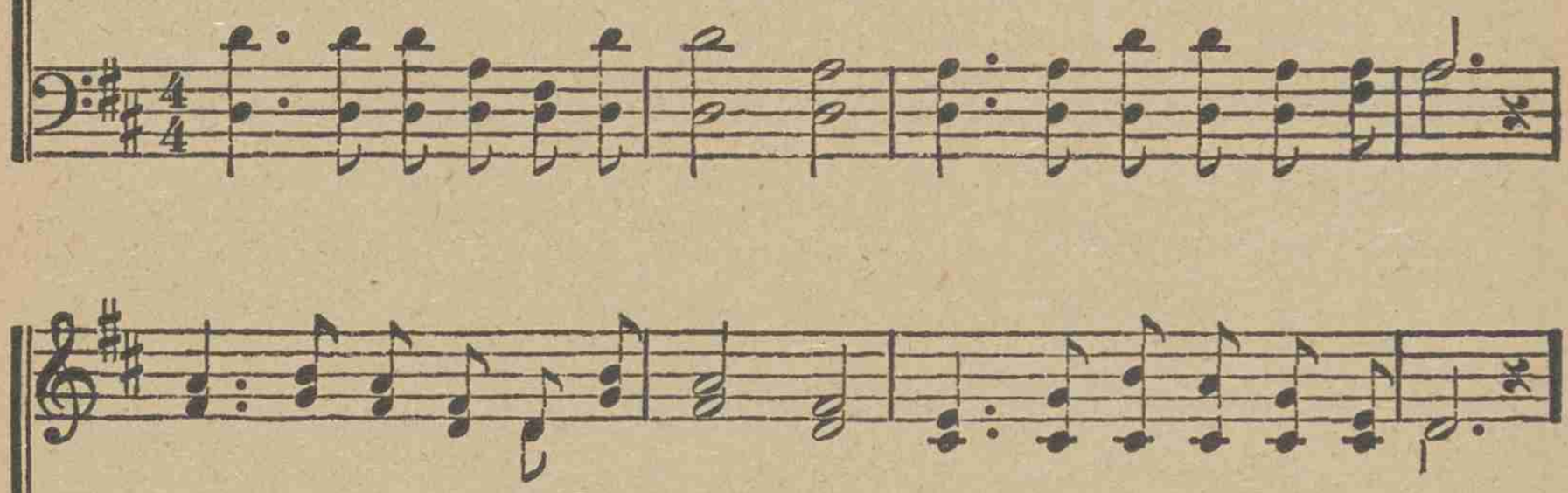
Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

273. Healing at the Fountain.
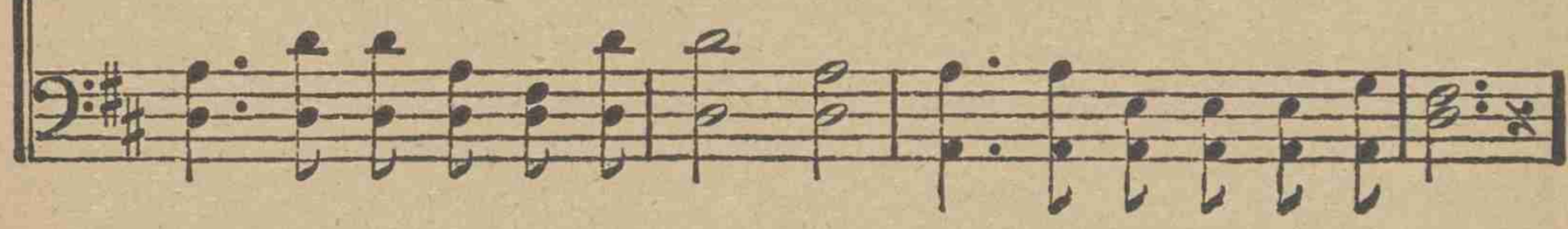
FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



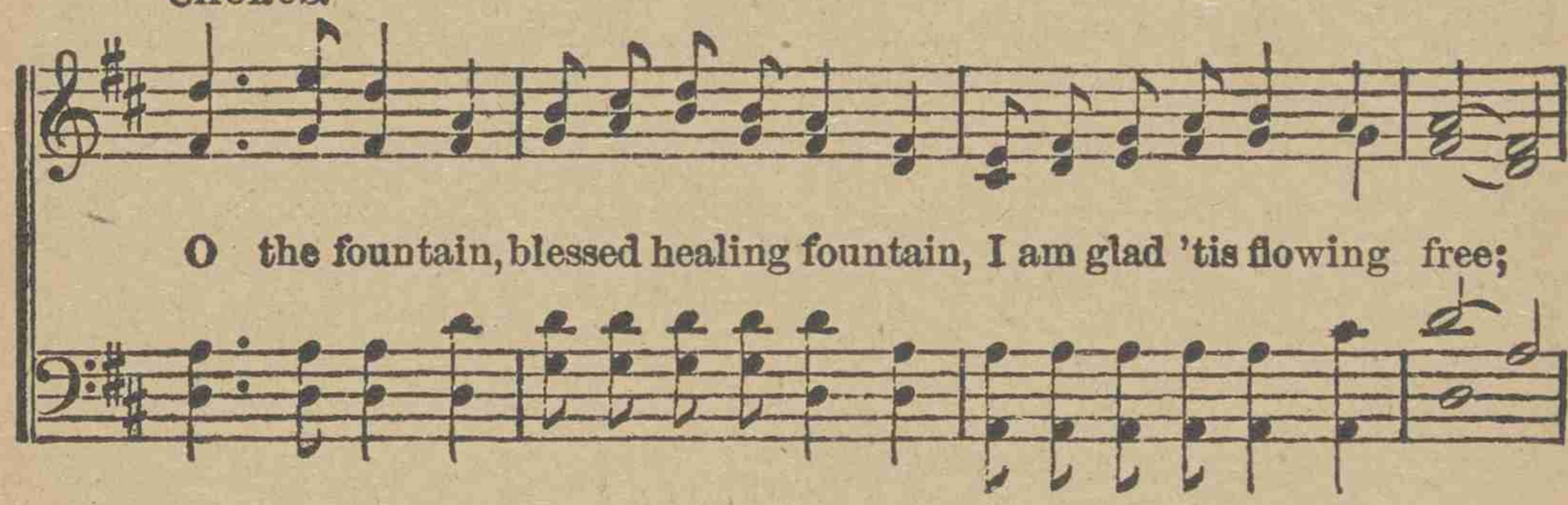
1. There is healing at the foun - tain, Come behold the crimson tide,
2. There is healing at the foun - tain, Come and find it, wea- ry soul,
3. There is healing at the foun - tain, Look to Je- sus now and live;
4. There is healing at the foun - tain, Precious fountain fill'd with blood;
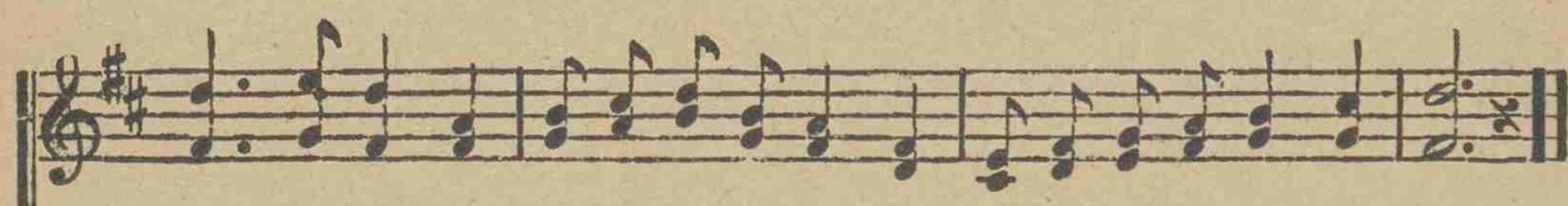


Flowing down from Calv'ry's mountain, Where the Prince of Glo- ry died.
There your sins may all be cov - ered; Je - sus waits to make you whole.
At the cross lay down your bur - den; All your wand'rings He'll forgive.
Come, O come, the Sav- ior calls you; Come and plunge beneath its flood.
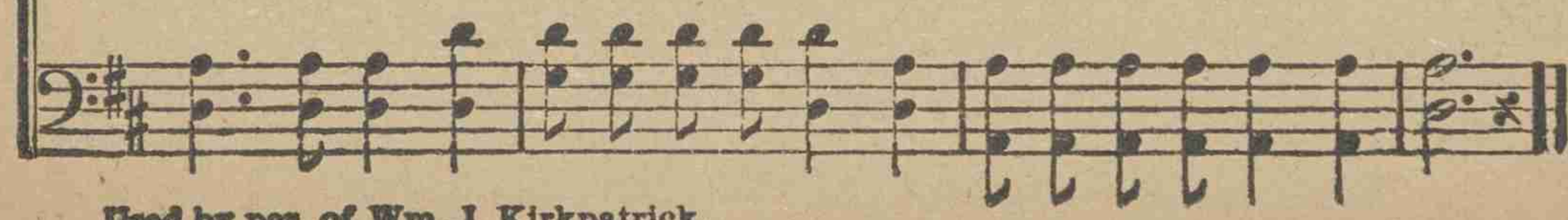


CHORUS.



O the fountain, blessed healing fountain, I am glad 'tis flowing free;
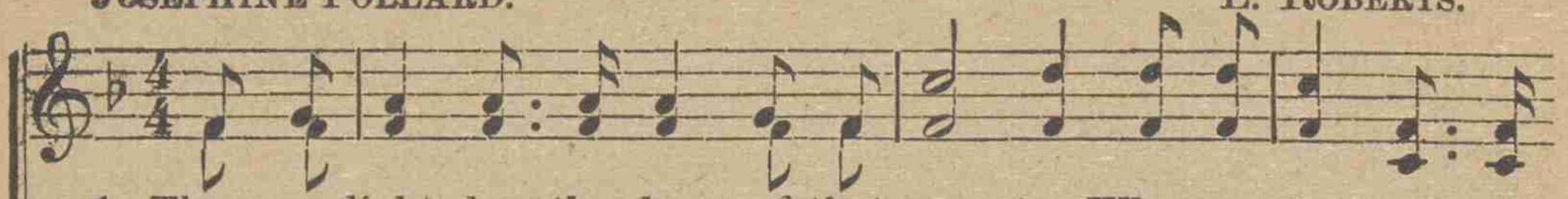


O the fountain, precious cleansing fount-ain, Praise the Lord, it cleanseth me.



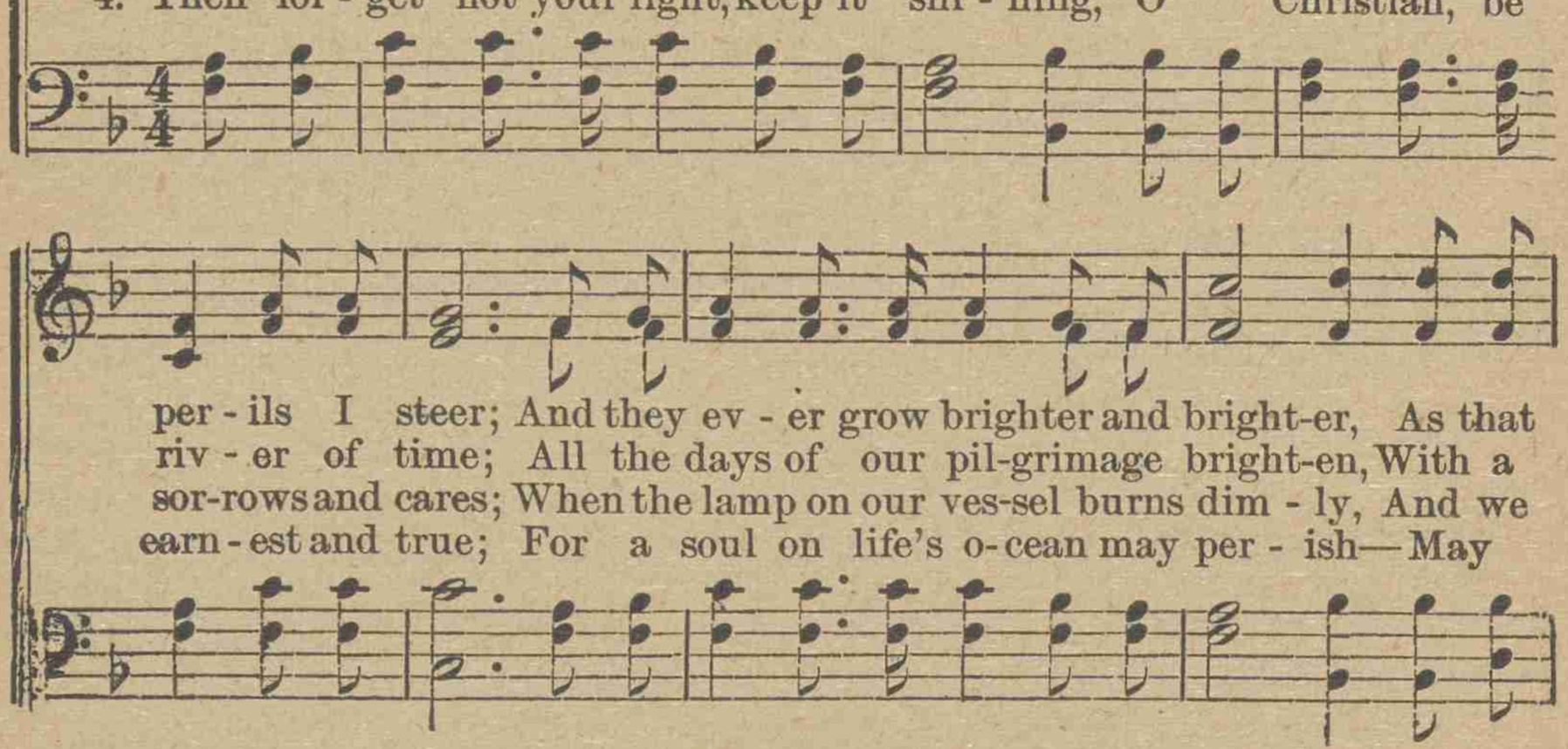
Used by per. of Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

274. Lights Along the Shore.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. E. ROBERTS.

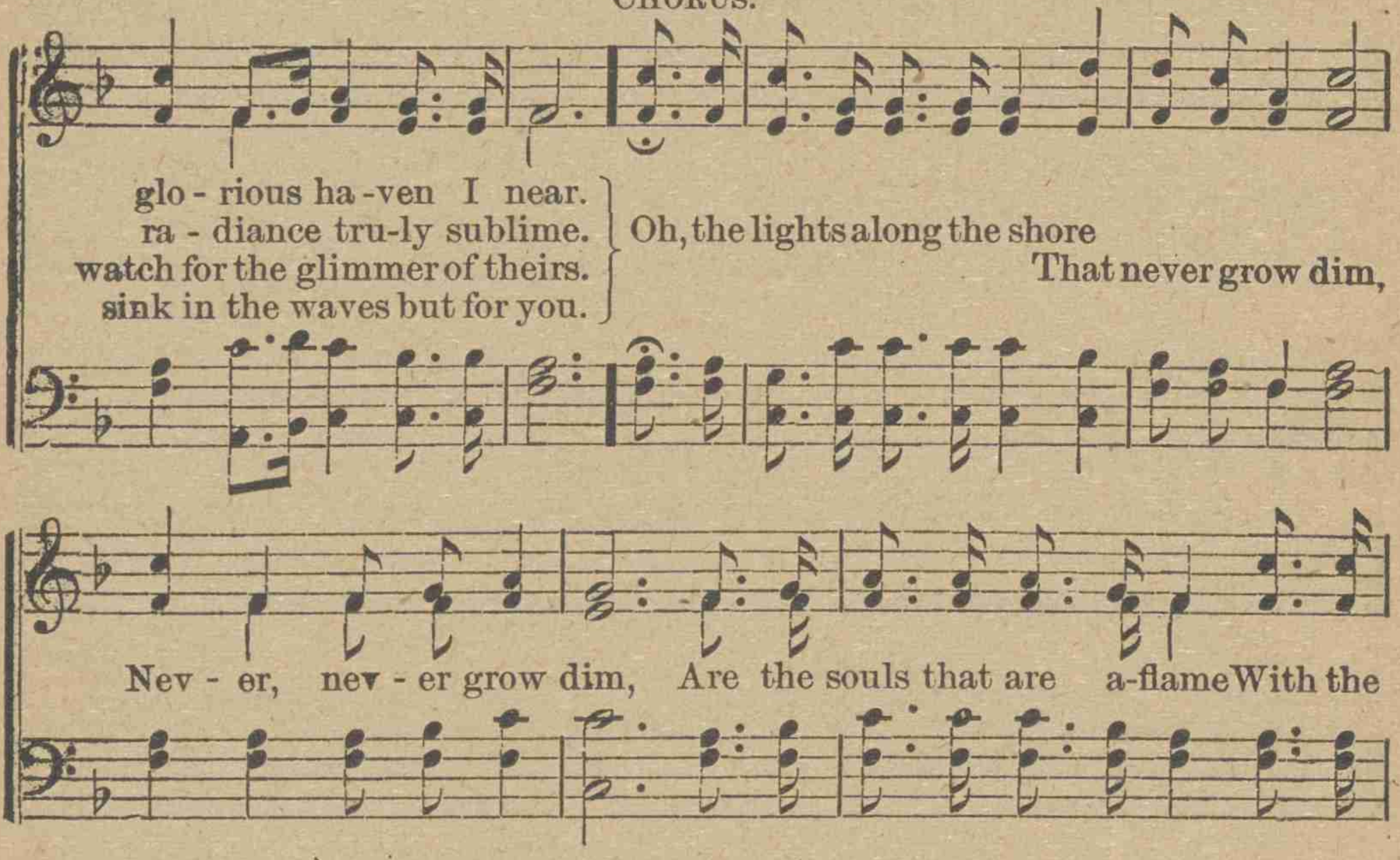


1. There are lights by the shore of that coun- try, Where my bark a - mid
2. There are lights by the shore as we jour - ney, As we float down the
3. Oh, they tell of a hope that will cheer us In the midst of our
4. Then for - get not your light, keep it shi - ning, O Christian, be



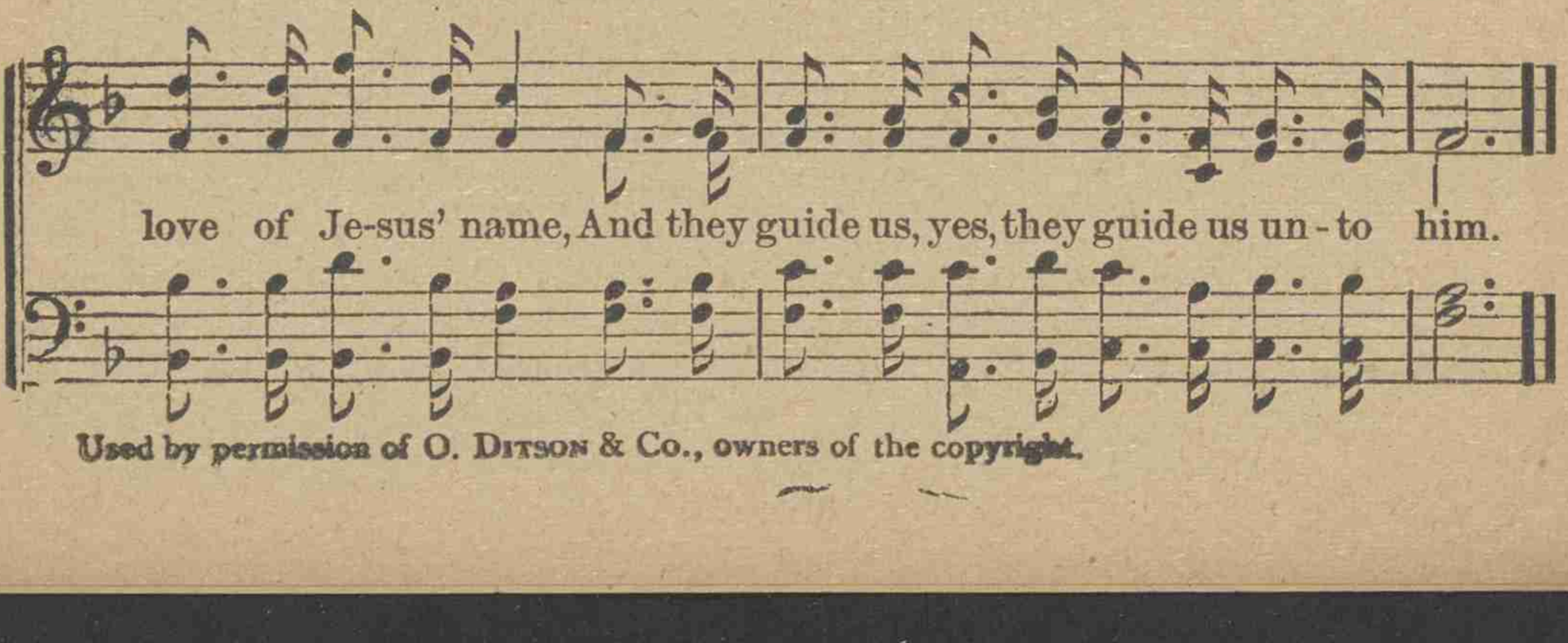
per - ils I steer; And they ev - er grow brighter and bright-er, As that
riv - er of time; All the days of our pil-grimage bright-en, With a
sor-rows and cares; When the lamp on our ves-sel burns dim - ly, And we
earn - est and true; For a soul on life's o-cean may per - ish—May

CHORUS.



glo - rious ha - ven I near.
ra - diance tru-ly sublime.
watch for the glimmer of theirs.
sink in the waves but for you.

Oh, the lights along the shore
That never grow dim,

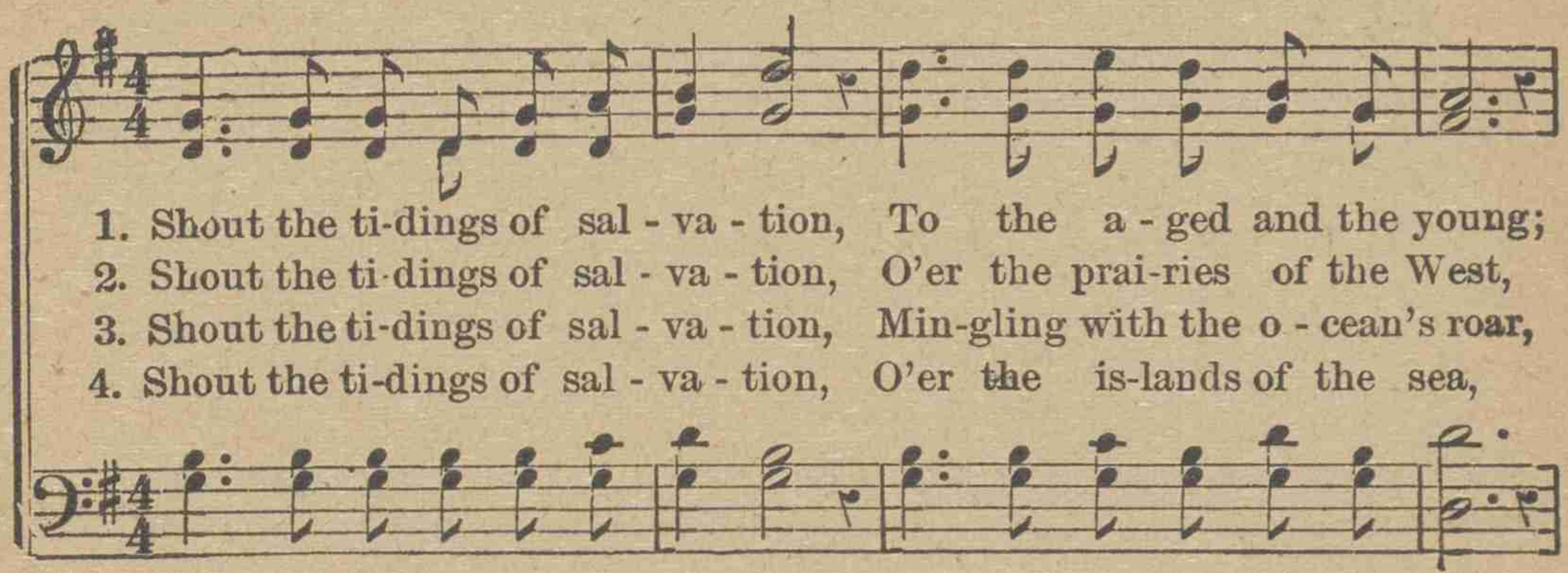


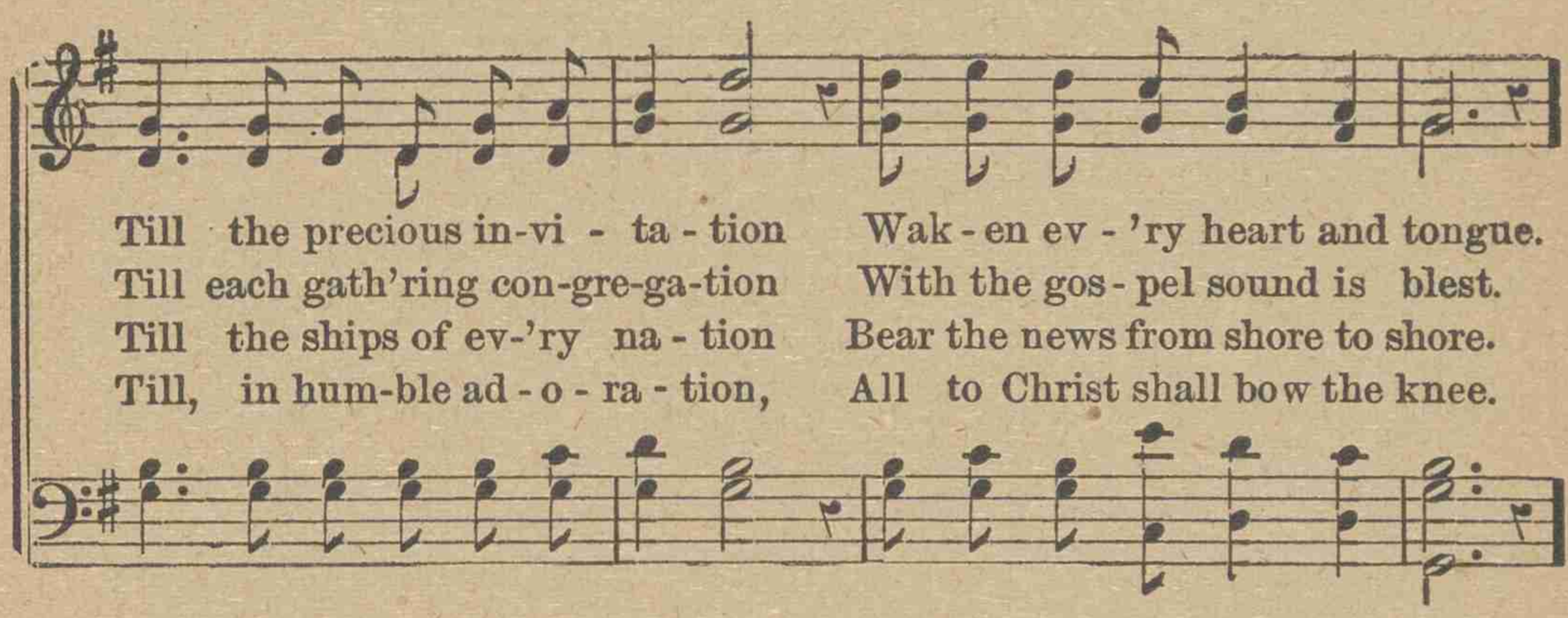
Nev - er, nev - er grow dim, Are the souls that are a-flame With the

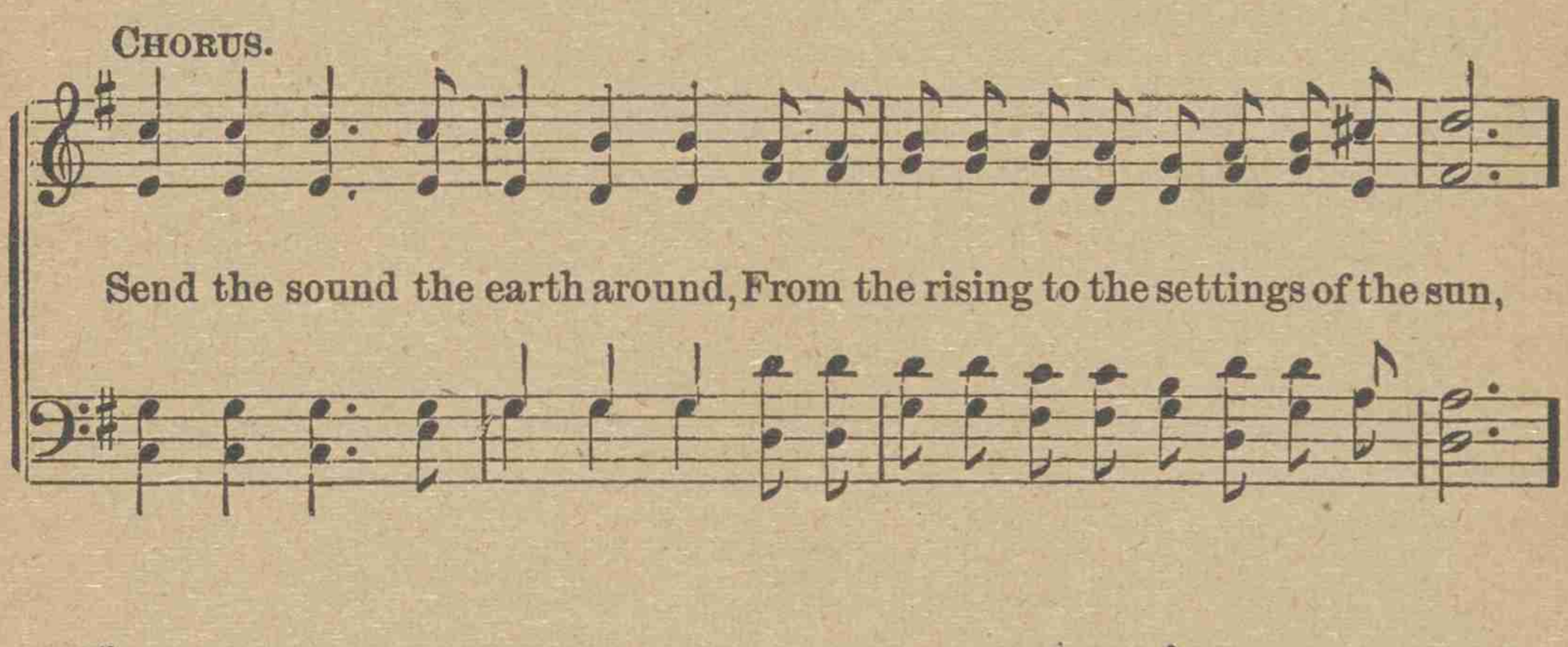
love of Je-sus' name, And they guide us, yes, they guide us un - to him.

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275. Shout the Tidings.



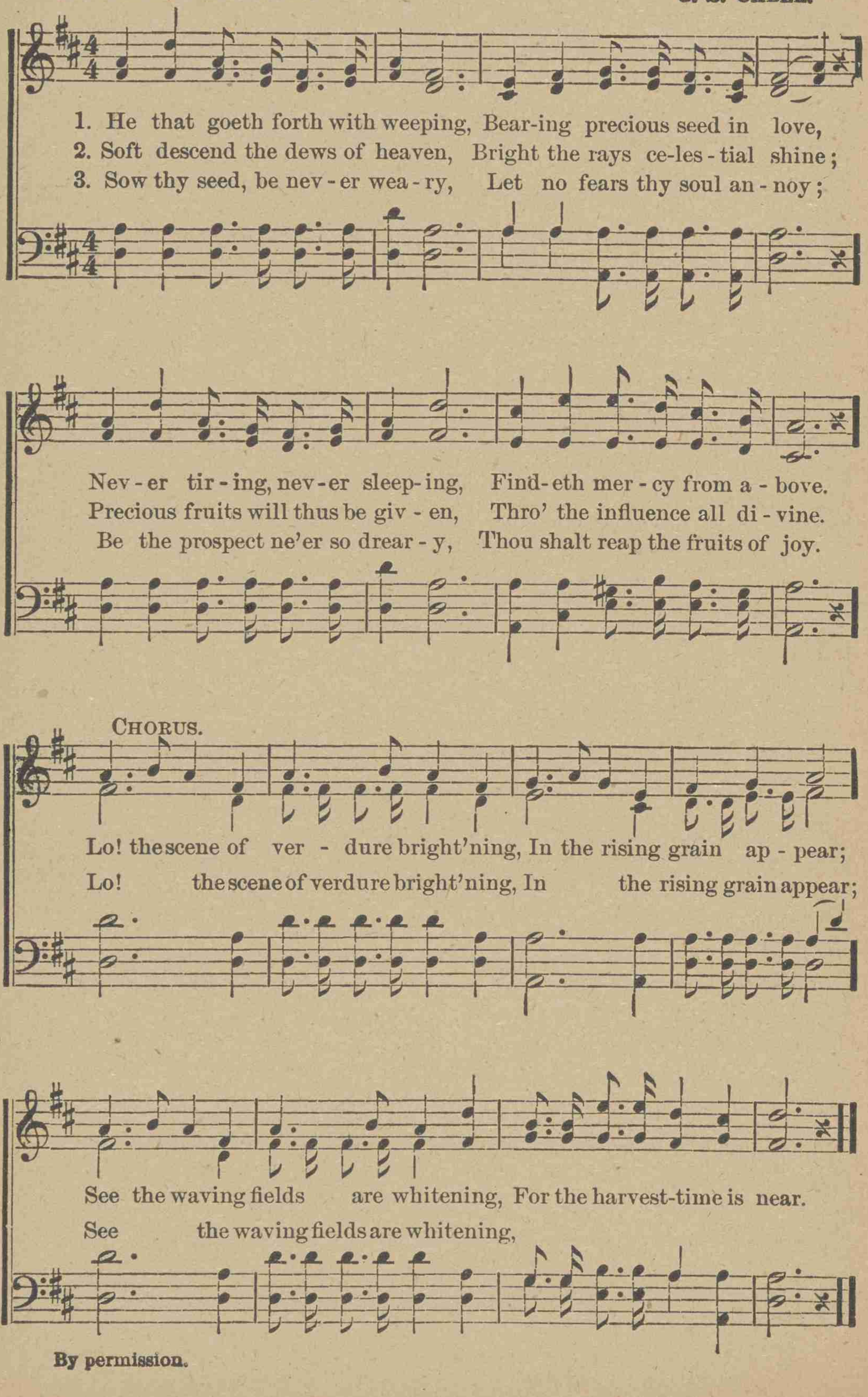




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276. Harvest Time.

DR. THOMAS HASTINGS. C. S. CABLE.



By permission.

277. Go Ye Into All the World.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. "Go ye in - to all the world!" 'Tis the lov- ing Lord's command;
2. Go ye to the souls that mourn, With the gracious gos- pel call;
3. Go ye to the souls that grope, Seeking light and find-ing none;

Let His ban- ner be un-furl'd O - ver ev - 'ry land.
Tell how Christ their griefs has borne—How He died for all.
Tell them of the Christian's hope, Tell what Christ has done.

CHORUS.

Go ye, go ye,
Go ye in - to all the world, in - to all the
Preach the gos - pel to ev - 'ry creat - ure, Go ye,
world Preach to ev - 'ry crea - ture, Go ye in - to all the
go ye, I am with you al - way.
world, in - to all the world, I am with you al - way.

278. Throw Out the Line.

Not too slow. Words and Music by W. A. WILLIAMS.

1. Don't you hear the cry of the tempest toss'd Of the wrecked and ruined, our
2. Comes the loud appeal, like a clarion call, To the church of God and to
3. He that came from heaven that He might redeem All who look to Him in re-
4. In a work Christlike, and so tru - ly grand, Is there one un- wil- ling to

broth- ers lost? They are sinking down 'neath the an - gry wave; To the
one and all, Oh ye christian men, to your du - ty fly; If you
demption's scheme, He that saved your soul bids you rise and go, And to
lend a hand? We will all take part in the work di-vine, And to

CHORUS.

Vivace.

res-cue haste, you a soul may save.
lin - ger long, precious souls will die.
save the lost from e - ter - nal woe.
some lost soul, we'll throw out the line.

Throw out the line! Throw

Throw out the line!

out the line! They're sink - ing 'neath the wave, Throw

Throw out the line, They're sinking 'neath the wave, Sinking, sinking 'neath the wave,
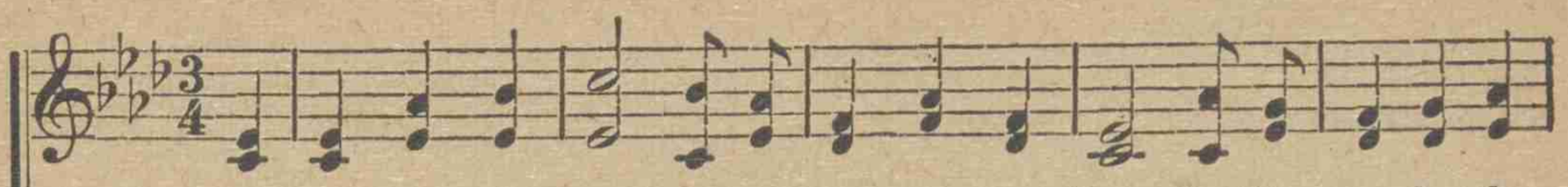
out the line! Throw out the line! And you a soul may save!

Throw out the line! Throw out the line!
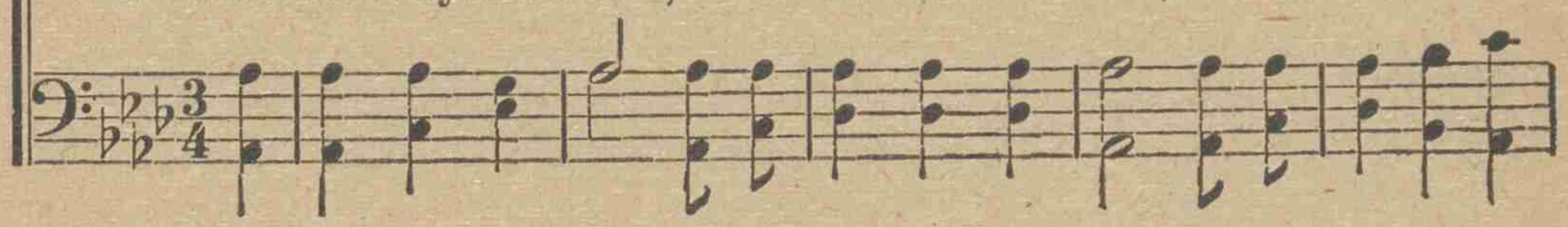
Copyright, 1892, by W. A. Williams. By per.
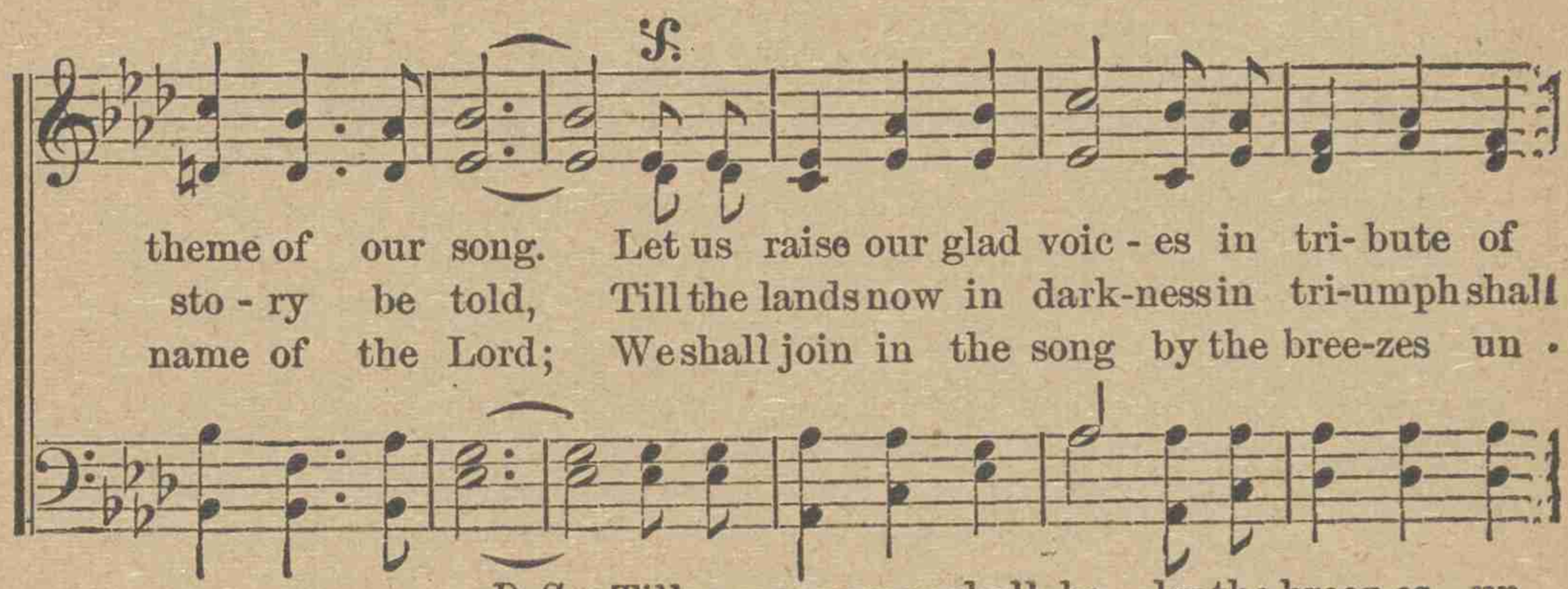
279. Christ for the World, and the World for Christ.

Mrs. J. V. C. Mrs. J. V. Coombs.
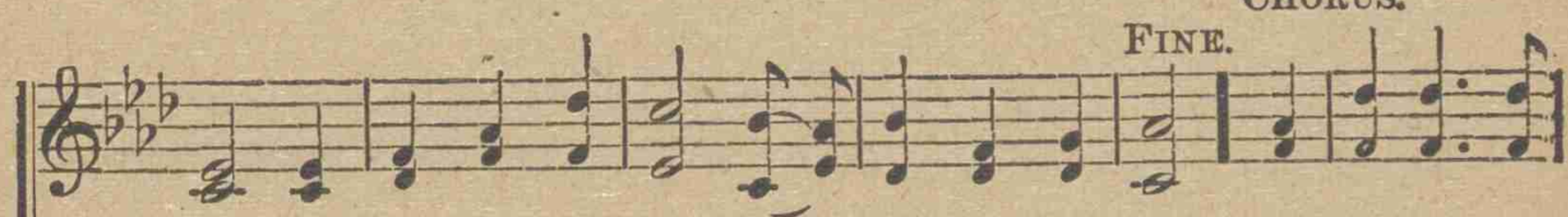


1. The whole world for Christ, Waft the glad news along, Let his name be the
2. The whole world for Christ, By the young and the old, Let this same blessed
3. When that day shall come, For we read in his word, *All* shall bow at the





theme of our song. Let us raise our glad voic - es in tri- bute of
sto - ry be told, Till the lands now in dark-ness in tri-umph shall
name of the Lord; We shall join in the song by the bree-zes un -

D. S.—Till our mes-sage shall be by the breez-es un -
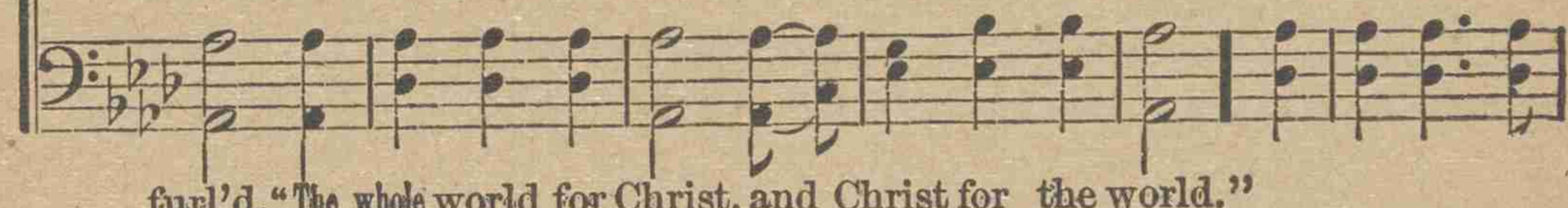


CHORUS.
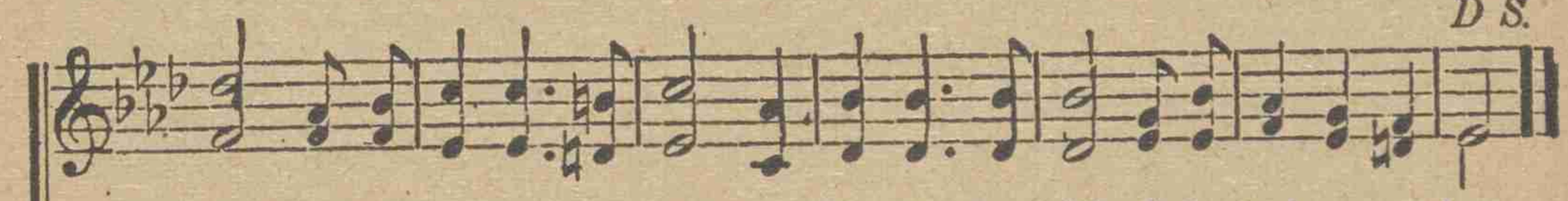
FINE.

praise, And joy - ful - ly serve him in youth's brightest days.
ring, And sound loud the prais-es of Je - sus our King.
furl'd, *The whole world for Christ, he has conquered the world.*

} The whole world for
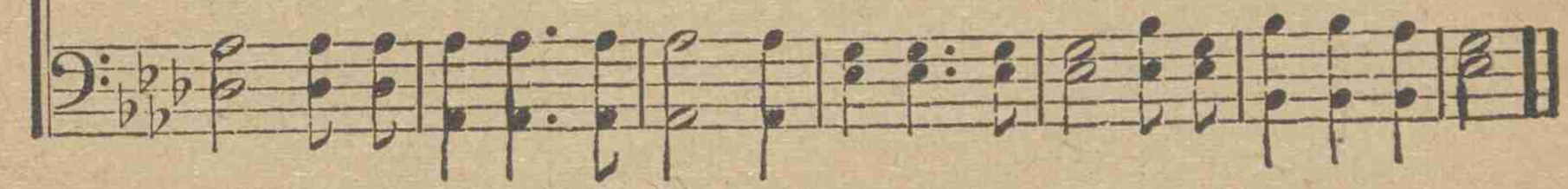


furl'd, "The whole world for Christ, and Christ for the world."



D. S.

Christ, let us her-ald the song, And Christ for the world, waft the glad news a-long,



Copyright, 1897, by W. E. M. Hackleman.

280 Sweet Gospel Bells.

Hear, believe, repent, confess, obey.

Rev. A. W. CONNER. W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Con spirito.

1. When the Prince of Peace was crowned, As the Sav-iour of the lost,
2. On the streets, in tem-ple walls, Was the gos-pel preach'd each day,
3. Help us ring the Gos-PEL BELLS, Let their joy-ous sound be heard,

And the *Gos-pel Bells* were rung— On the day of Pen-te-cost,
And be-liev-ing souls made haste, Their Redeemer to o-bey.
Till the na-tions of the earth Shall o-bey the Sav-iour's word.

ff

Then the tongues of men like bells.....Sounded forth the wondrous plan.
And to-day the Saviour's love..... Still the GOSPEL BELLS pro-claim,
Till all hearts are filled with love..... As the wa-ters fill the sea,

f *ff*

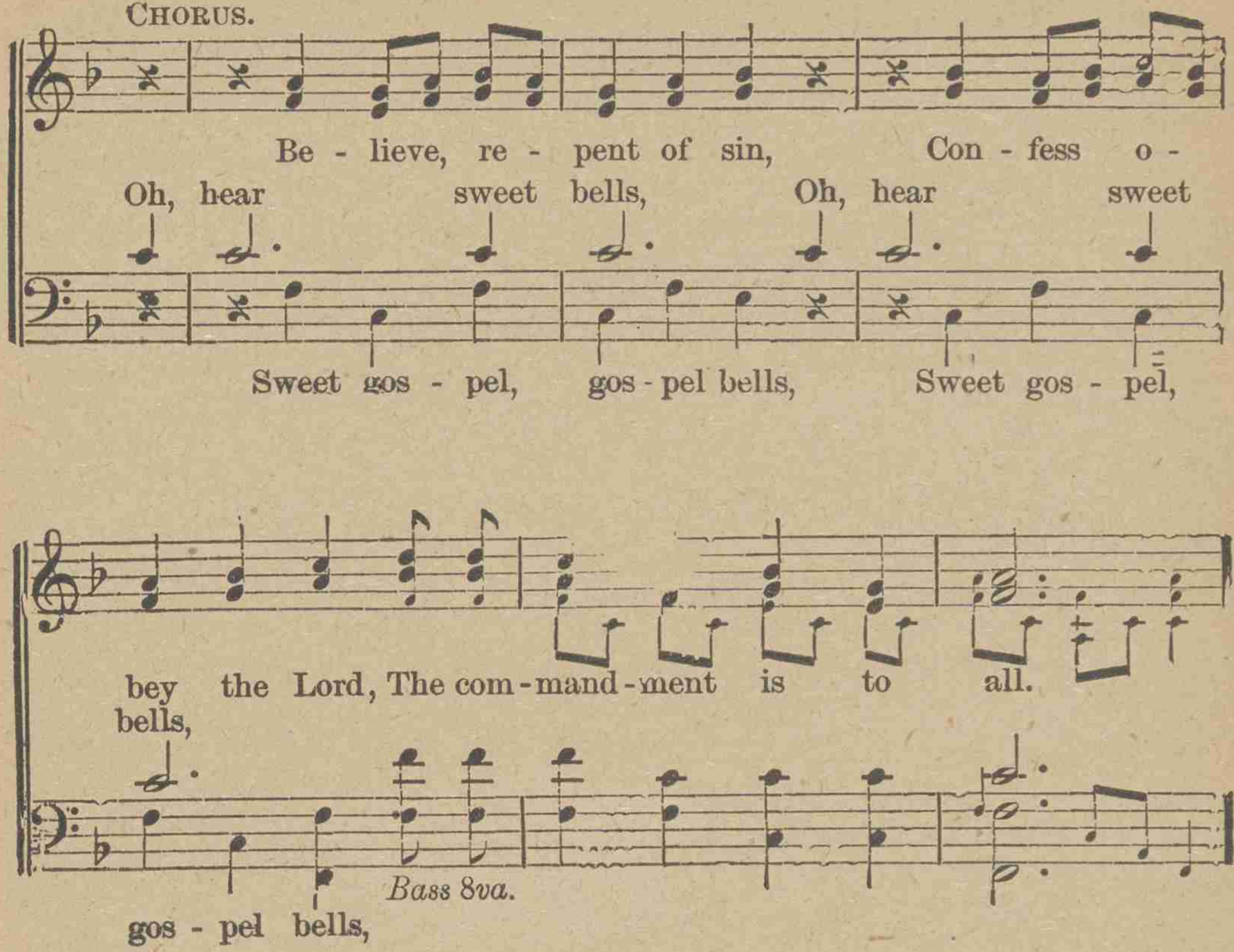
bells, like bells,
Saviour's love,
love, with love,

How the Son of God had died, To redeem re-bel-lious man.
Off'ring peace and par-don free, In the Prince of Glo-ry's name.
And each suff'ring soul on earth, From the curse of sin is free.

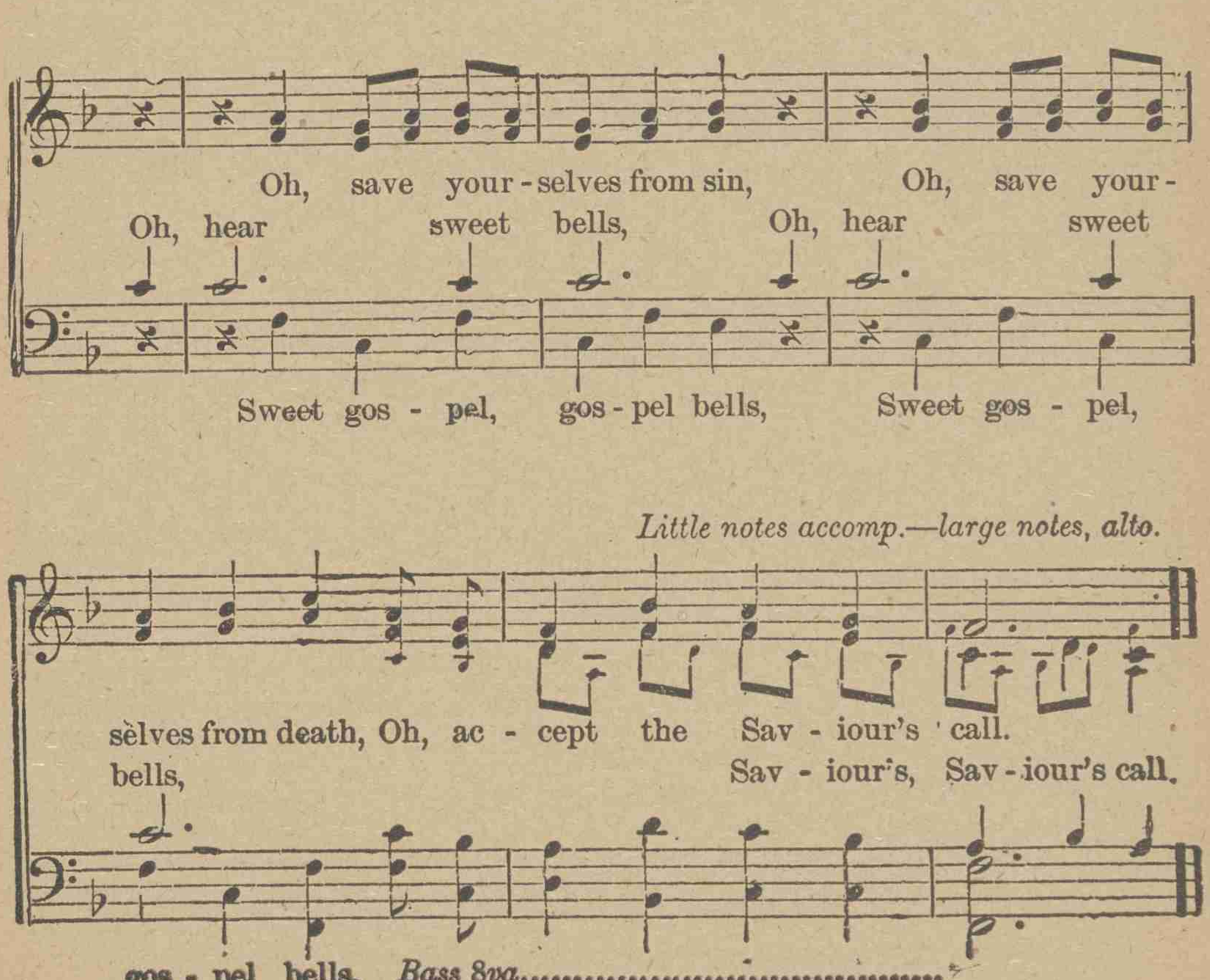
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Sweet Gospel Bells.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



Little notes accomp.—large notes, alto.



281. Scattering Precious Seed.

W. A. OGDEN. GEO. C. HUGG.

1. Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed by the way - side, Scat-ter-ing
2. Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed for the grow - ing, Scat-ter-ing
3. Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed, doubting nev - er, Scat-ter-ing

pre-cious seed by the hill - side; Scat-ter - ing pre-cious seed
pre-cious seed, free - ly sow - ing; Scat-ter - ing pre-cious seed
pre-cious seed, trust-ing ev - er; Sow-ing the word with pray'r

o'er the field wide, Scat-ter - ing pre-cious seed by the way.
trust-ing, know-ing, Sure-ly the Lord will send it the rain.
and en-deav - or, Trusting the Lord for growth and for yield.

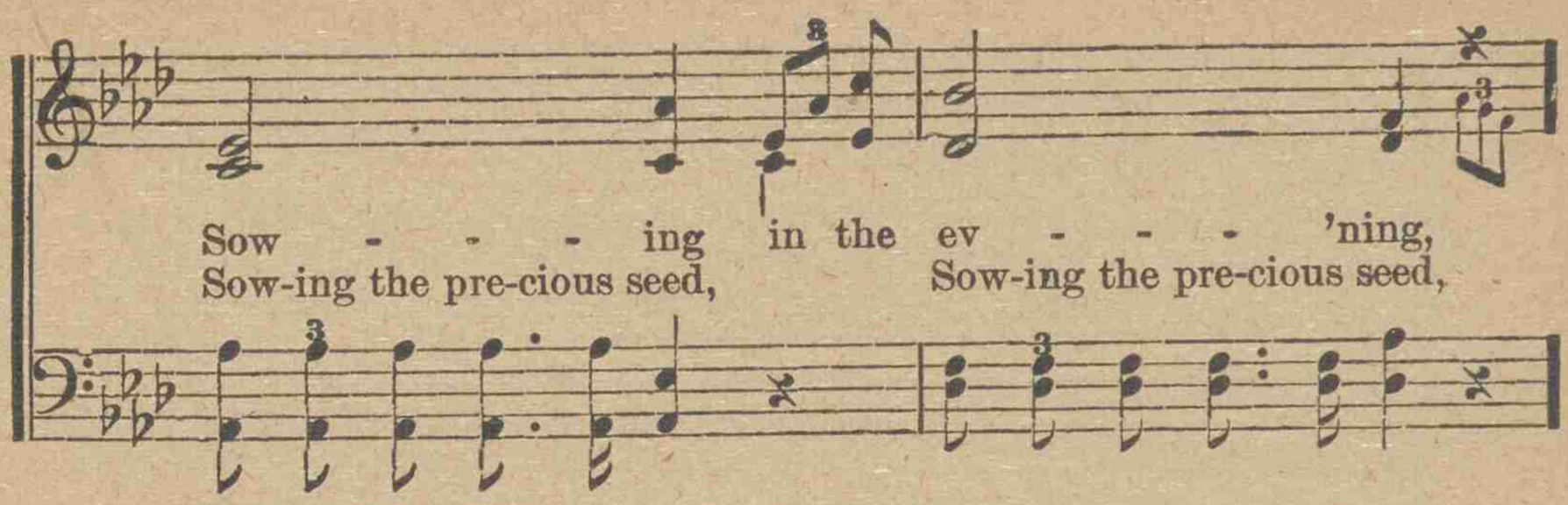
CHORUS.

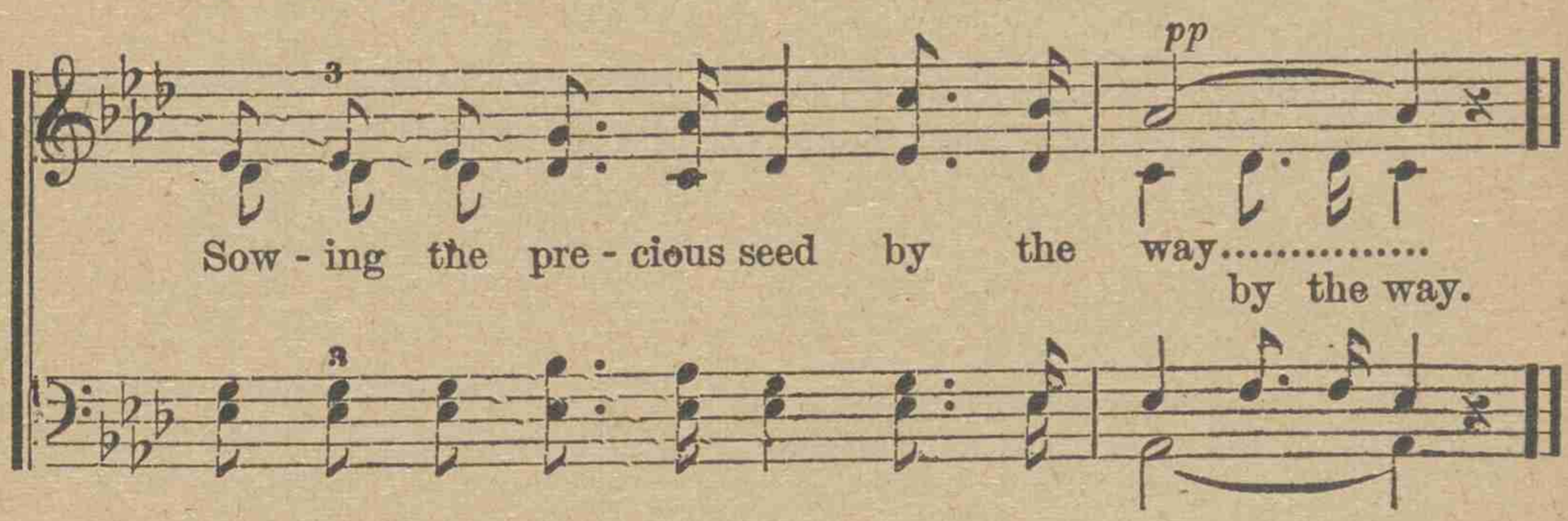
Sow - - - ing in the morn - - - ing,
Sow-ing the pre-cious seed, Sow-ing the pre-cious seed,

Sow - - - ing at the noon - - - tide;
Sow - ing the seed at noon - tide, Sow-ing the pre-cious seed;

By per. of GEO. C. HUGG, owner of copyright
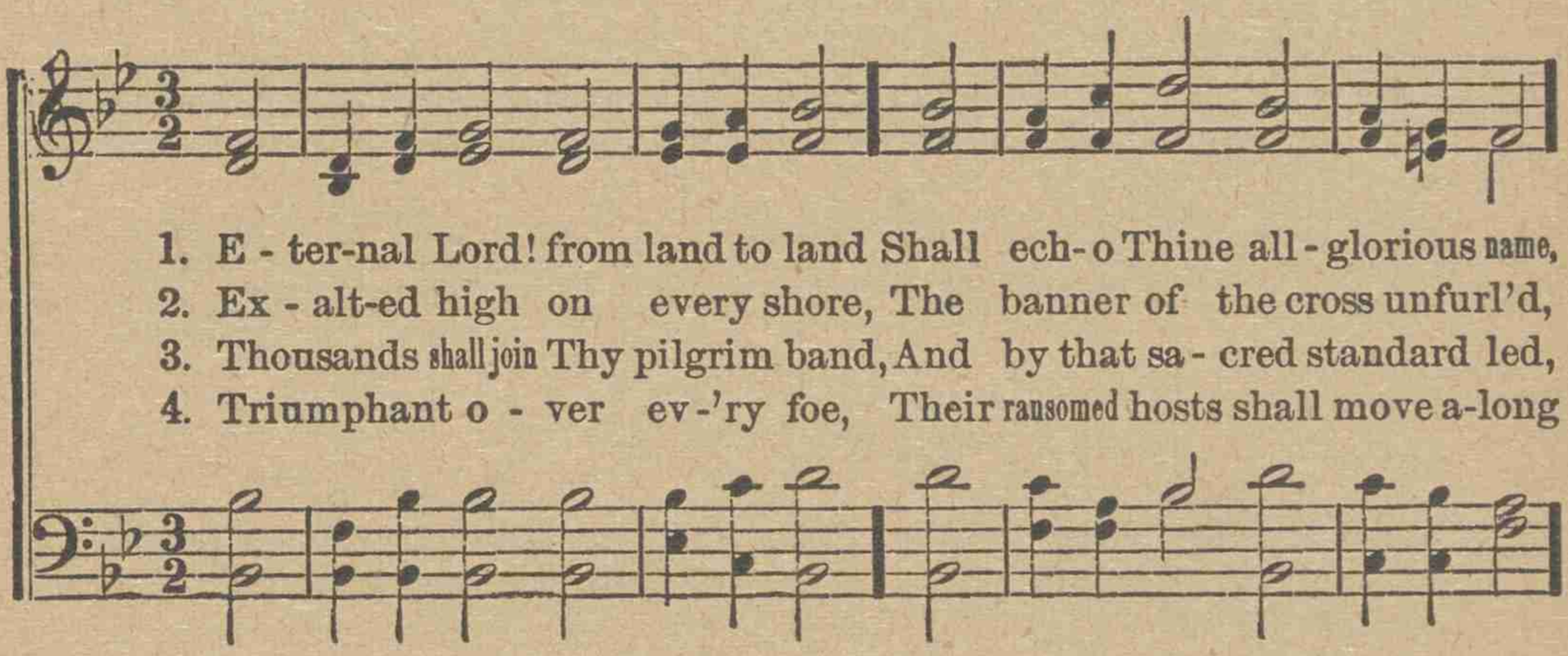
Scattering Precious Seed.—Concluded.

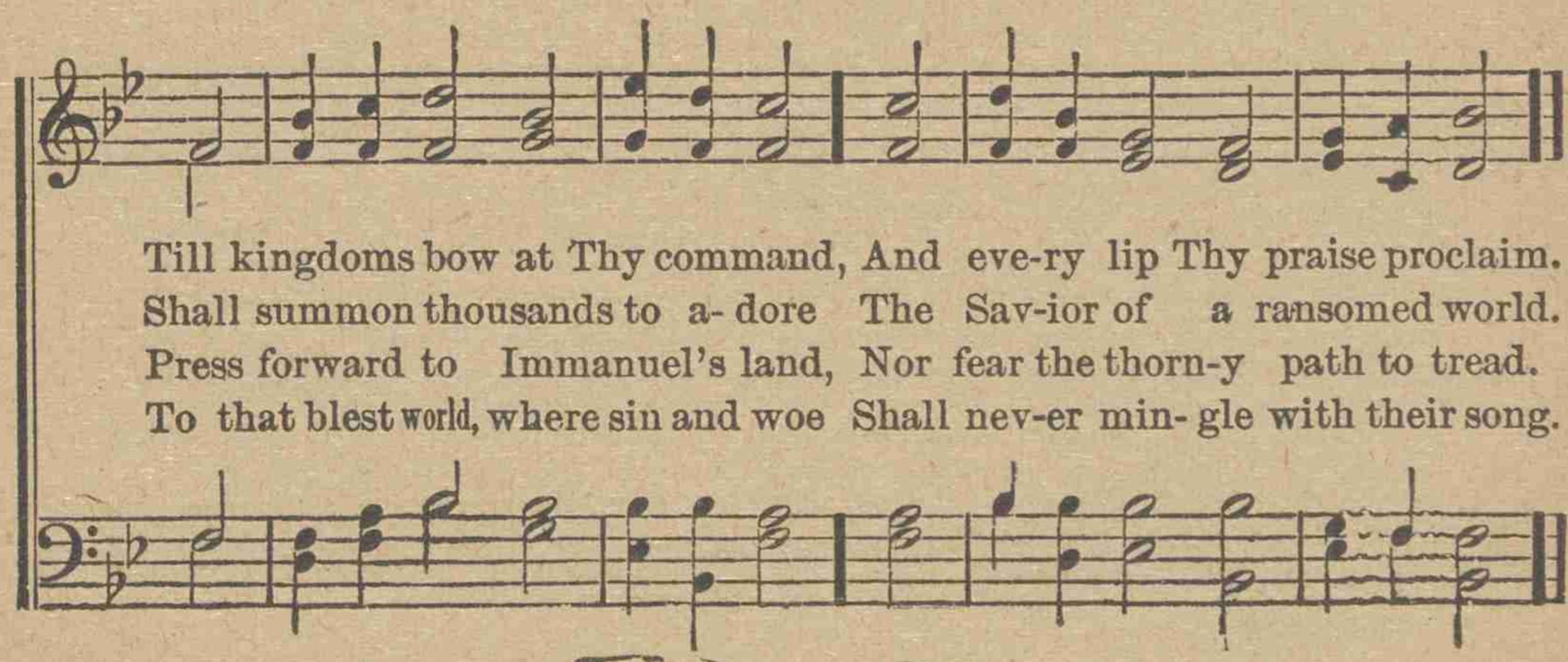




282. All Nations Shall Serve Him.

Dr. L. Mason.





283. Set the Captive Free.

C. L. SHACKLOCK. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Spread the glad e-van- gel of the world's redemption, Send the joy - ful ti - dings o - ver land and sea; Tell the won-drous sto - ry,
2. For a world in darkness, light is ev - er shin - ing, From the fount of mer - cy, fount of ten - der-ness; Tell the won-drous sto - ry,
3. Feed the famished na-tions with the food of an - gels, With the heav'nly man - na, Christ will free - ly give; He will save the dy - ing,

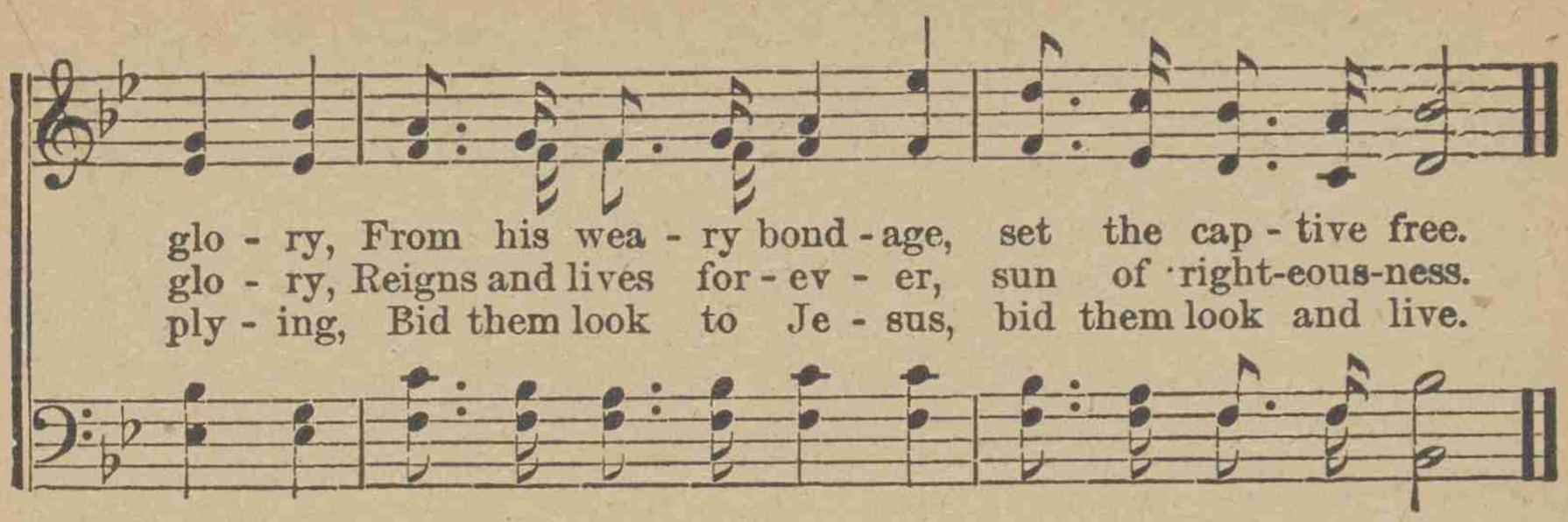
flood the earth with glory, From his wea-ry bondage set the cap-tive free;
Christ, the King of glo - ry, Lives and reigns forev-er, sun of righteousness;
all their need supply-ing, Bid them look to Je - sus, bid them look and live;

Set the cap-tive free, Set the cap-tive free, From his wea- ry bondage,
Sun of righteousness, Sun of righteousness, Lives and reigns forev - er,
Bid them look and live, Bid them look and live, Bid them look to Je - sus,

Set the cap-tive free; Tell the wondrous sto-ry, flood the earth with
Sun of righteousness; Tell the wondrous sto-ry, Christ, the King of
Bid them look and live; He will save the dy - ing, All their need sup -

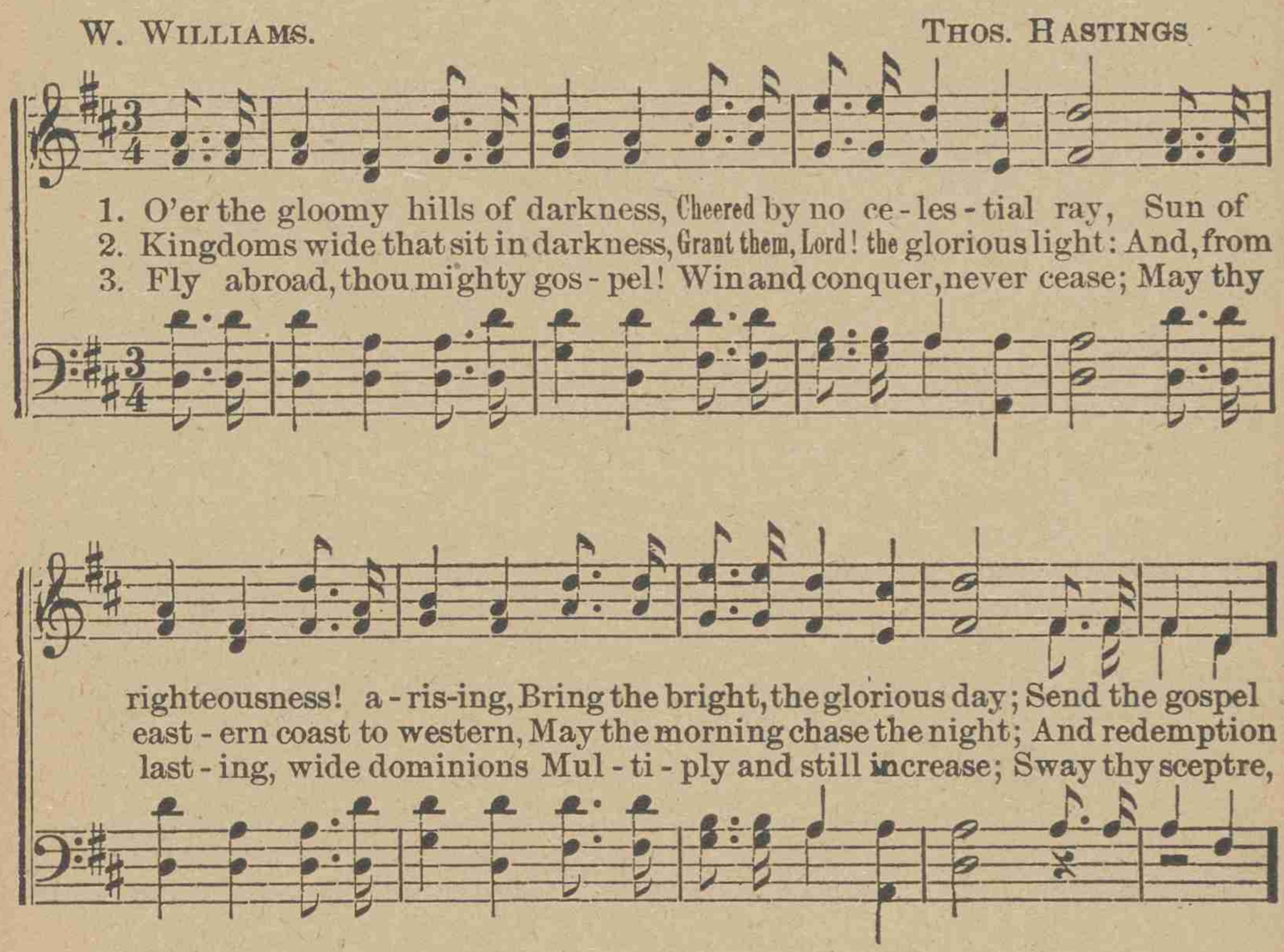
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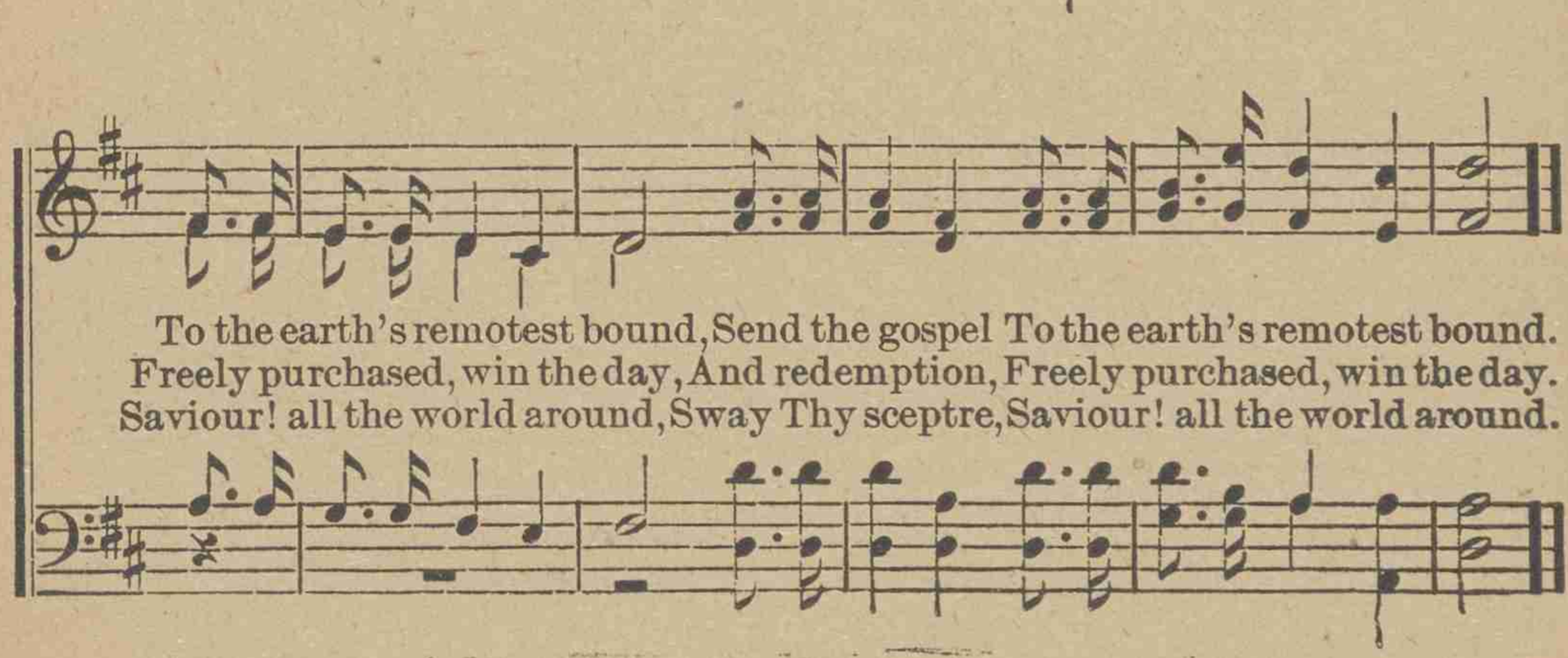
Set the Captive Free.—Concluded.



284. Sun of Righteousness.

W. WILLIAMS. THOS. HASTINGS





285. If We Send Not the Light.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. H. R. CHRISTIE.

1. O ye chil - dren of God, Ye re-deemed thro' the blood,
2. Shall the broad land we love, Glo - ry crowned from a - bove,
3. From At - lan - tic's white crest, To the shores of the west,
4. Let our off - 'rings of gold Be in - creased man - i - fold,
5. With God's bless-ing the field, A rich har - vest will yield,

There is work, there is la - bor to do! Souls, de-filed and de-praved,
Be sur - ren-dered to sin and the world? Or be conquered and won
Must this na - tion be - long un - to God; And the mill-ions in sin
And each Christian to God pay his vow; Bring the tithes to the Lord,
And the reap-ers will come by and by, With the sheaves full of grain,

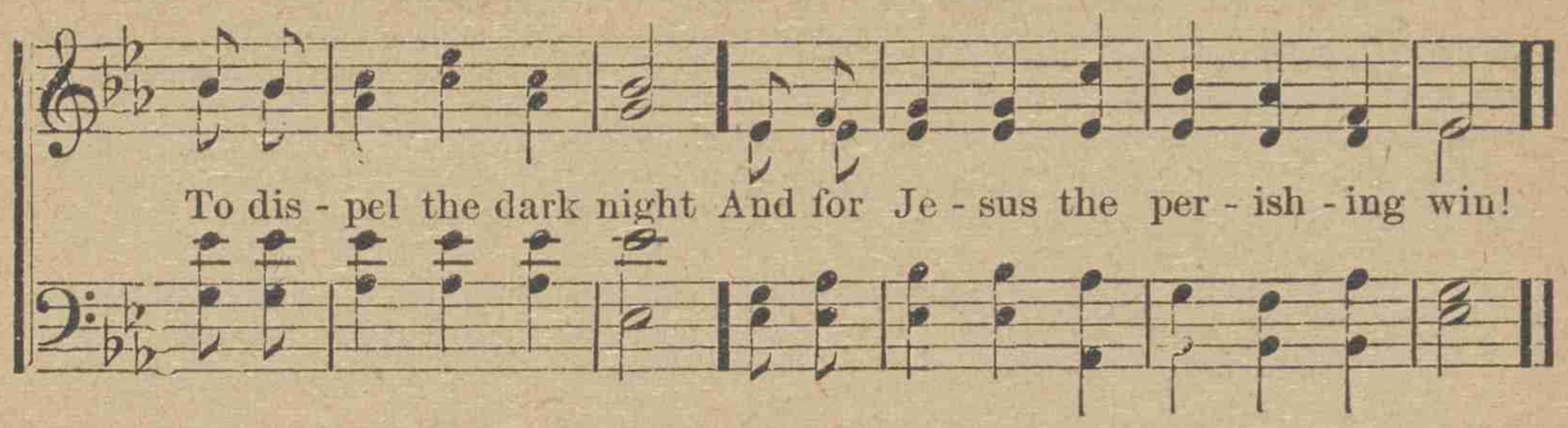
From their sins must be saved, And the Mas-ter asks ser - vice from you.
For God's well-be-loved Son And His ban-ner of peace be un - furled!
Must be all gath-ered in, And be saved thro' Im-man- u - el's blood.
And send forth the glad Word Un-til all at His al - tar shall bow.
And in joy - ful re - frain Will a - dore the Re - deem-er on high.

CHORUS.

O, our guilt will be great If we fal - ter and wait,
While the peo-ple are dy - ing in sin, If we send not the light,

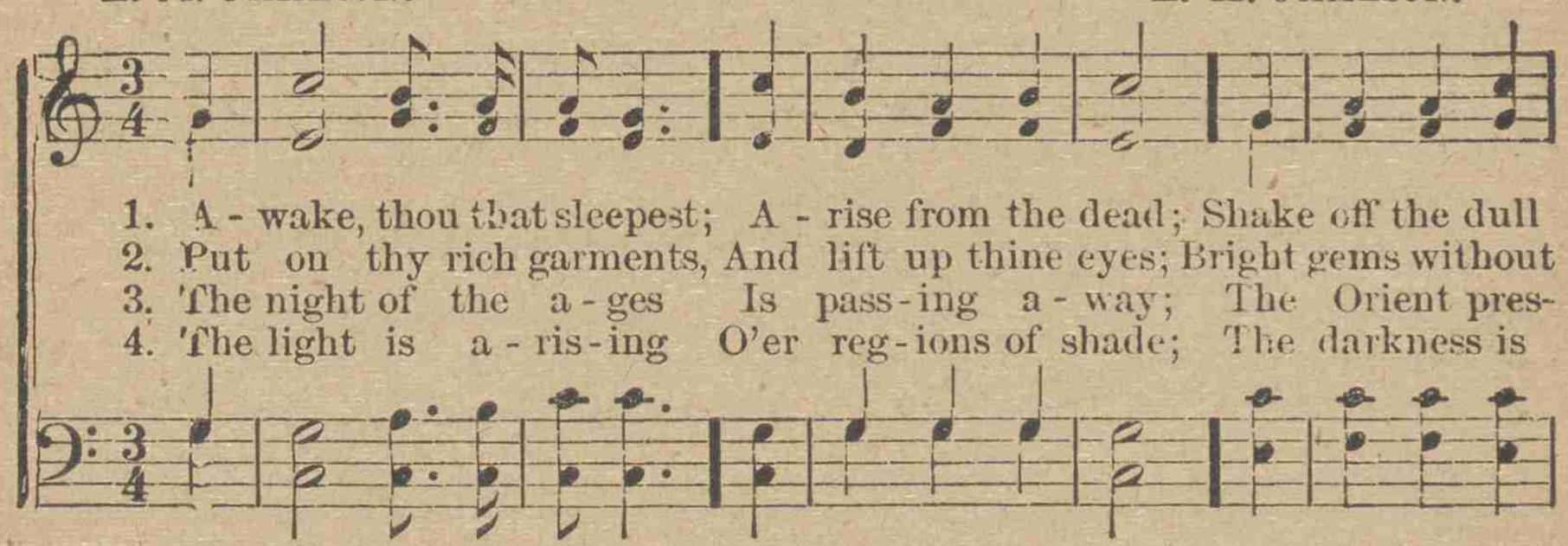
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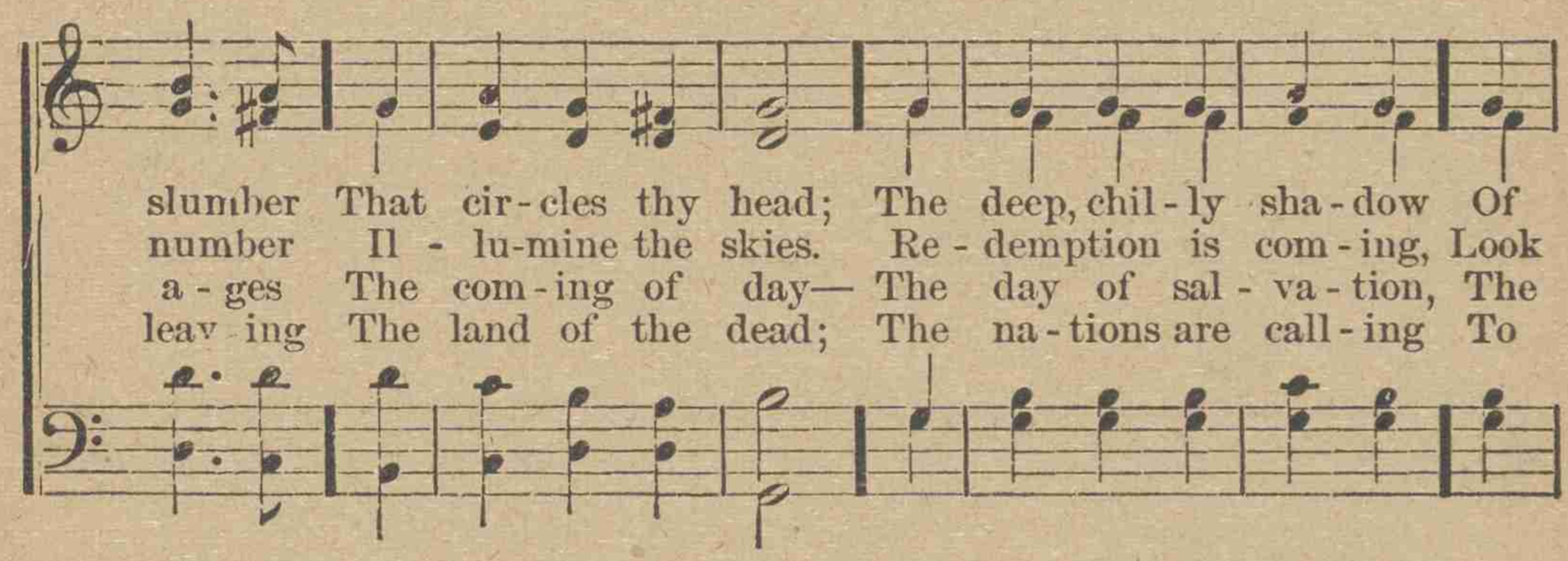
If We Send Not the Light.—Concluded.

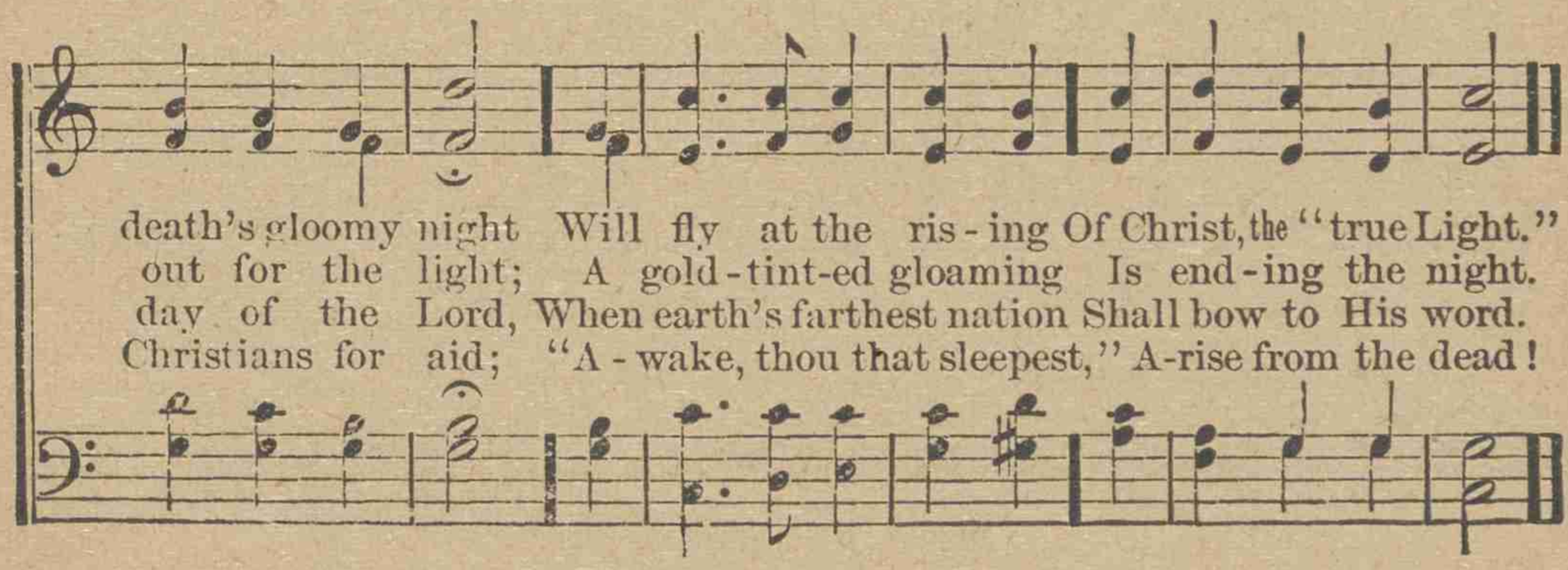


286. Awake, Thou That Sleepest.

L. H. JAMESON. L. H. JAMESON.







287. Tell it Again.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE. R. M. McINTOSH.

A home missionary visited a dying boy in a gipsy tent; bending over him, he said, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The dying boy heard and whispered: "Nobody ever told me."

1. In - to the tent where a gip - sy boy lay, Dy - ing a-
2. "Did he so love me a poor lit - tle boy? Send un - to
3. Bend-ing, we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he
4. Smil - ing he said, as his last sigh was spent, "I am so

lone at the close of the day, News of sal - va - tion we
me the good tid-ings of joy? Need I not per - ish?—my
entered the val-ley of death; "God sent his Son!—who - so
glad that for me he was sent!" Whispered, while low sank the

car-ried, said he: "No-bod - y ev - er has told it to me!"
hand will he hold?—"No-bod - y ev - er the sto - ry has told!"
ev - er!" said he; "Then I am sure that he sent him for me!"
sun in the west; "Lord, I be-lieve! tell it now to the rest!"
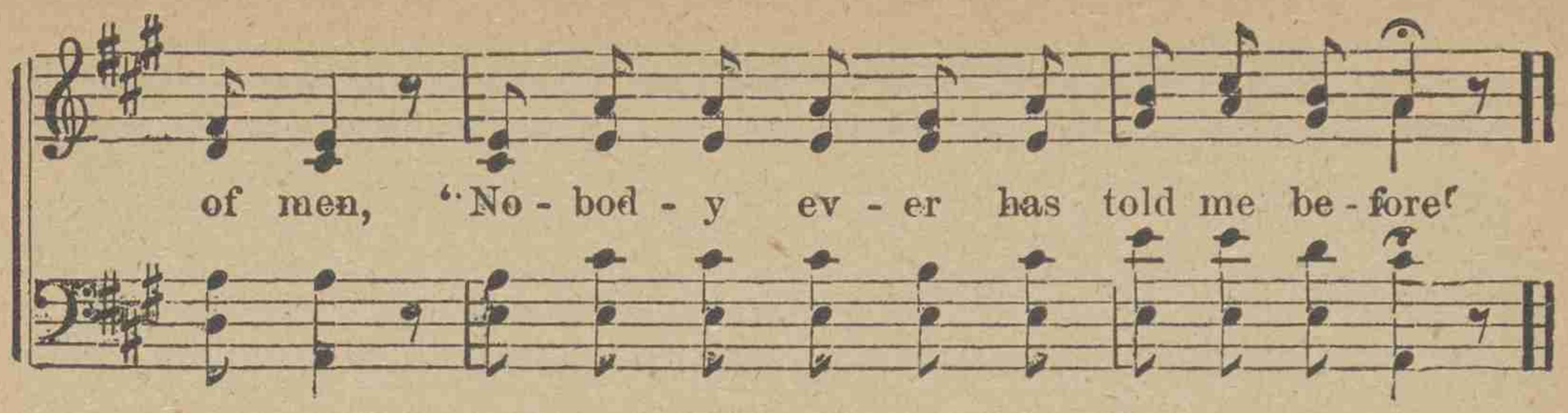
CHORUS.

Tell it a-gain! tell it a-gain! Sal-va-tion's sto - ry re-

peat o'er and o'er, Till none can say of the chil-dren

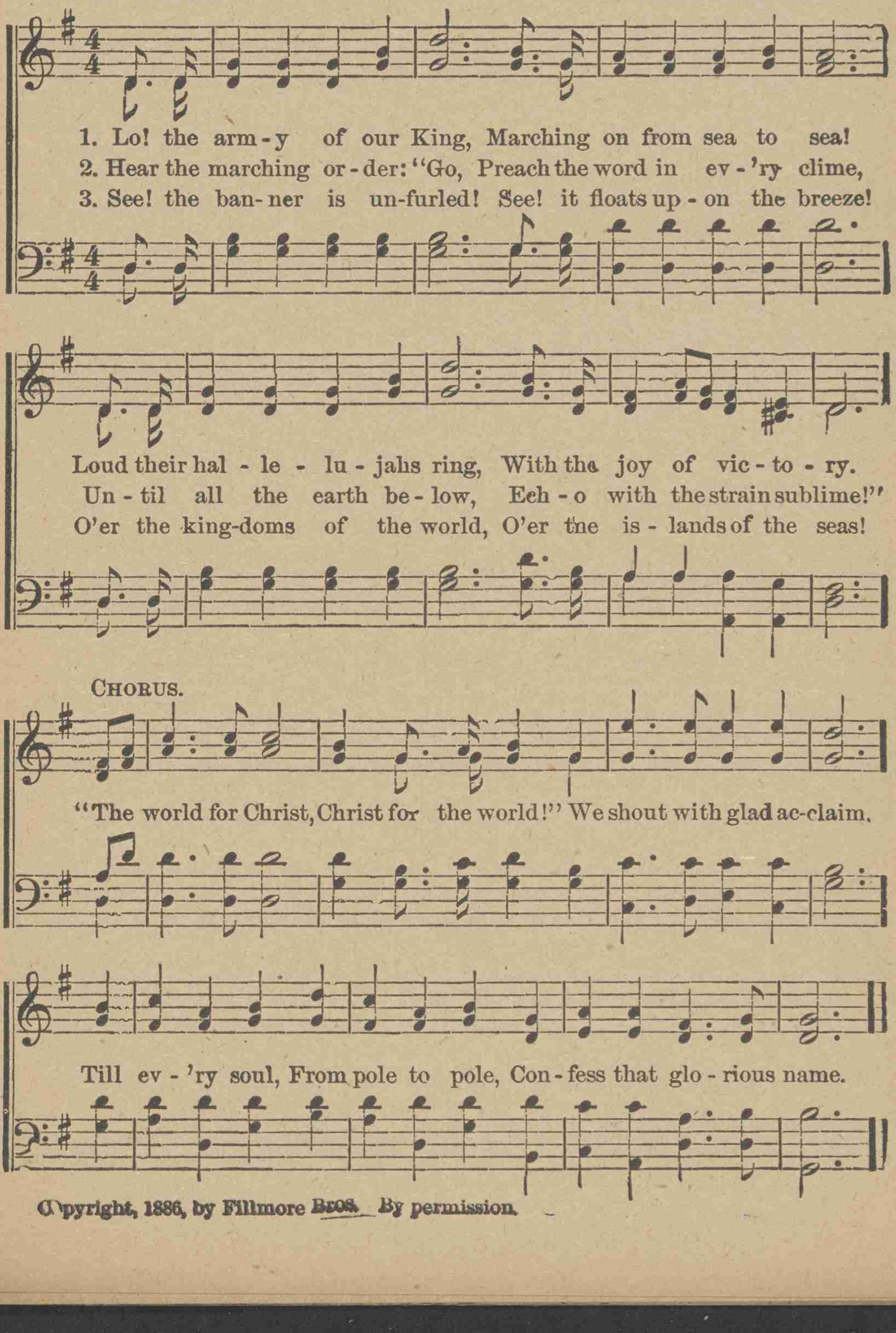
By per. of R. M. McIntosh.

Tell it Again.—Concluded.



288. The World for Christ.

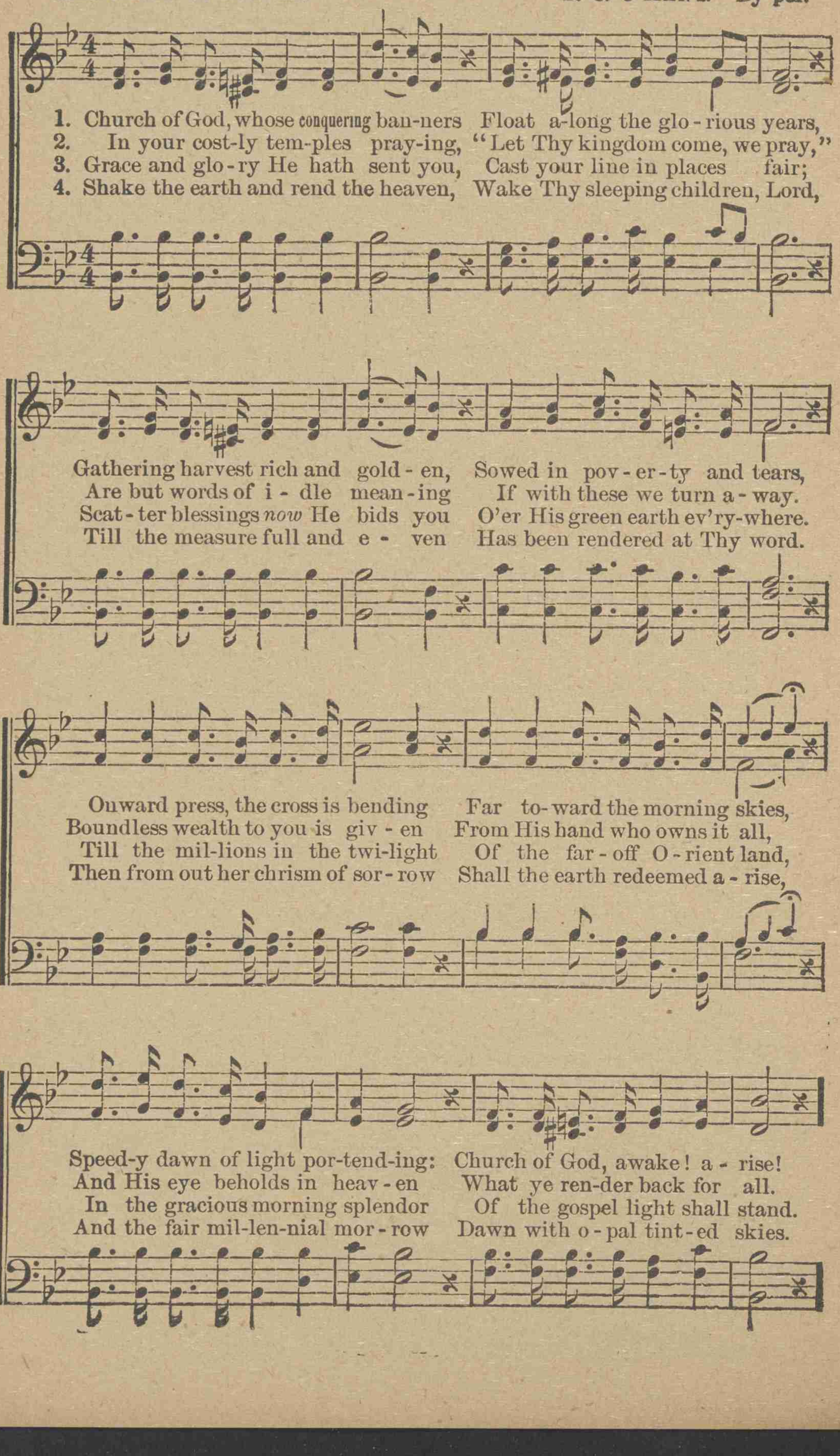
REV. A. P. COBB. J. H. FILLMORE.



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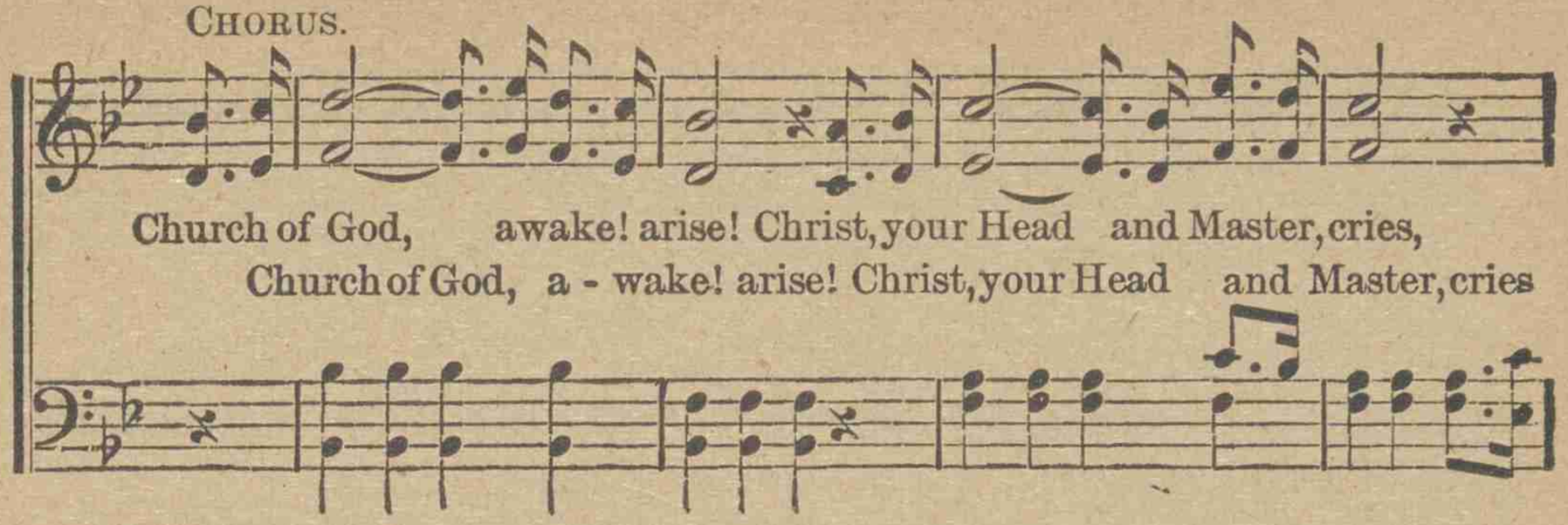
289. Church of God, Awake!
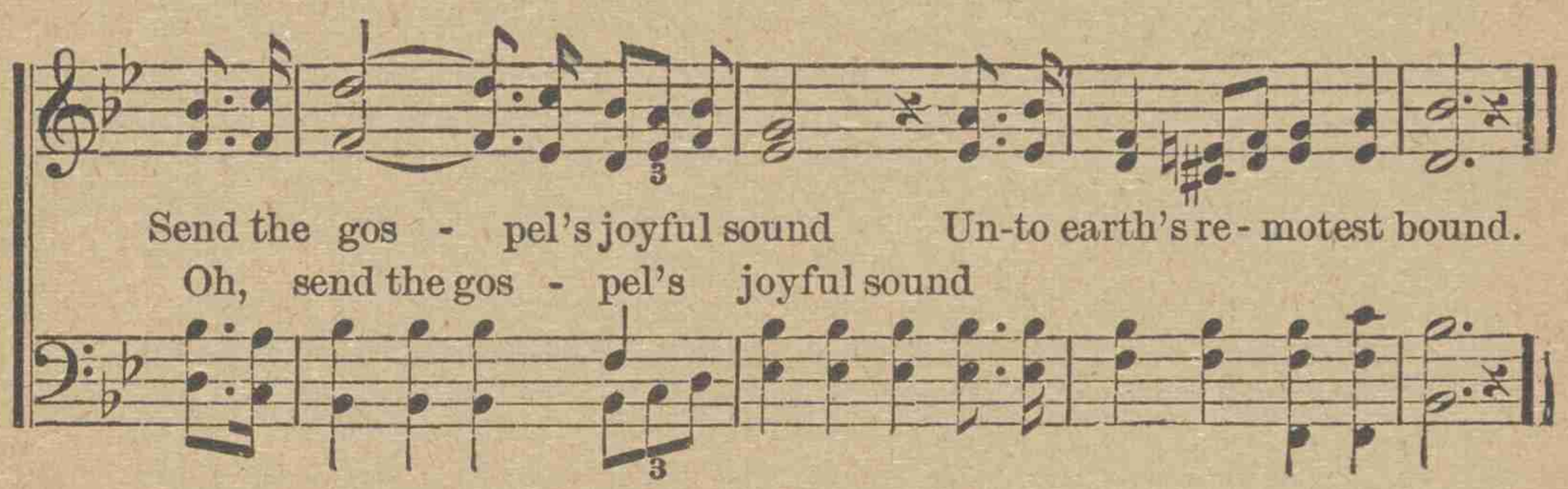
Mrs. EMILY J. BUGBEE. T. C. O'KANE. By per.



Church of God, Awake!—Concluded.

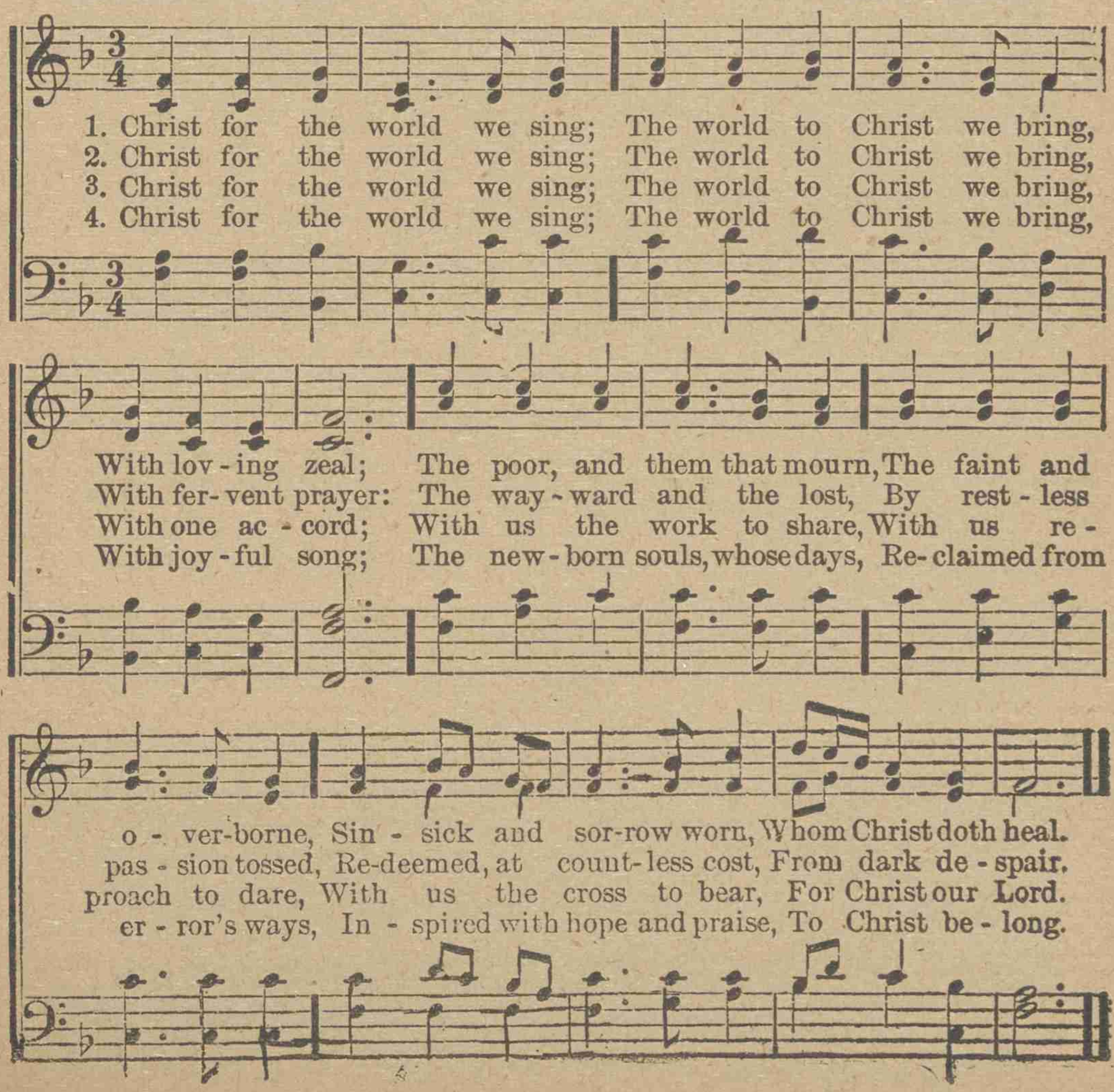
CHORUS.





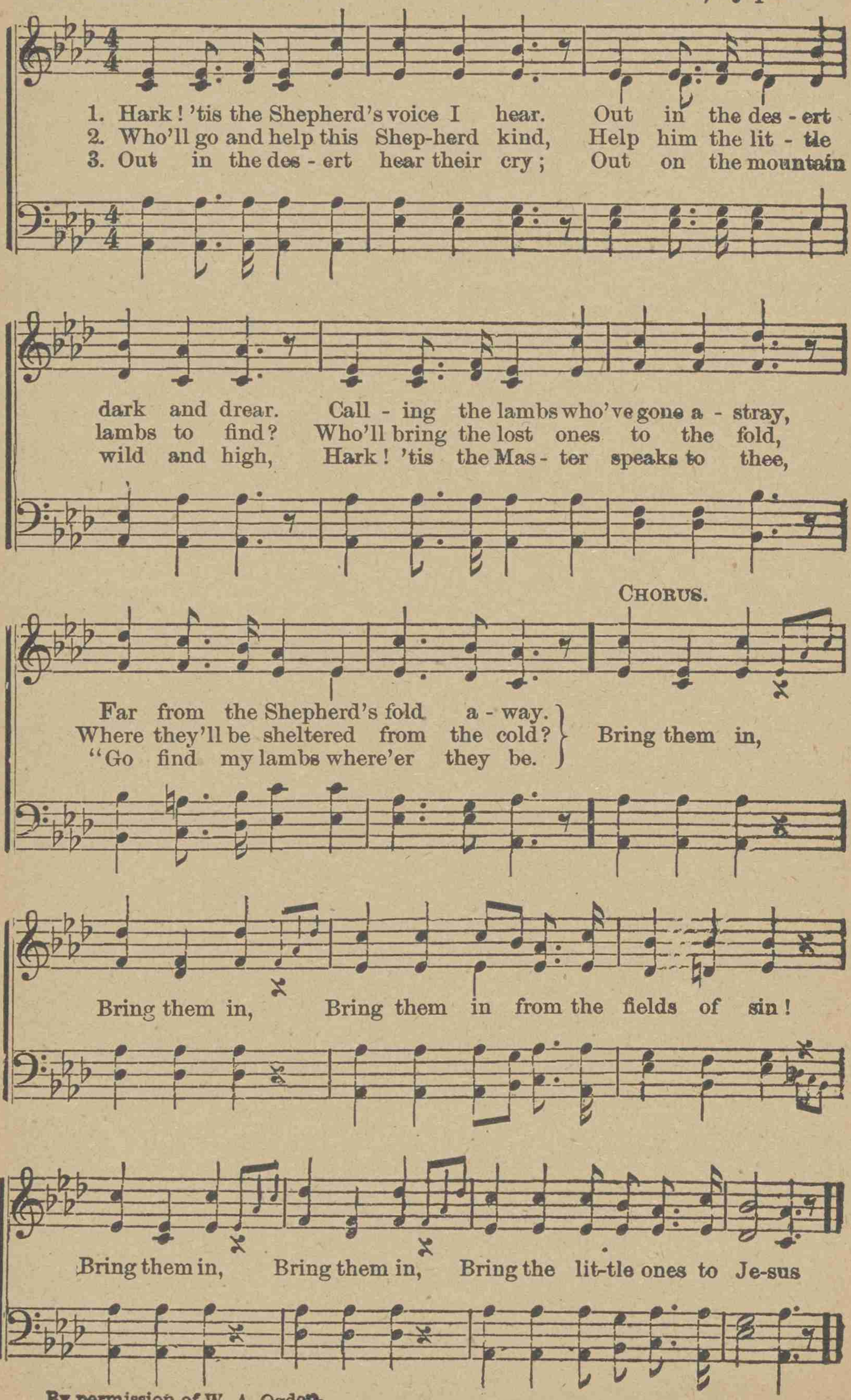
290. Christ for the World we Sing.

SAMUEL WOLCOTT. HENRY CAREY.



291. Bring Them In.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS. W. A. OGDEN, by per.



By permission of W. A Ogden.

292. Speed the Light.

ANNA D. BRADLEY. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. There's a land..... beyond the sea Where the fields..... are white and fair.
2. Hear our cry,..... for soon for us Day will sink..... in endless night.
3. Still they cry!—...Give heed, oh, soul, Je-sus died..... that they might live.
4. Know, my soul,..... 'tis not enough That you sing..... and soft-ly pray.

There's a land beyond the sea Where the fields are white and fair.

Hear the cry—..... oh, souls redeemed—From the lost..... ones o-ver there.
Give us help,..... ere 'tis too late,—Speed the light,.... oh, speed the light.
Dare ye turn..... a deafened ear?—Dare re-fuse..... the light to give?
Speed the light,..... oh, speed the light!—Jesus calls,..... do not de-lay.

Hear the cry, oh, souls redeemed— From the lost ones over there.

CHORUS.

Speed the light,..... or else we die, Souls re-deemed, oh,
Speed the light, or else we die, Souls redeemed,

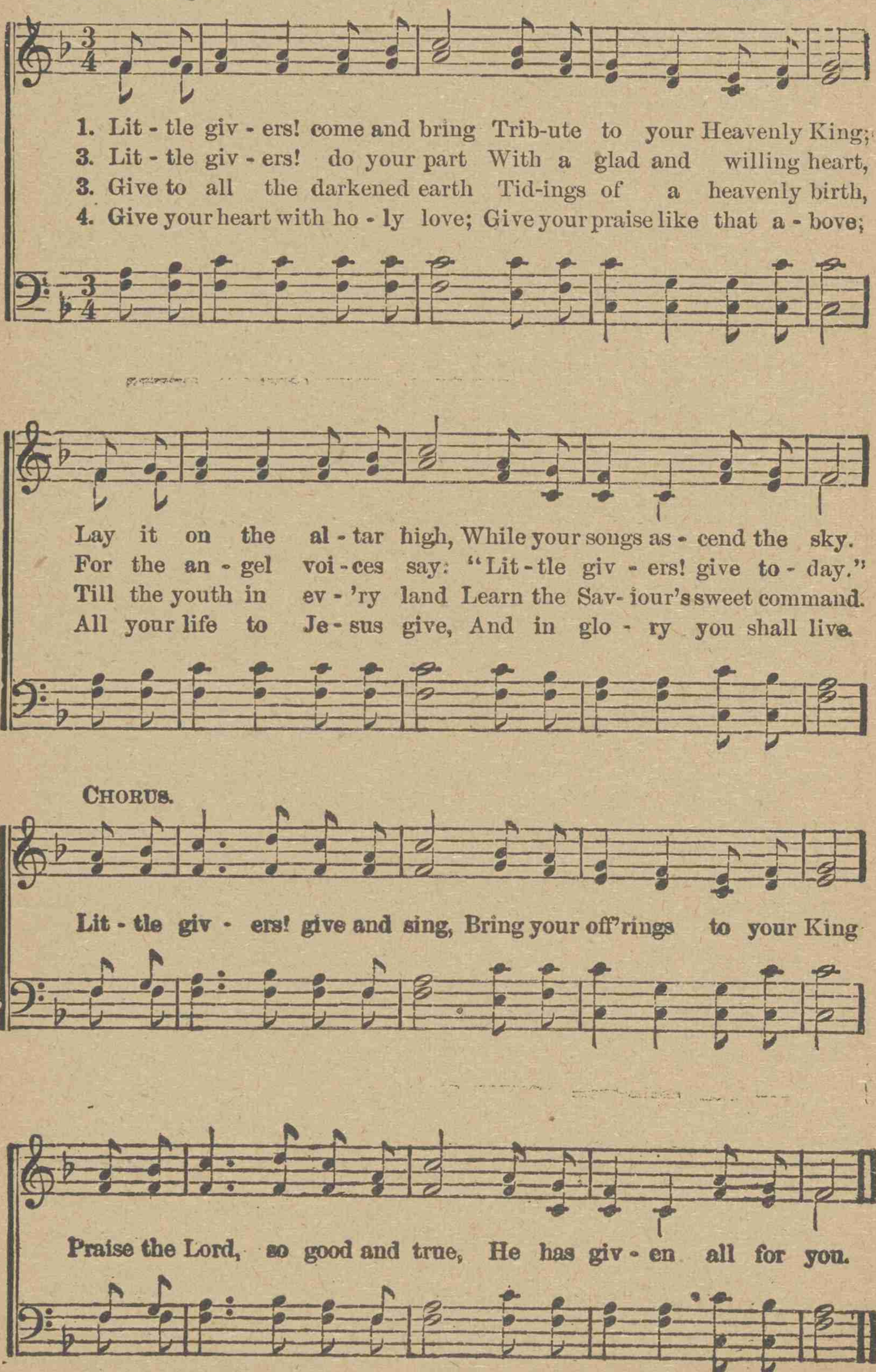
speed the light, Heed, oh, heed,..... our anguished
oh, speed the light, Heed, oh, heed,

cry,— Speed the light,..... oh, speed the light.
our anguished cry,— Speed the light, oh, speed the light.

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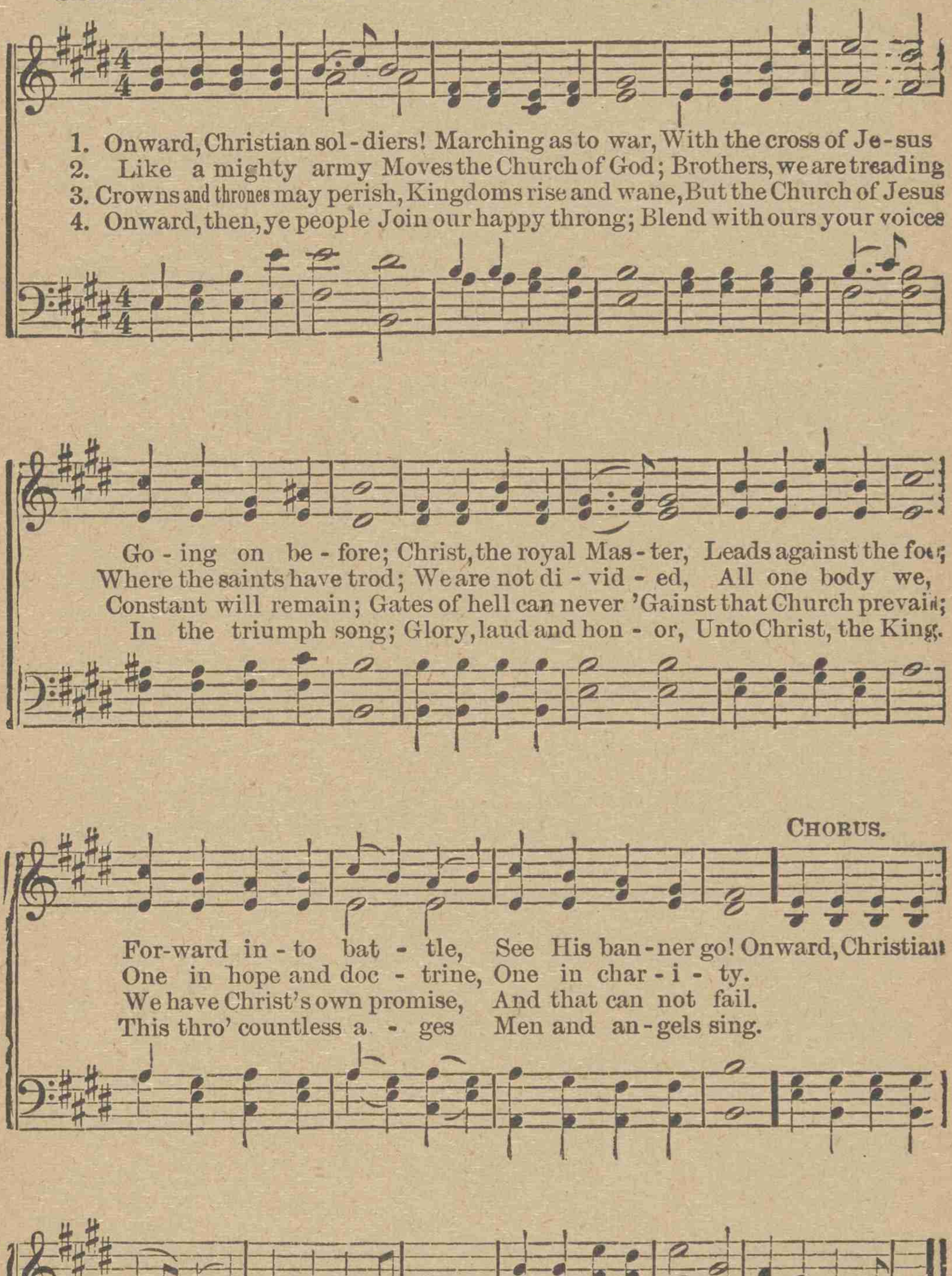
293. Little Givers.

Words arranged. **Unknown**



294. Onward, Christian Soldiers!

SABINE BARING-GOULD. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN



295. Victory Through Grace.

S. MARTIN. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Conquering now and still to con-quer, Rideth a King in His might,
2. Conquering now and still to con-quer, Who is this wonder-ful King?
3. Conquering now and still to con-quer, Je-sus, Thou Ruler of all;

Leading the host of all the faithful In-to the midst of the fight;
Whence all the ar-mies which He leadeth, While of His glo-ry they sing?
Thrones and their scepters all shall per-ish, Crowns and their splendor shall fail,

See them with courage ad-vanc-ing, Clad in their bril-liant ar-ray;
He is our Lord and Re-deem-er, Sav-ior and Mon-arch di-vine;
Yet shall the ar-mies Thou lead-est, Faith-ful and true to the last,

Shouting the name of their Lead-er, Hear them ex-ult-ing-ly say,
They are the stars that for-ev-er, Bright in His king-dom will shine.
Find in Thy mansions e-ter-nal Rest when their warfare is past.

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Victory Through Grace.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Not to the strong is the bat - tle, Not to the swift is the race,

Yet to the true and the faith-ful, Vict'ry is promised through grace.

296. How Sweet, How Heavenly is the Sight.

J. SWAIN. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. How sweet, how heav'nly is the sight When those that love the Lord;
2. When each can feel His brother's sigh, And with him bear a part;
3. When, free from en - vy, scorn, and pride, Our wish - es all a - bove,
4. When love in one de - light - ful stream Thro' ev - 'ry bo - som flows;
5. Love is the gold - en chain that binds The hap - py souls a - bove;

In one an - oth - er's peace de - light, And so ful - fil the word;
When sor - row flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart;
Each can His brother's fail - ings hide, And show a brother's love,
When u - nion sweet and dear es - teem In ev - 'ry ac - tion glows'
And he's an heir of heav'n who finds His bo - som glow with love;

297. The Church's One Foundation.

SAMUEL J. STONE. M. HAYDN.

1. The Church's one Foun - da - tion, Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;
2. E - lect from ev - 'ry na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,
3. The Church shall never per - ish! The dear Lord to de - fend,
4. 'Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion, And tu - mult of her war,

She is His new cre - a - tion, By wa - ter and by word;
Her char - ter of sal - va - tion One Lord, one faith, one birth,
To guide, sus-tain and cher - ish, Is with her to the end.
She waits the con-sum - ma - tion Of peace for ev - er - more,

From heav'n He came and sought her, To be His ho - ly bride;
One ho - ly name she bless - es, Par - takes one ho - ly food,
Tho' there be those who hate her, And false sons in her pale,
Till with the vis - ion glo - rious Her long - ing eyes are blest,

With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
And to one hope she press - es, With ev - 'ry grace en - dued.
A - gainst the foe or trai - tor She ev - er shall pre - vail.
And the great Church vic - to - rious Shall be the Church at rest.

298. There Stands a Rock, on Shores of Time.

THE FOUNDATION-STONE.

S. S. JOURNAL. T. C. O'KANE. By per.

1. There stands a Rock, on shores of time, That rears to heaven its head sub - lime;
2. That Rock's a cross, its arms out-spread, Ce - les - tial glo - ry bathes its head;
3. That Rock's a tow'r, whose loft-y height, Il-lumed with heaven's un- cloud - ed light,

That Rock is cleft, and they are blest Who find with - in this cleft a rest.
To its firm base my all I bring, And to the Cross of A - ges cling.
Opes wide its gates be - neath the dome, Where saints find rest with Christ at home.

CHORUS.

Some build their hopes on the ev-er-drifting sand, Some on their fame or their treasure or their land;
Mine's on the Rock that forever shall stand, Je - sus, the "Rock of A - ges."

299. Let There Be No Division.

J. BORTHWICK. LOWELL MASON.

1. And is the time ap-proach-ing, By prophets long fore-told,
2. Shall Jew and Gen-tile, meet-ing From many a dis-tant shore,
3. Shall all that now u-nite us More sweet and last-ing prove.
4. O long-ex-pect-ed dawn-ing, Come with thy cheering ray!

When all shall dwell to-geth-er, One shepherd and one fold?
A-round one al-tar kneel-ing, One common Lord a-dore?
A clos-er bond of un-ion, In a blest land of love?
When shall the morning bright-en, The sha-dows flee a-way?

Shall ev-'ry i-dol per-ish, To moles and bats be thrown,
Shall all that now di-vides us Re-move and pass a-way,
Shall war be learned no lon-ger, Shall strife and tu-mult cease,
O sweet an-tic-i-pa-tion! It cheers the watchers on,

And ev-'ry pray'r be of-fered To God in Christ a-lone?
Like shadows of the morn-ing Be-fore the blaze of day?
All earth His bless-ed king-dom, The Lord and Prince of Peace!
To pray, and hope, and la-bor, Till the dark night be gone.

300. Give Us a Thankful Heart.

DR. RYLAND T. BROWN. W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

1. Our Lord Je - ho - vah reigns a - bove, And earth with good-ness fills—
2. The balm - y breath of Spring was His, That woke from Win-ter's death;
3. The Summer's gorgeous wealth of flow'rs, And wav - ing har - vest land—
4. And His are Autumn's treasured store, That crowns the clos - ing year,

He gives the to - kens of His love, To crown the fruit - ful hills.
The slumb'ring earth; and all that is Of life, was in that breath.
The fruit - ful dews and time - ly show'rs, Were gifts from His good hand.
And on us name-less bless-ings pour, Our wea - ry hearts to cheer.

CHORUS.

Give us..... a thankful heart, Thy bless - ings

Give us O, Lord, give us a thankful heart, Thy bless-ings

to re - ceive; Help us Thy blessings to im -

glad - ly, glad - ly to re-ceive; Help us Thy bless - ings,
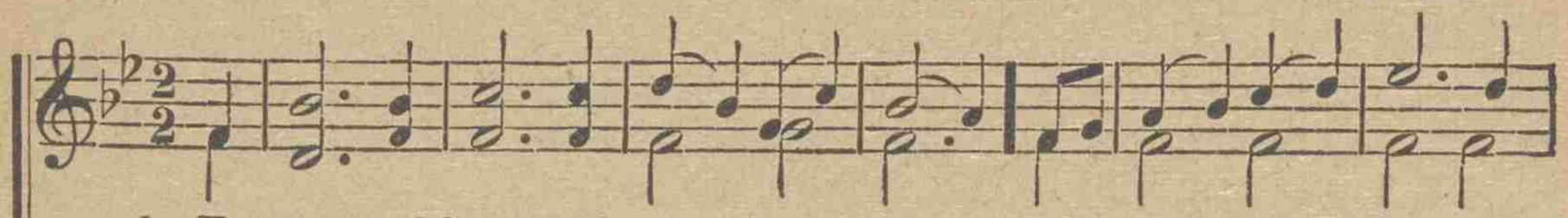
part,..... As Thou dost free - ly give.

bless-ings to im-part, As Thou dost free - ly give, free - ly give.
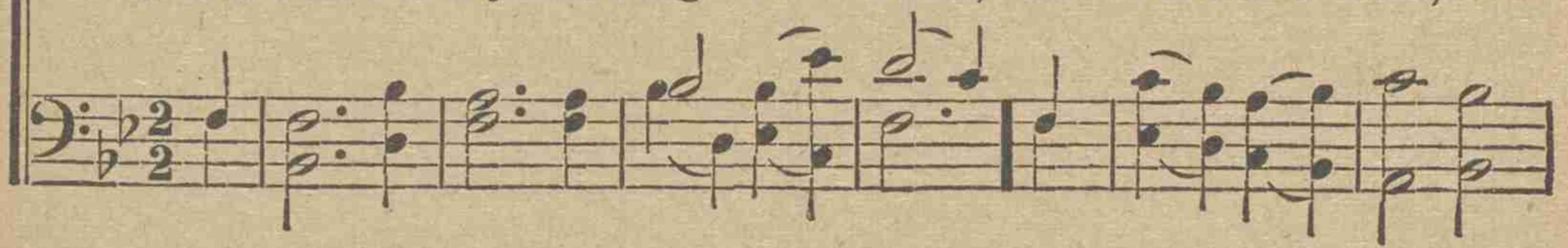
Copyright, 1897, by W. E. M. Hackleman.
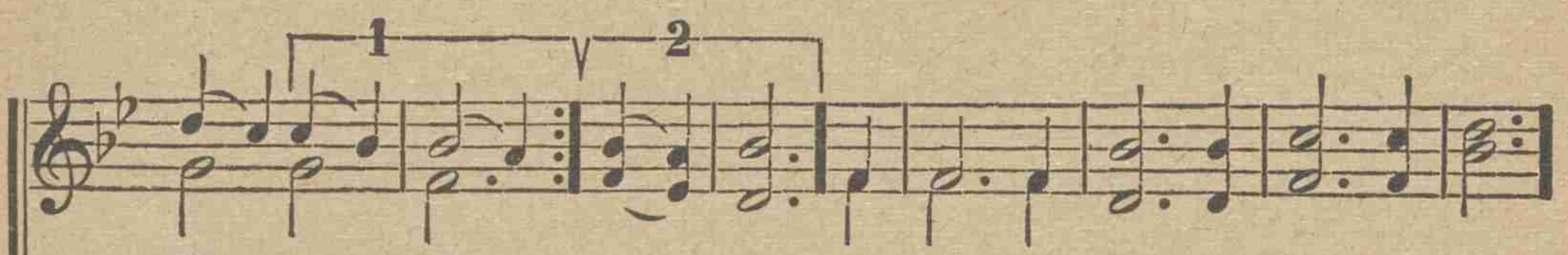
301. Eternal Source of Joy.

P. DODDRIDGE. F. J. HAYDN.
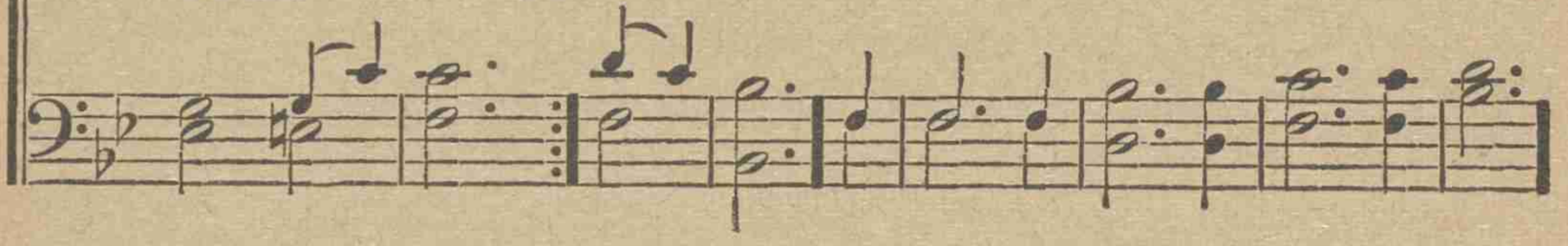


1. E - ter - nal Source of ev - 'ry joy, Well may Thy praise our
While in Thy tem - ple we ap - pear, To hail Thee, sovereign
2. The flow-ery spring at Thy com - mand, Per - fumes the air, a -
The sum-mer rays with vig - or shine, To raise the corn, to

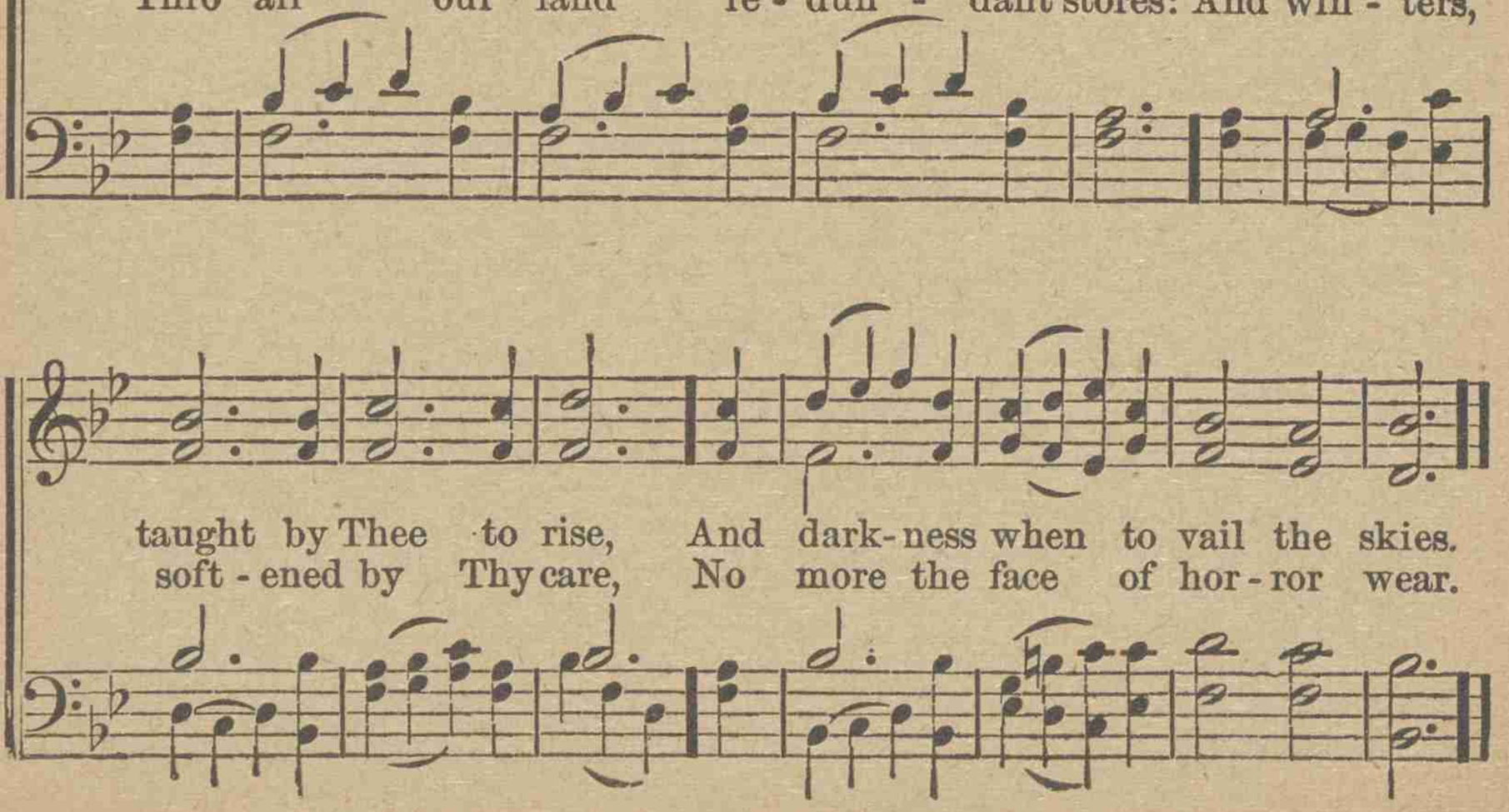




lips em - ploy,
of (*Omit*.....)
dorns the land.
cheer (*Omit*.....)
the year! Wide as the wheels of na - ture roll,
the vine. Thy hand in au-tumn, rich - ly pours,



Thy hand sup - ports and guides the whole, The sun is
Thro' all our land re - dun - dant stores: And win - ters,



taught by Thee to rise, And dark - ness when to vail the skies.
soft - ened by Thy care, No more the face of hor - ror wear.

PATRIOTIC.

302. Hear Your Country's Call.

Unknown. Arr. from ABT.

1. Hear your country's call, Freemen, one and all, Hear your country's earnest cry, See your na - tive land, Asks your succ'ring hand, Sons of
2. From the shop and farm, From the hearth-stone warm, Lo, we gather brave and strong, Faith-ful here we stand To re - deem our land From in -
3. Hail, our Fa - ther-land, Here thy children stand, All resolved, u-nit - ed, true, In thy ho - ly cause, Ne'er to faint, or pause, As the

CHORUS.

free - dom, draw ye nigh. Lift our coun - try's flag on high,
temperance, sin and wrong. 'Tis the emblem of the free,
vow we here re - new. Lift our coun - try's flag, our country's flag on high, 'Tis the emblem of, the em-blem of the free,

Lift our country's flag on high, 'Tis the pledge of vic - to - ry.

303. The Red, White and Blue.

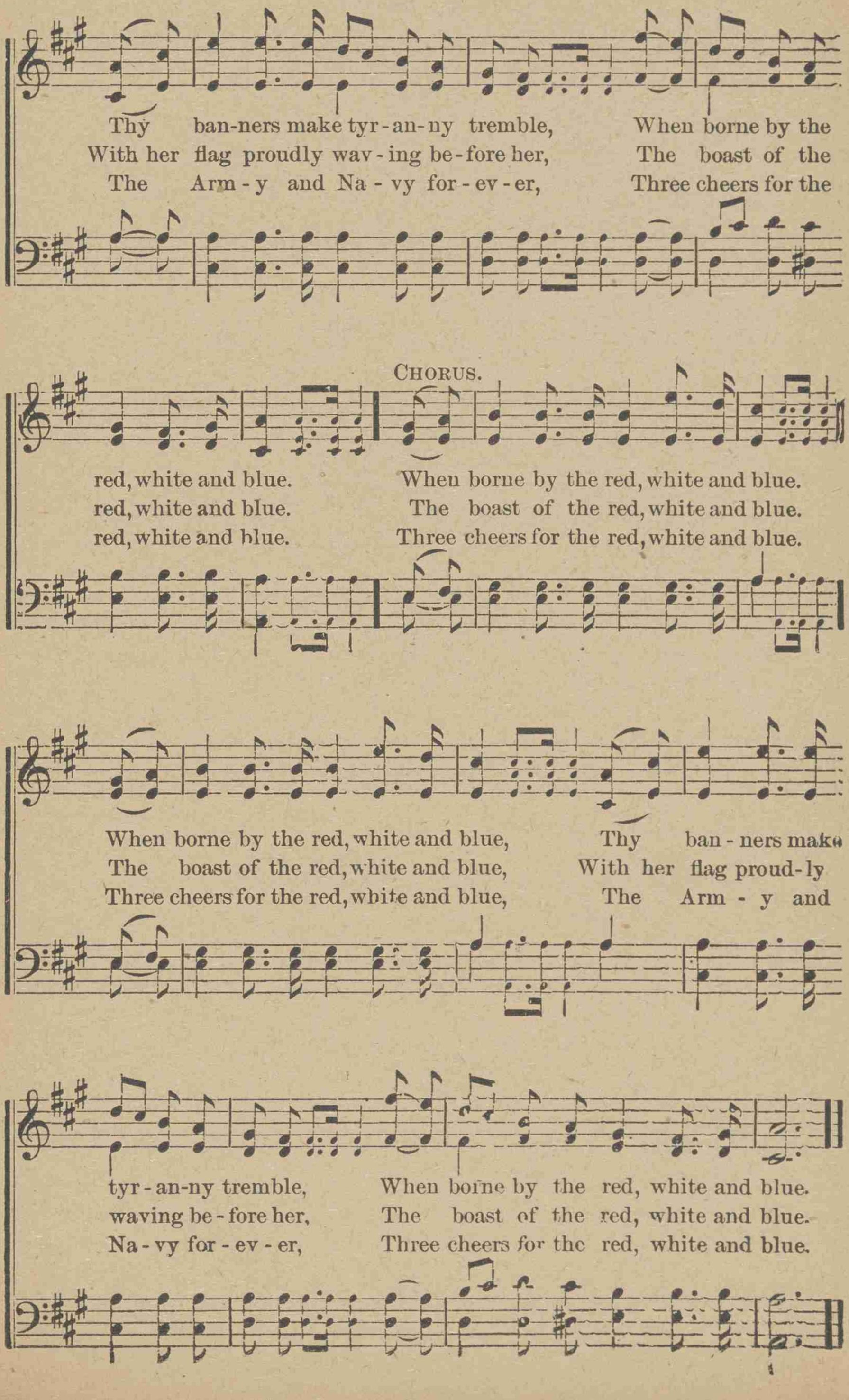
1. O Co - lum-bia! the gem of the o-cean, The home of the
2. When war wing'd its wide des-o - la-tion, And threaten'd the
3. Then sons of Co-lum-bia, come hither, And join in our

brave and the free, The shrine of each patriot's de - votion,
land to de - form, The ark then of freedom's foundation,
na-tion's sweet hymn; May the wreaths they have won never wither,

A world of - fers hom - age to thee. Thy mandates make
Co - lum - bia, rode safe thro' the storm; With her garlands of
Nor the stars of their glo - ry grow dim! May the ser - vice u -

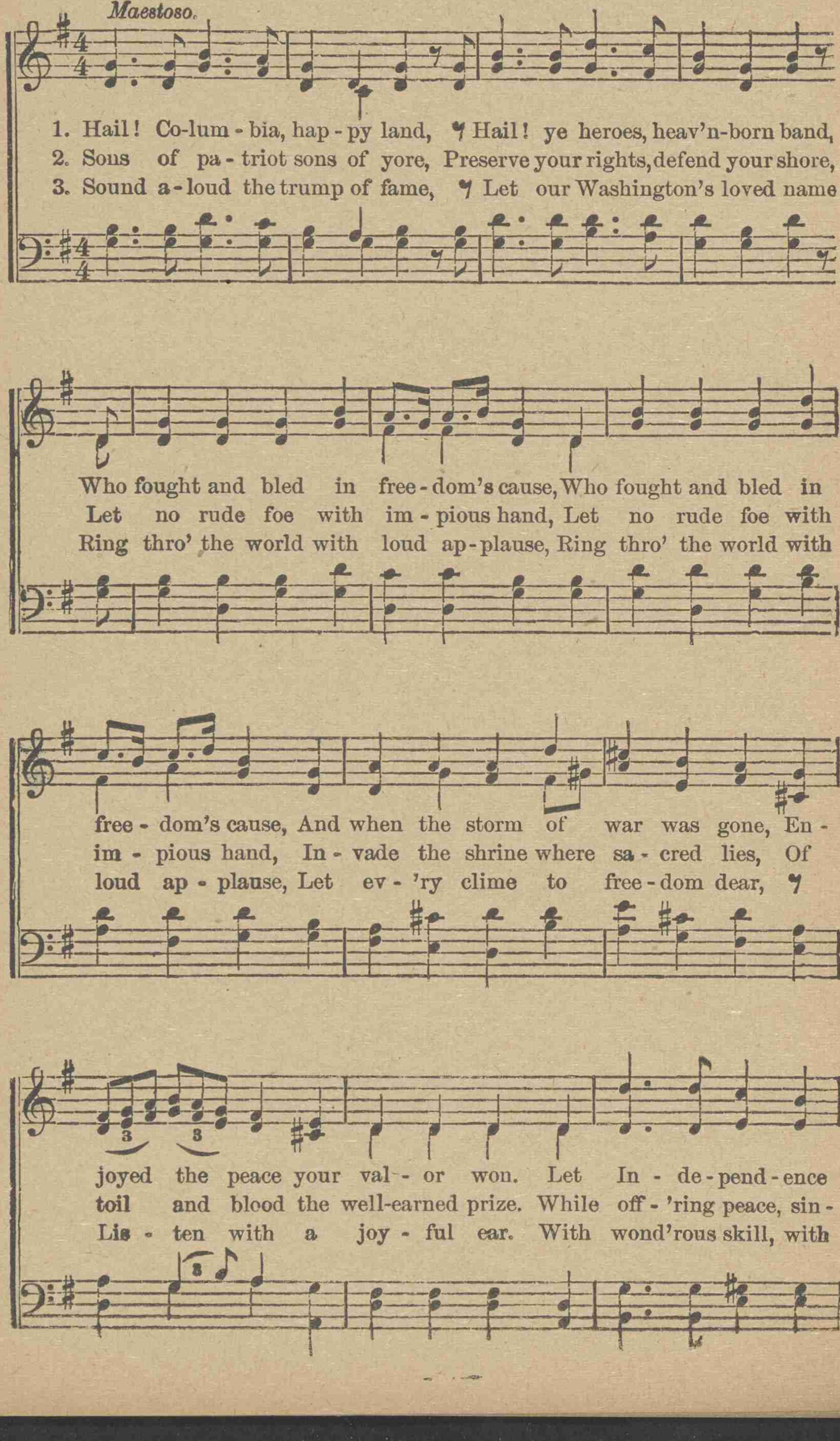
he - roes as - semble, When Lib - er - ty's form stands in view,
vic-t'ry around her, When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
nit - ed, ne'er sever, But they to their col - ors prove true!

The Red, White and Blue.—Concluded.

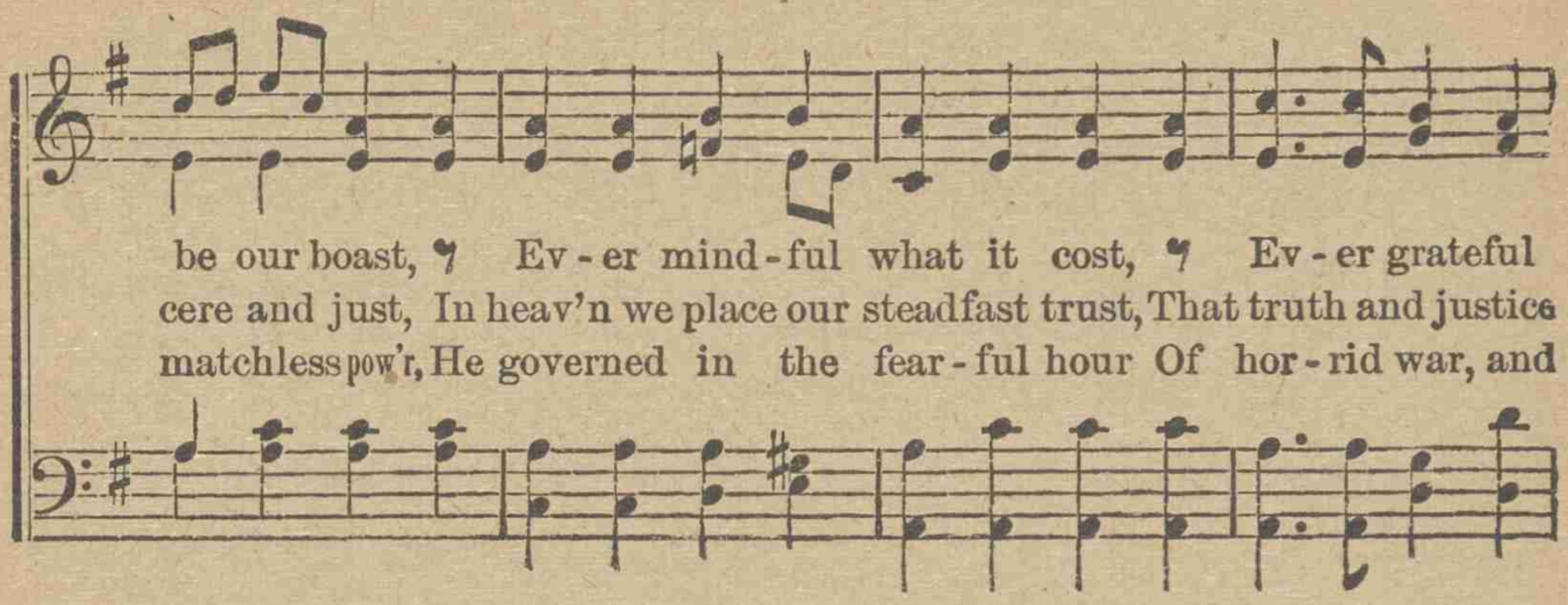


304. Hail, Columbia.

Maestoso.
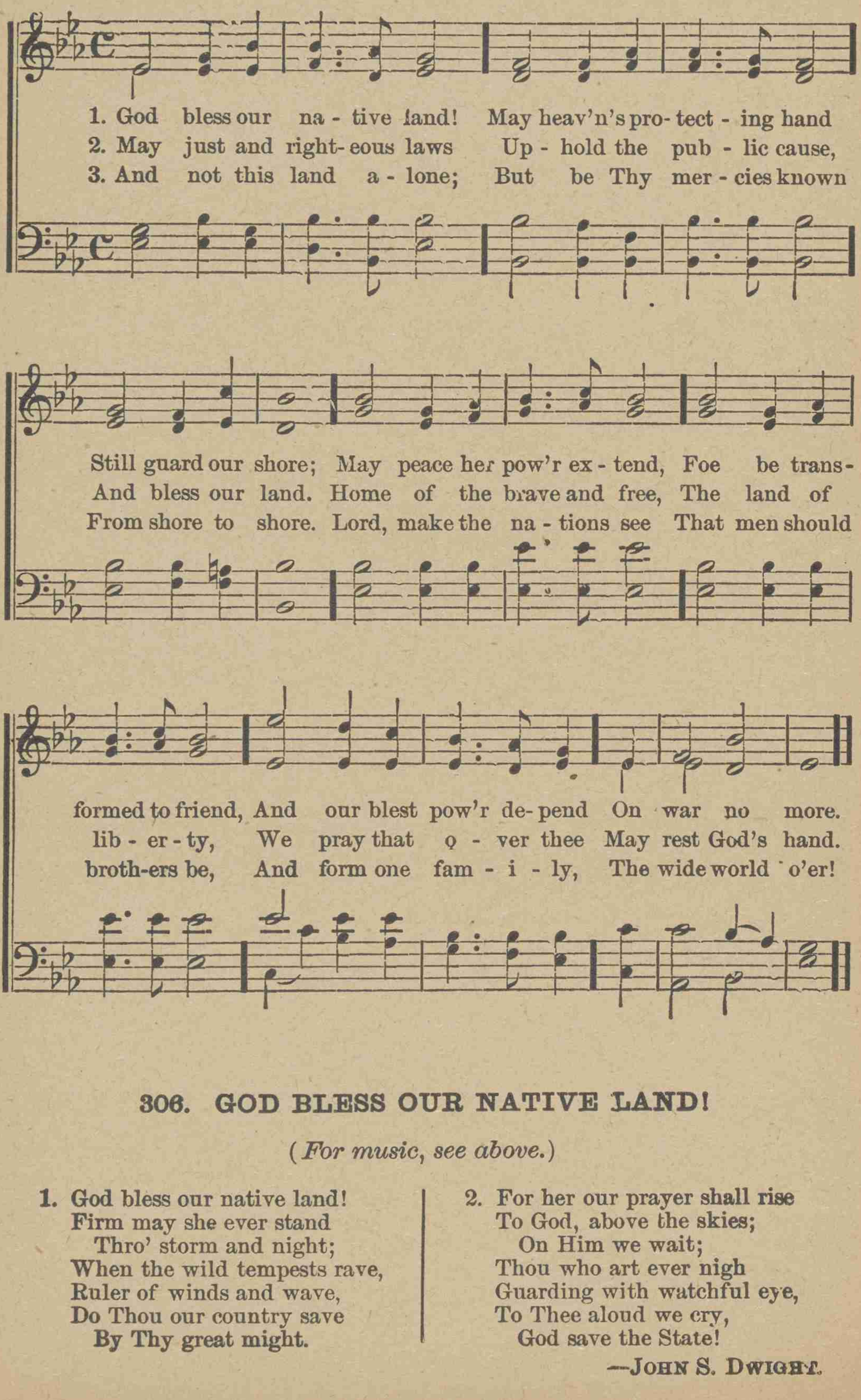


Hail, Columbia.—Concluded.



305. Just and Righteous Laws.

DR. L. MASON.



306. GOD BLESS OUR NATIVE LAND!

(*For music, see above.*)

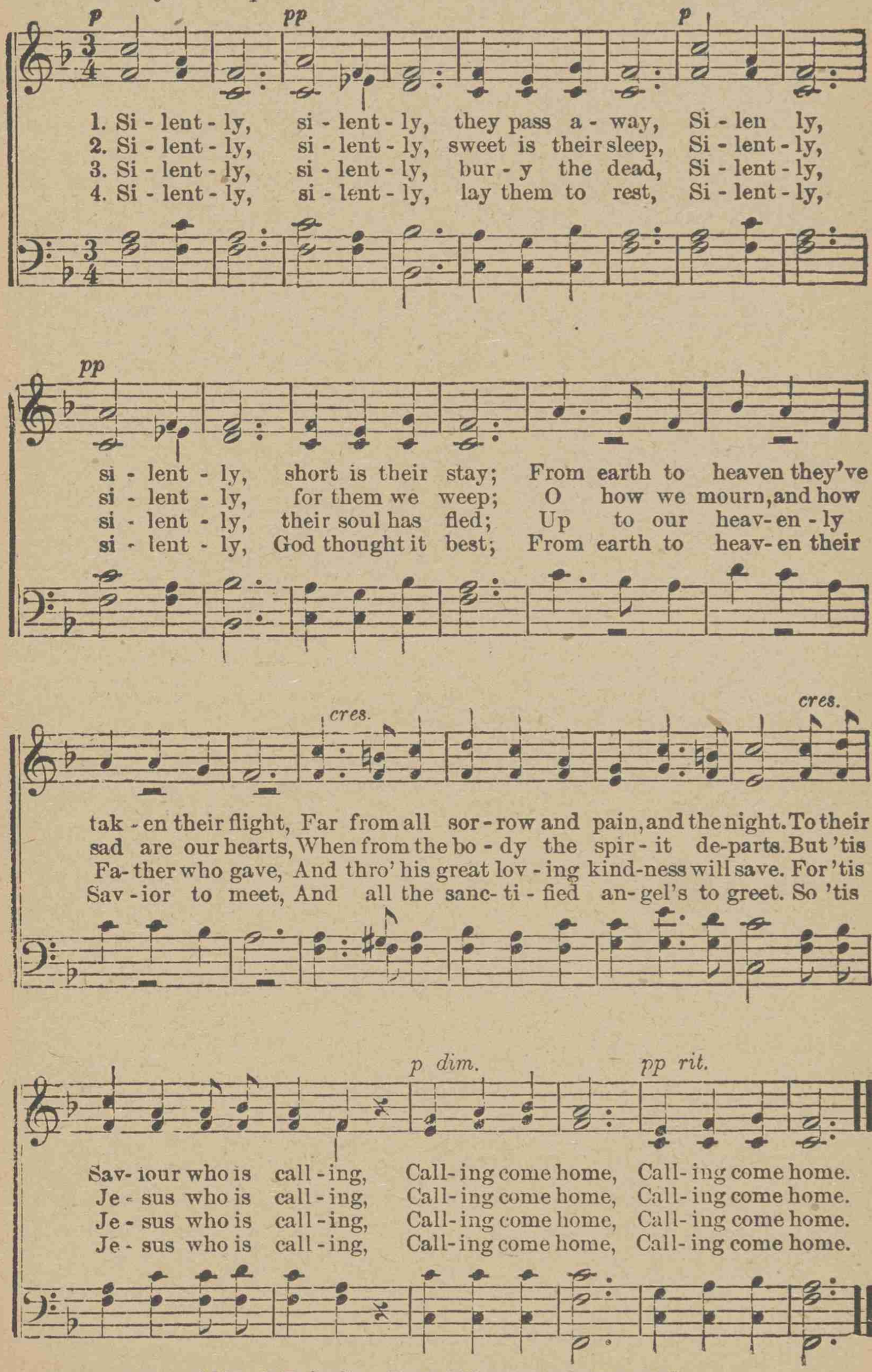
1. God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand
Thro' storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.

2. For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On Him we wait;
Thou who art ever nigh
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!

—JOHN S. DWIGHT.

307. Silently Bury the Dead.

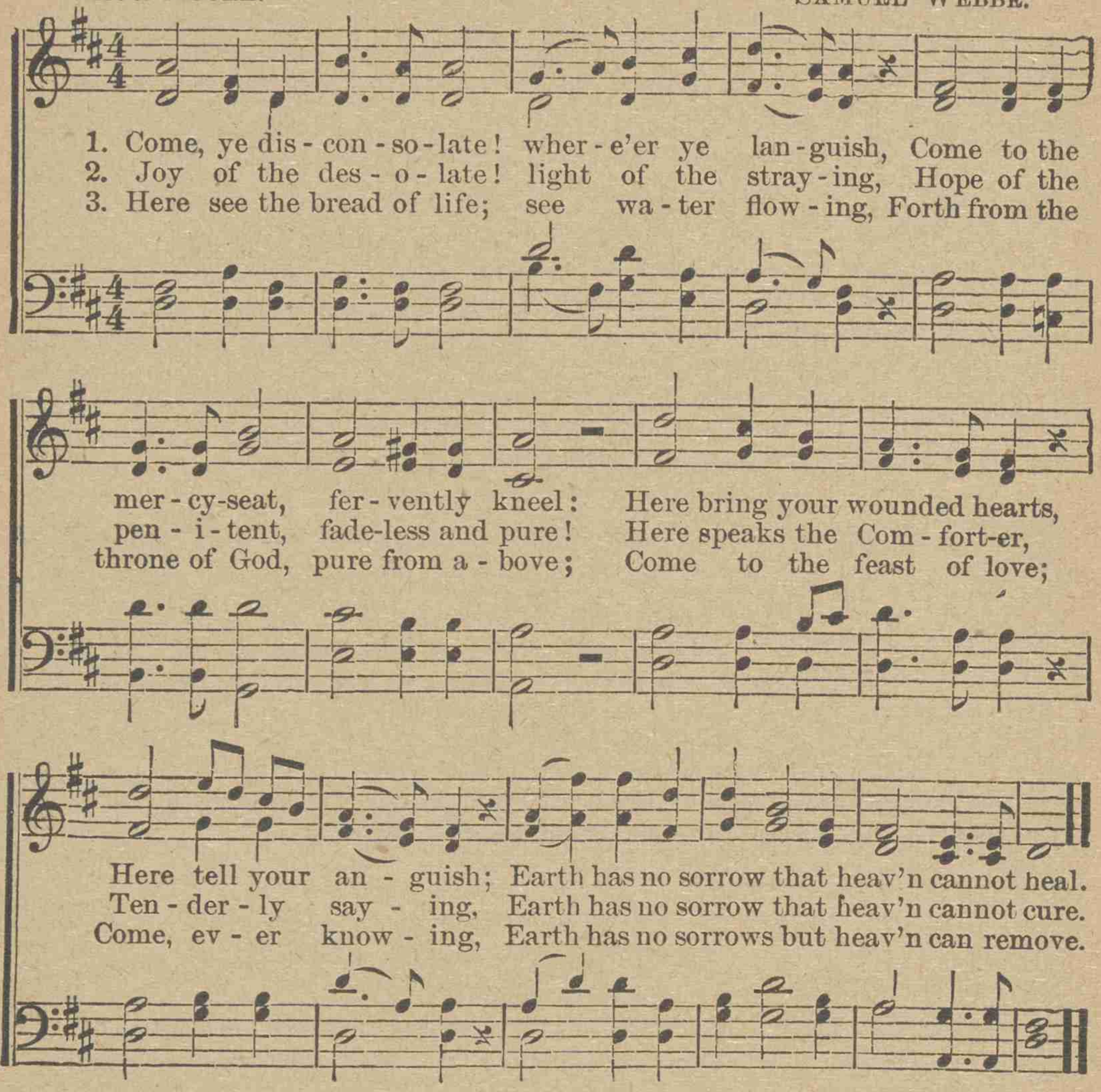
Slowly, with expression. C. E. LESLIE.



By permission of Mrs. C. E. Leslie. From "MEMORIAL OFFERINGS."

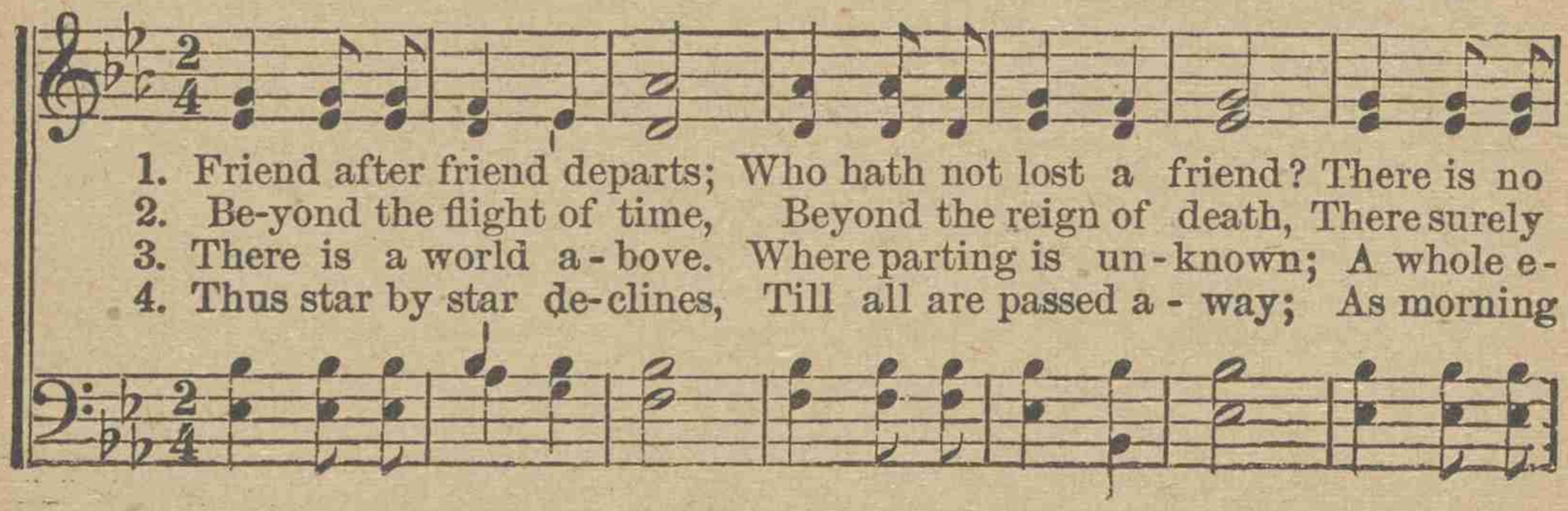
308. Come, Ye Disconsolate.

THOS. MOORE. SAMUEL WEBBE.

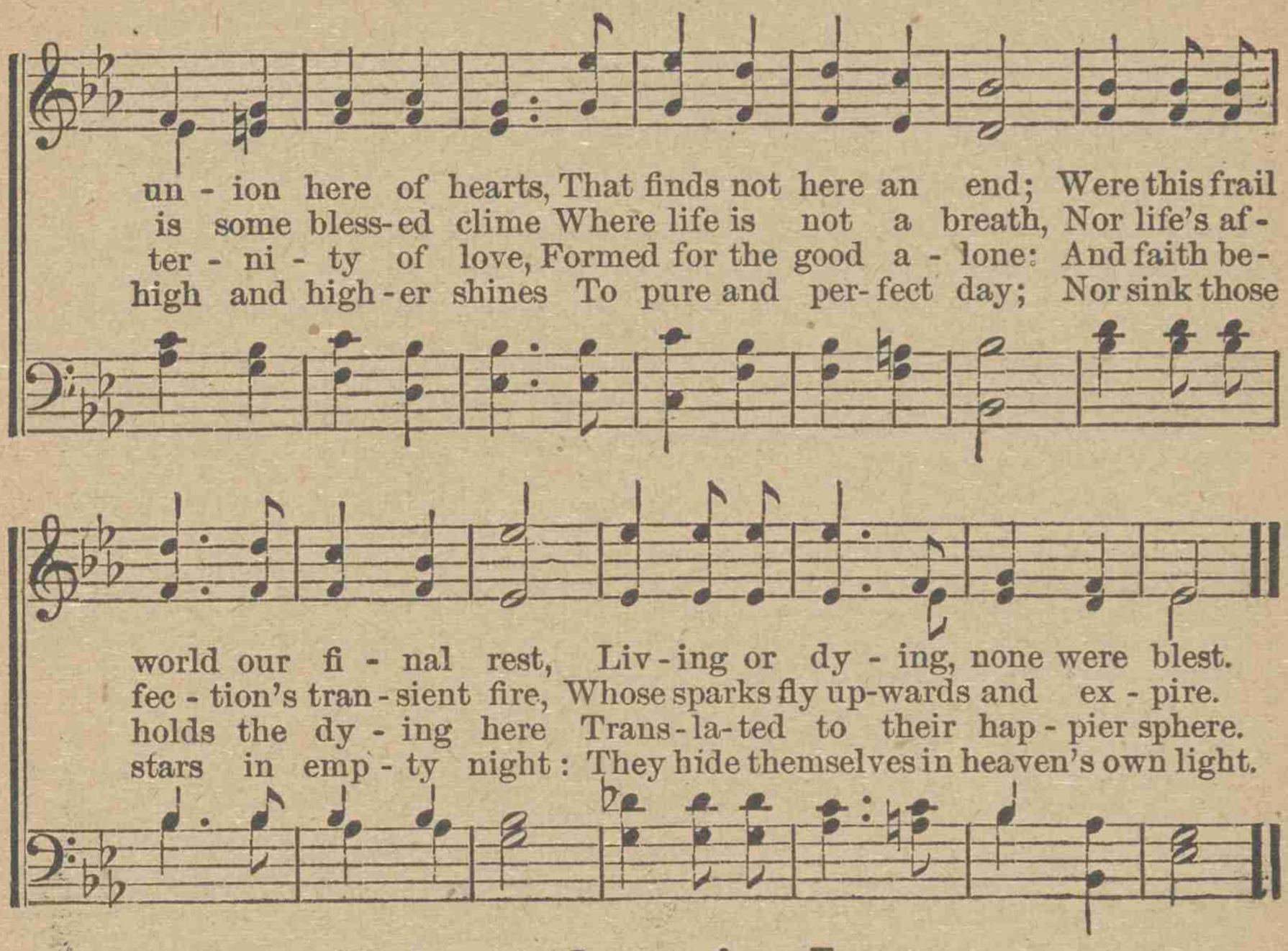


309. Friend After Friend Departs.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. C. EVEREST.

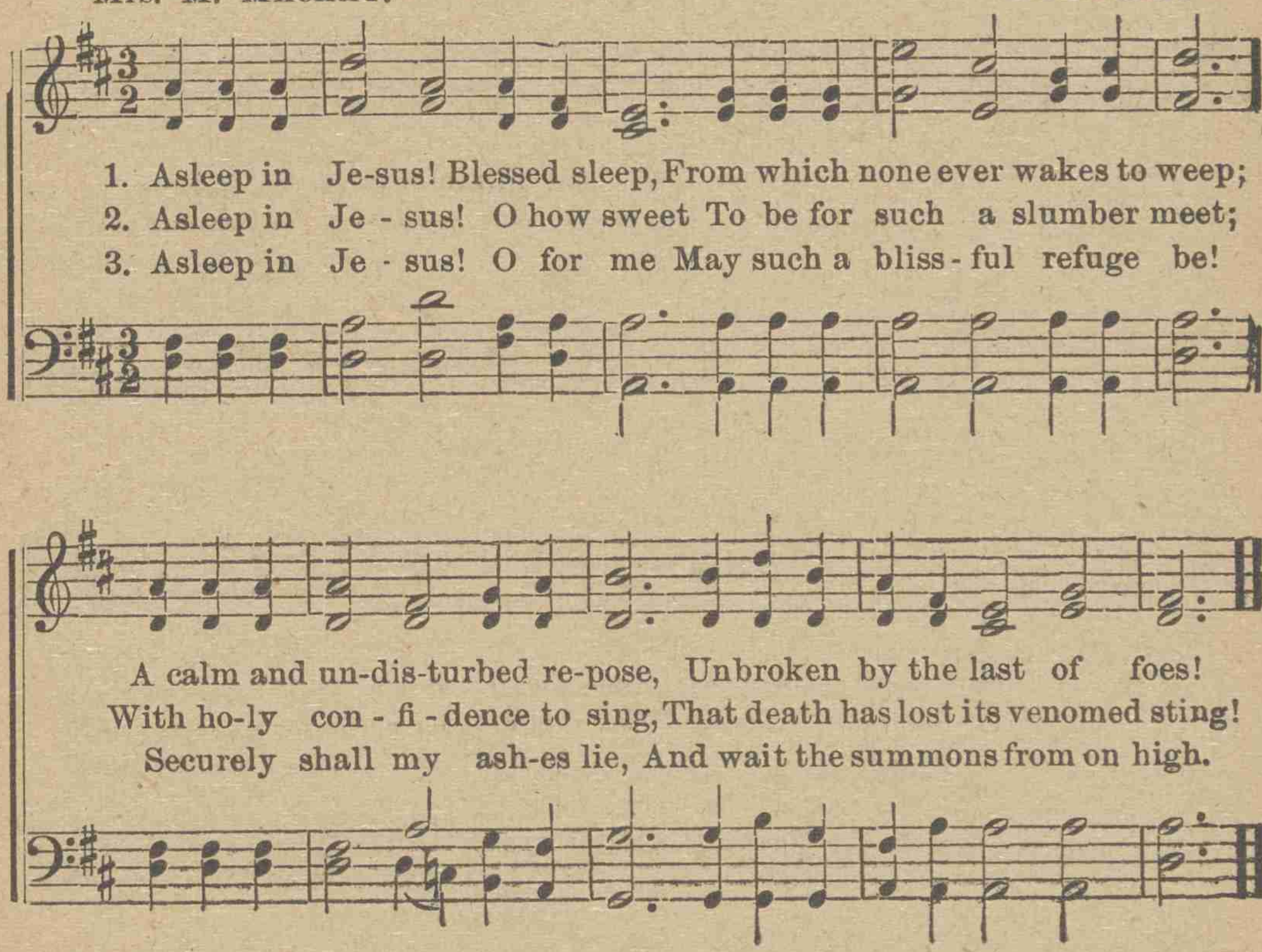


Friend After Friend Departs.—Concluded.



310. Asleep in Jesus.

Mrs. M. MACKAY. BRADBURY.



311. The Unseen City.

*Solo or Quartette.

Emma Tuttle. Arr. from Clark, by W. E. M. Hackleman.

Very slowly.

1. I think of a cit-y I have not seen Ex-cept in my hours of
2. I think of that cit-y, for O, how oft My heart has been wrung at
3. That beau-ti-ful cit-y is home to me, My lov'd ones are go-ing

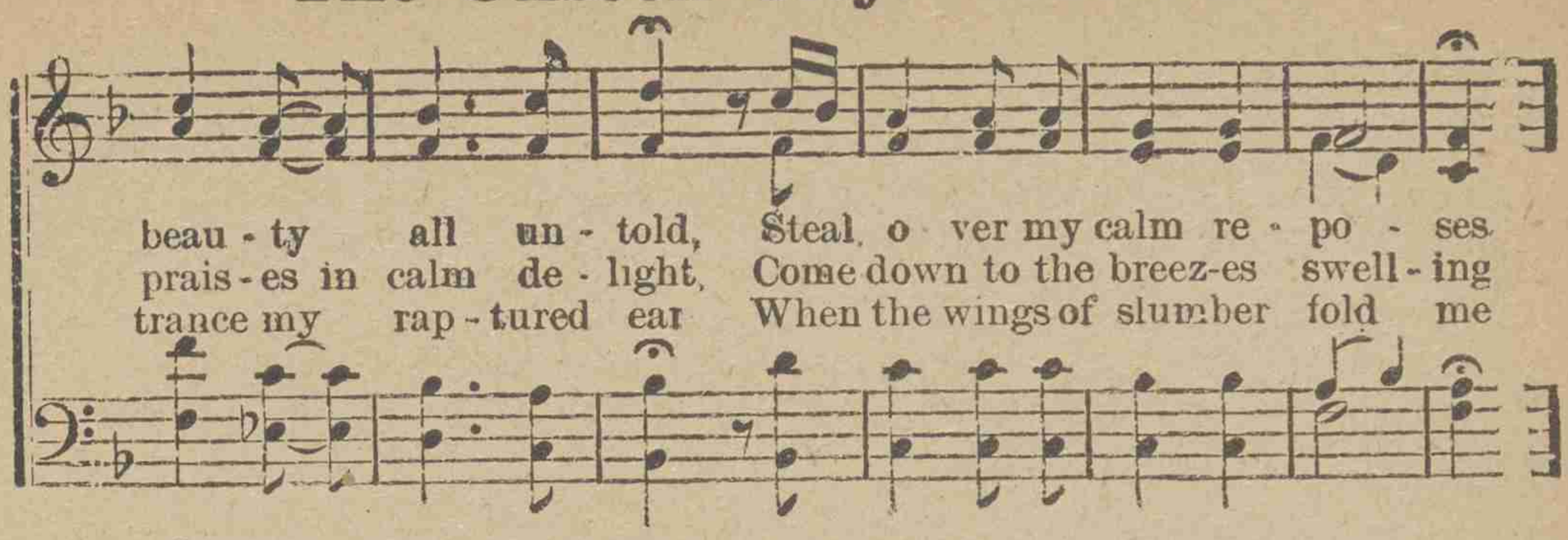
dream-ing; Where the feet of mor-tals have nev-er been To
part-ing; With friends all pale who with foot-fall soft To its
thith-er, And they who al-read-y have cross'd the sea Are

dark-en its soft, soft gleam-ing: A glimmer of pearl, and a glint of
air-y heights were start-ing: I see them a-gain in their raiment
call-ing to me, "Come hith-er;" The ten-der eyes that I worshiped
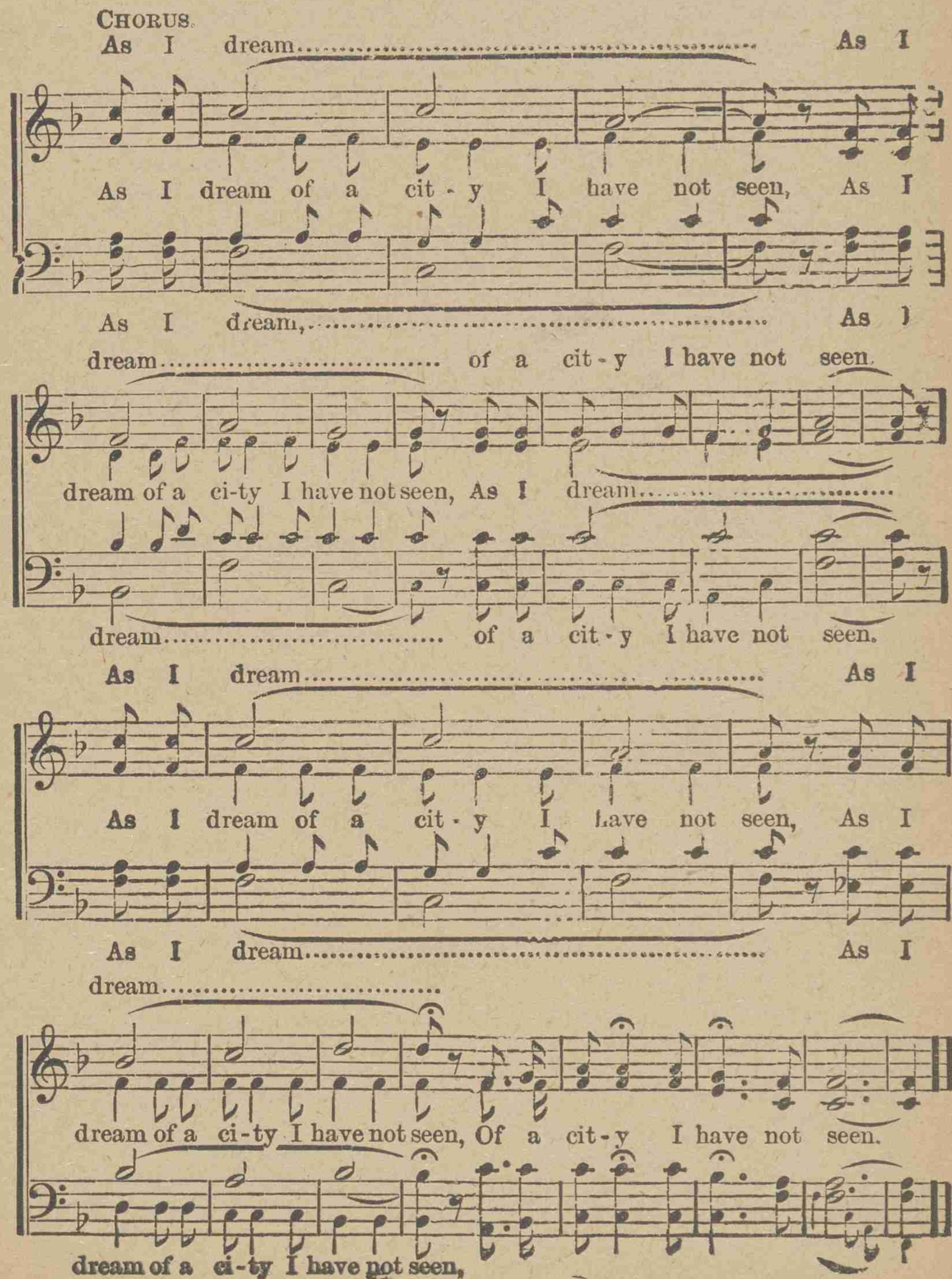
gold, And a breath from the souls of ro-ses; And glo-ry and
white, In the blue, blue dis-tance dwell-ing; And I hear their
here, From the gold-en heights be-hold me; And their songs en-

Arr. Copyright, 1906, by W. E. M. Hackleman.

The Unseen City.—Concluded.
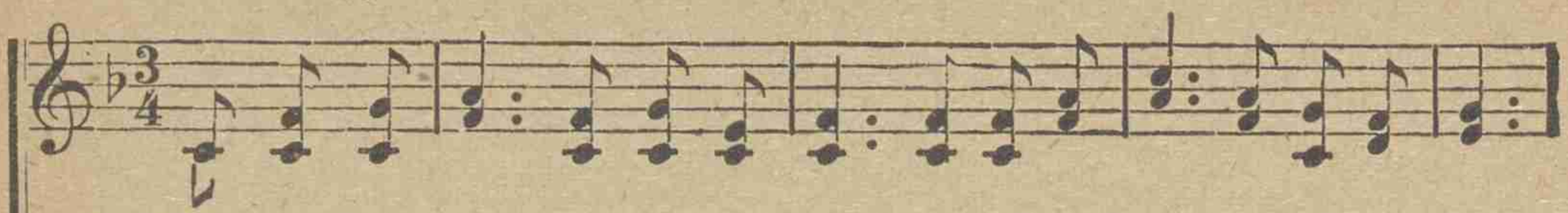


CHORUS.
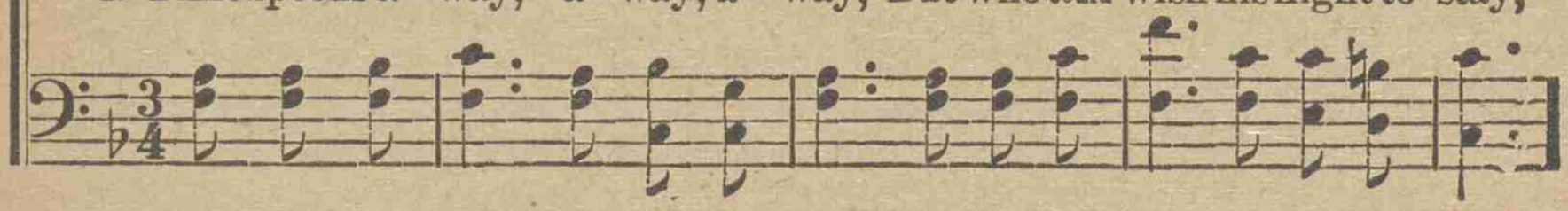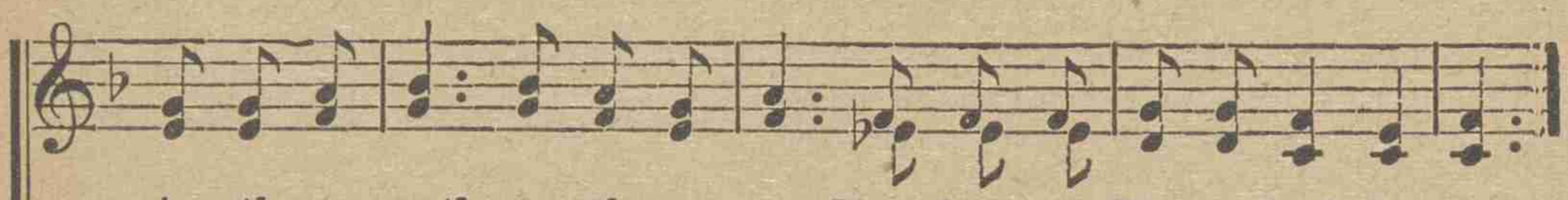


312. Time Speeds Away.

Words selected by PROF. J. W. MCGARVEY. W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.
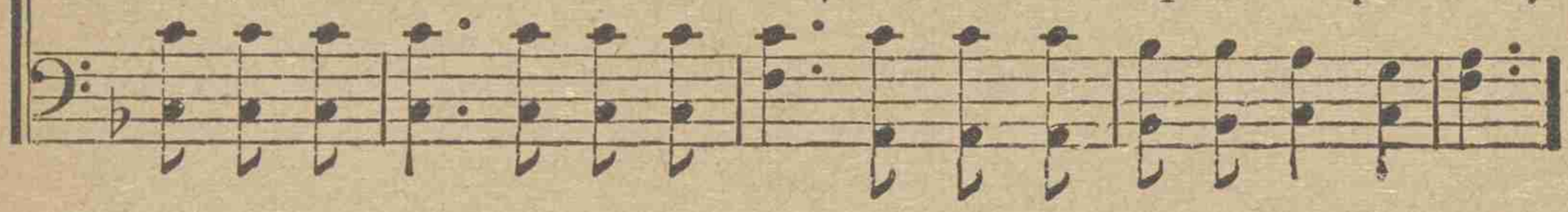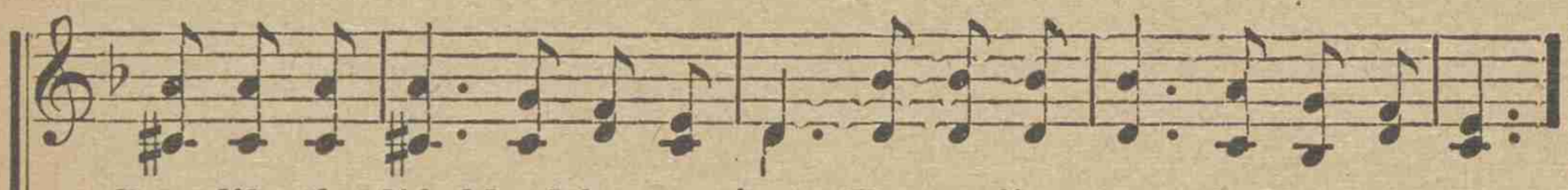


1. Time speeds a - way, a - way, a - way, An-oth-er hour, an-oth-er day,
2. Time speeds a - way, a - way, a - way, Like torrents in a stormy day,
3. Time speeds a - way, a - way, a - way, No ea-gle thro' the skies of day,
4. Time speeds a - way, a - way, a - way, But who could wish his flight to stay,
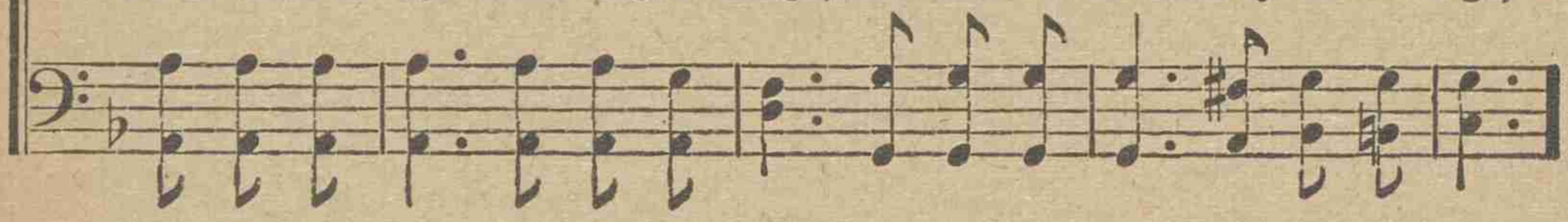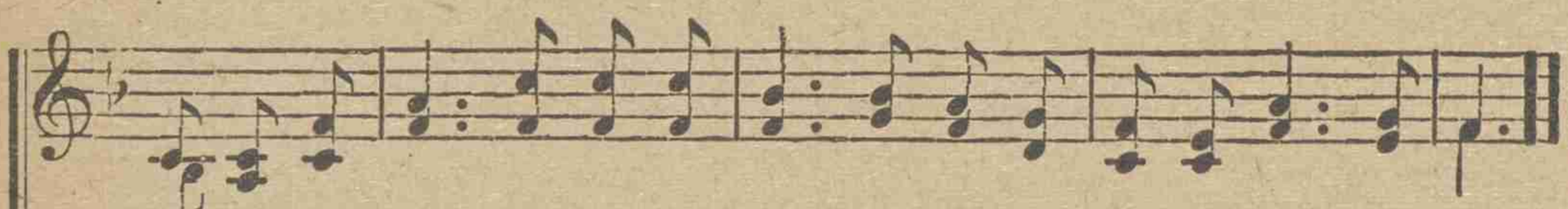




An-oth-er month, an-oth-er year, Drop from us like a leaf - let sear;
He un-der-mines the state-ly tower, Up-roots the oak and fades the flow'r;
No wind a - long the hills can flee So swift-ly or so smoothe as he;
He speeds us to an-oth-er shore, Where those who wept shall weep no more;
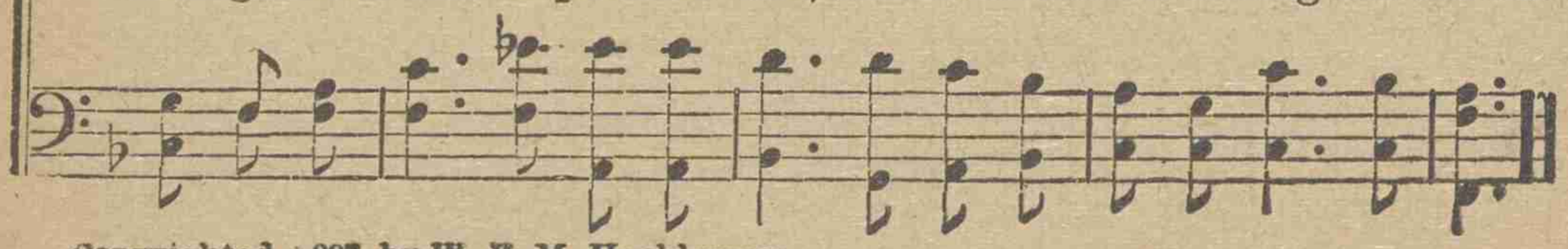




Drop like the life-blood from our hearts; The rose bloom from the cheek de-parts;
And sweeps from our dis-tract-ed breasts, The friends who loved, the friends who blest,
Like fie - ry steeds from stage to stage, He bears us on from youth to age,
Then bid him fly from stage to stage, And bear us on from youth to age,





The tresses from the tem-ple fall, The eye grows dim and strange to all.
And leaves us weep- ing on the shore, To which they can re-turn no more.
Then plunges in a fear-ful sea, Of fath- om - less e - ter - ni - ty.
His flight shall end in peaceful rest, When we sit down a-mong the blessed.
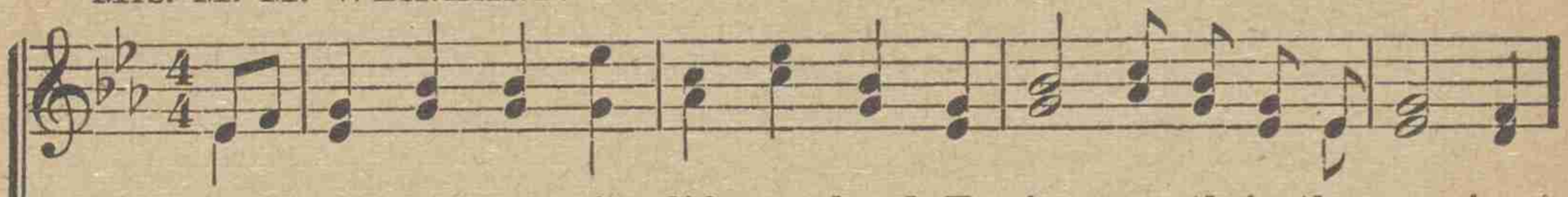


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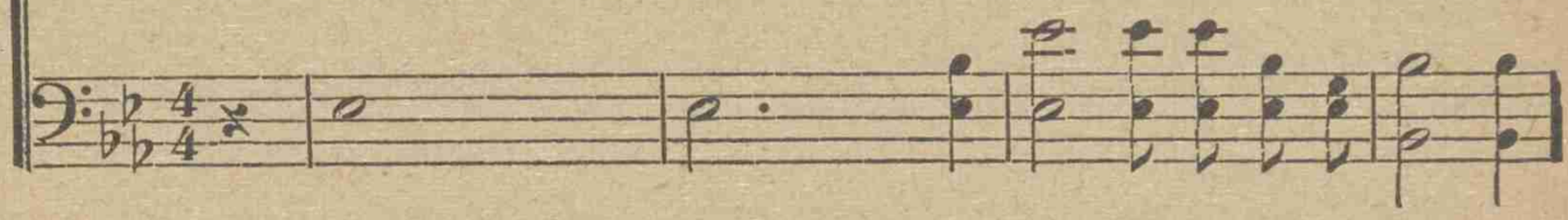
313. Joy Cometh in the Morning.
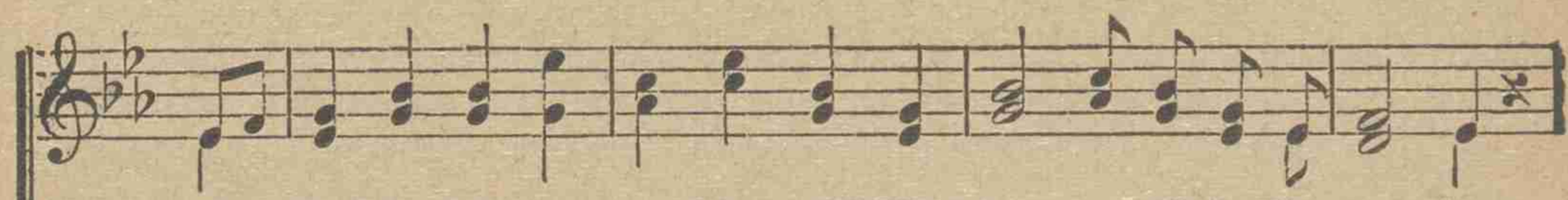
"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Psalm 30: 5.

Mrs. M. M. WEINLAND. E. S. LORENZ.

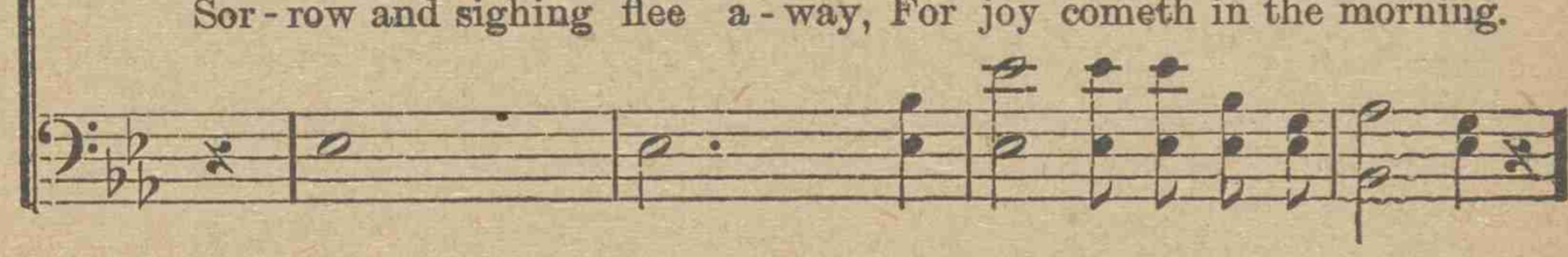


1. Oh, wea-ry pil-grim, lift your head, For joy cometh in the morning!
2. Ye fee-ble saints, dis-miss your fears, For joy cometh in the morning!
3. Let ev-'ry tear-ful eye be dry, For joy cometh in the morning!
4. Our God will wipe our tears a-way, For joy cometh in the morning!
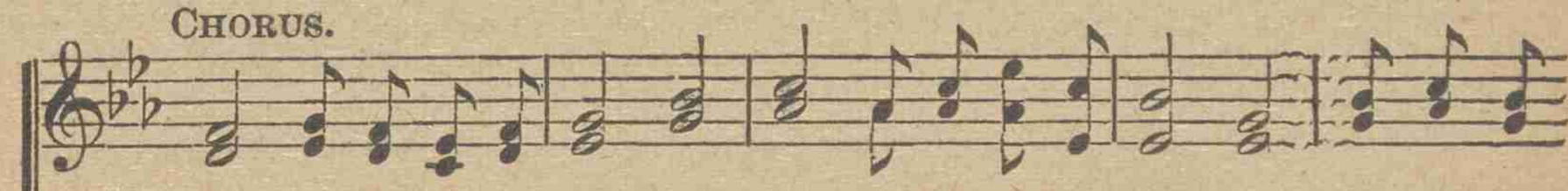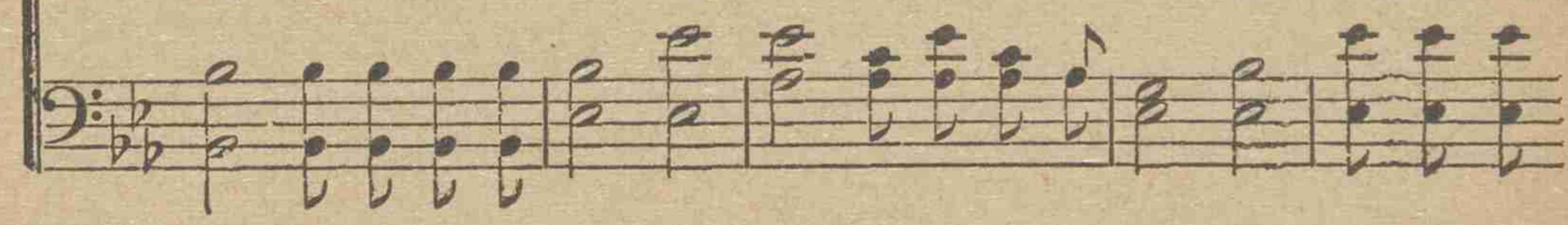




For God in his own word has said That joy cometh in the morning.
And weeping mourners dry your tears For joy cometh in the morning.
And ev-'ry trembling sin-ner hope, For joy cometh in the morning.
Sor-row and sighing flee a-way, For joy cometh in the morning.



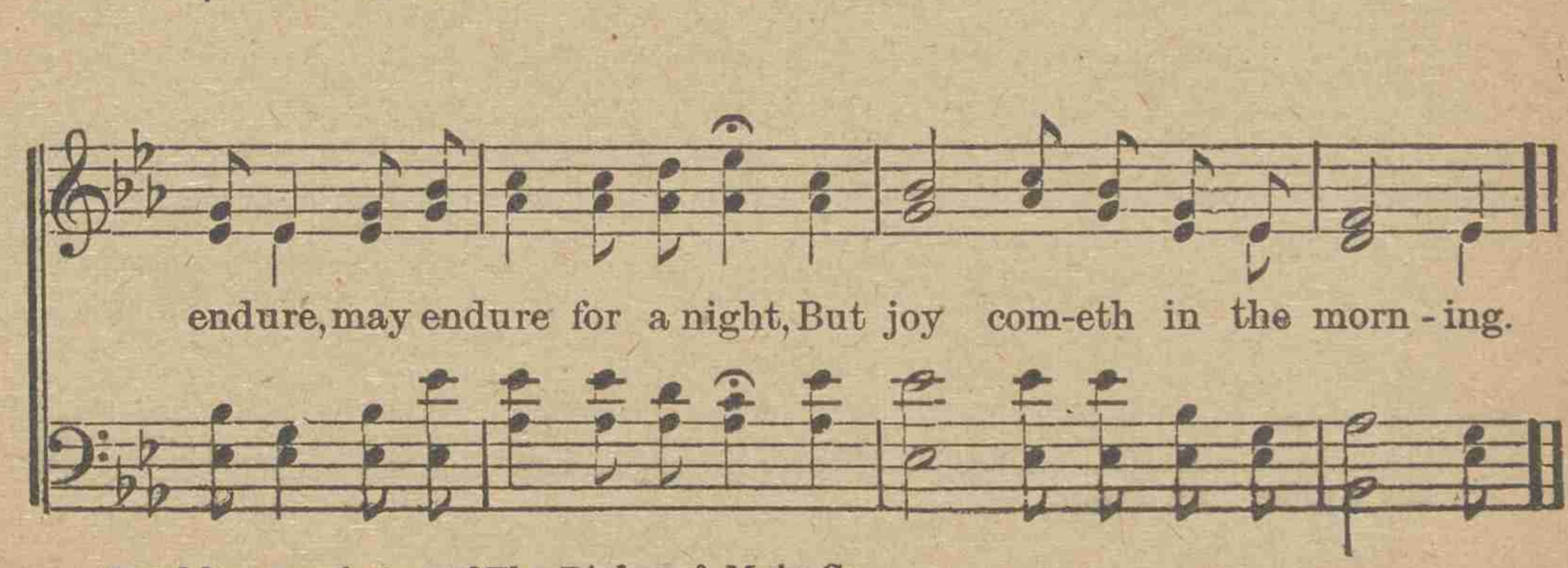
CHORUS.



Joy com-eth in the morning! Joy cometh in the morning! Weeping may



endure, may endure for a night, But joy com-eth in the morn-ing.



Used by permission of The Biglow & Main Co.

314. I Long to be There.

WILL I. THOMPSON, by per.

1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair, I long to be there;
2. Its glittering tow'rs the sun outshine, I long to be there;
3. My Father's house is built on high, I long to be there;
4. When from this earth-ly pris-on free, I long to be there;

No pain nor death can en-ter there, I long to be there.
That heav'nly mansion shall be mine, I long to be there.
Far, far a-bove the star-ry sky, I long to be there.
That heav'nly mansion mine shall be, I long to be there.

CHORUS.
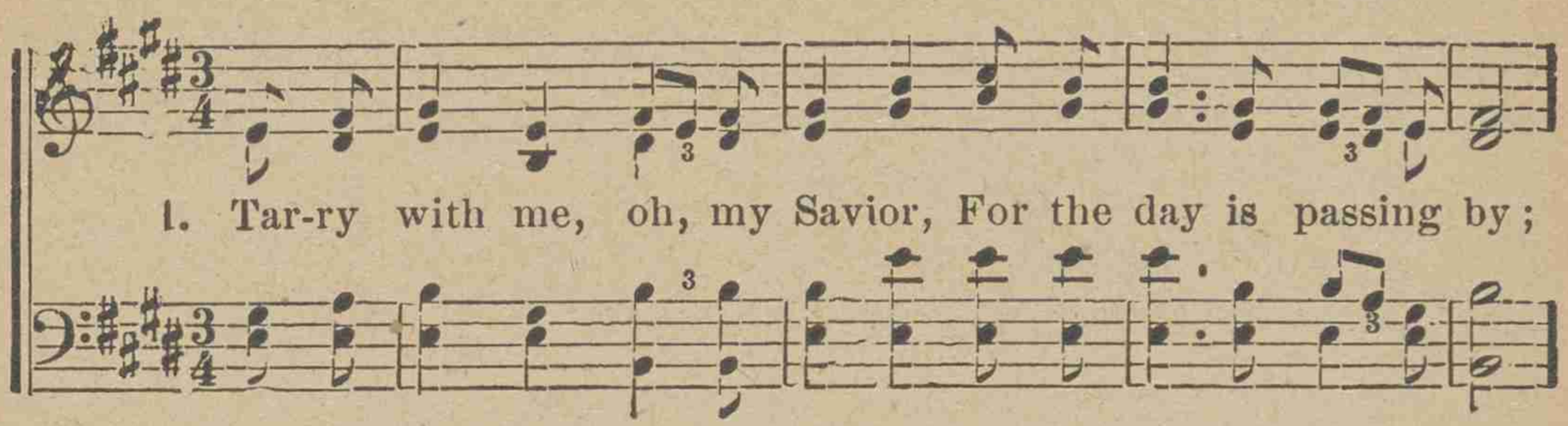
Oh, an - gels, guide me home, An - gels, guide me home,
an-gels, an-gels, an-gels, an-gels,

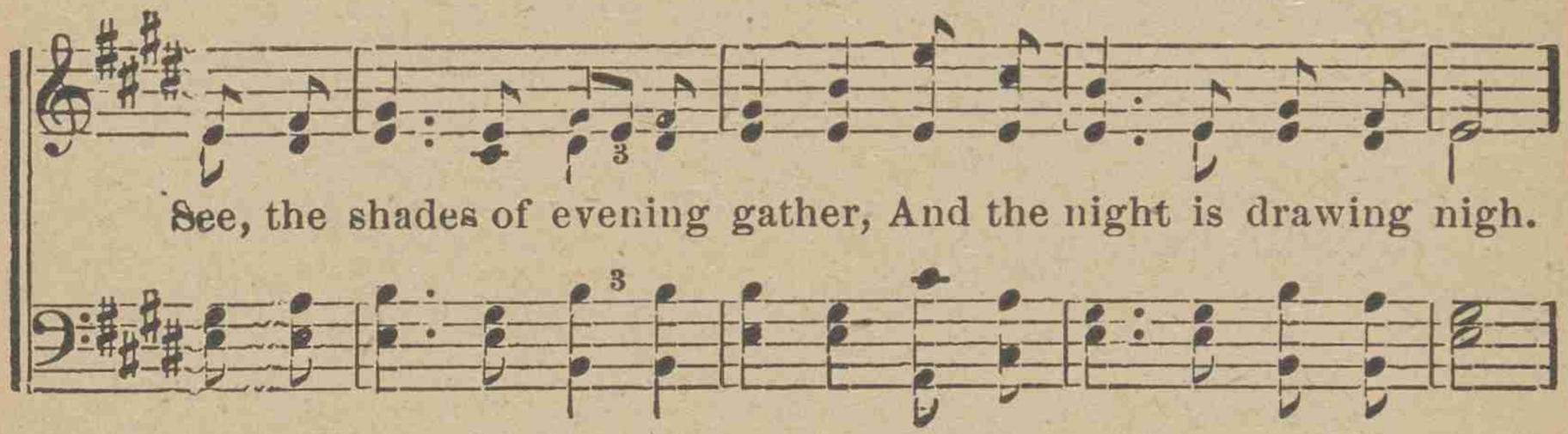
Repeat Chorus, pp.

An - gels, guide me home, I long to be there.
an-gels, an-gels,
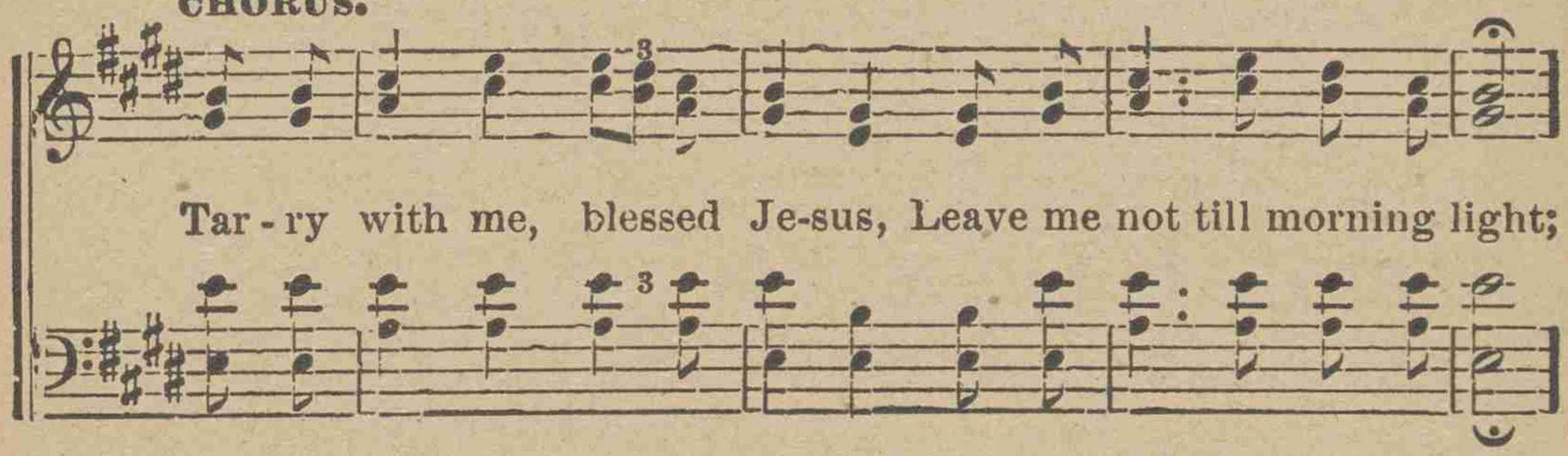
315. Tarry With Me.
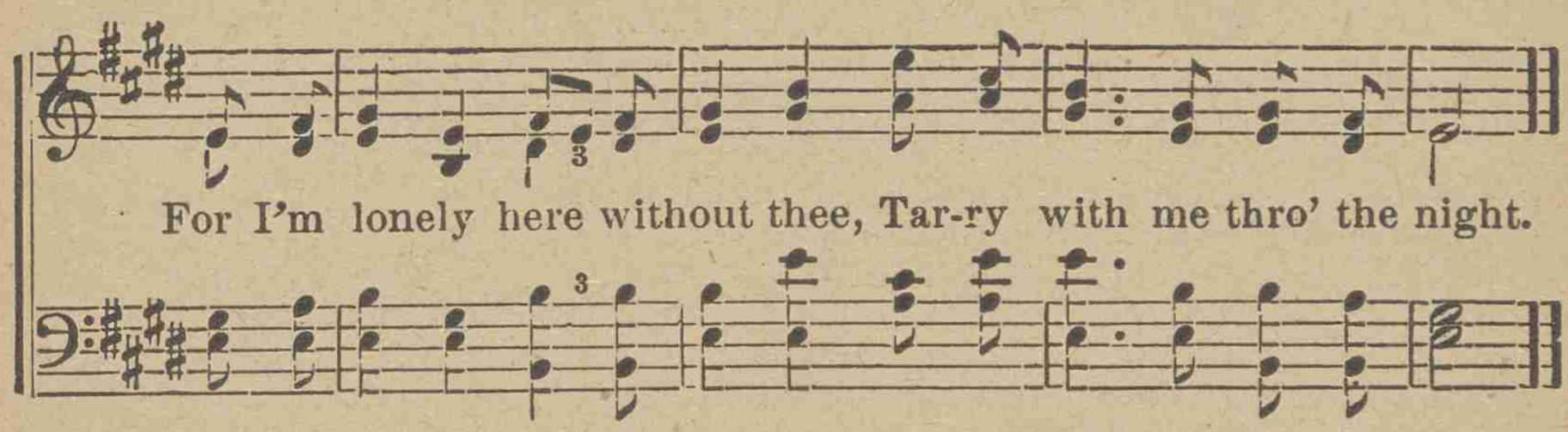
MRS. C. S. SMITH. KNOWLES SHAW.





CHORUS.





2 Many friends were gathered round me,
In the bright days of the past;
But the grave has closed above them,
And I linger here the last.

3 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west,
Swift the night of death advances;
Shall it be the night of rest?

4 Tarry with me, oh, my Savior,
Lay my head upon thy breast
Till the morning; then awake me,
Morning of eternal rest.

Used by permission of The John Church Co.

316. Lead Me Safely On.

J. H. LESLIE. R. A. GLENN.

1. Lead me safe - ly on by the nar - row way, From the shores of
2. With a Shepherd's care, thro' the night and day, Keep me close to
3. Thro' the storms of life, 'mid the o - cean's foam, Lead me safe - ly

time to the realms of day; By the cross of Christ may I
thee lest I go a - stray; Lead me safe - ly on, by thy
on to my heav'nly home; At the fount of life, on the

REFRAIN.

ev - er stand, As I jour-ney on to the bet - ter land. Lead me
ten - der love, Thro' this world of sin to my home a - bove.
oth-er shore, Let me free - ly drink till I thirst no more.

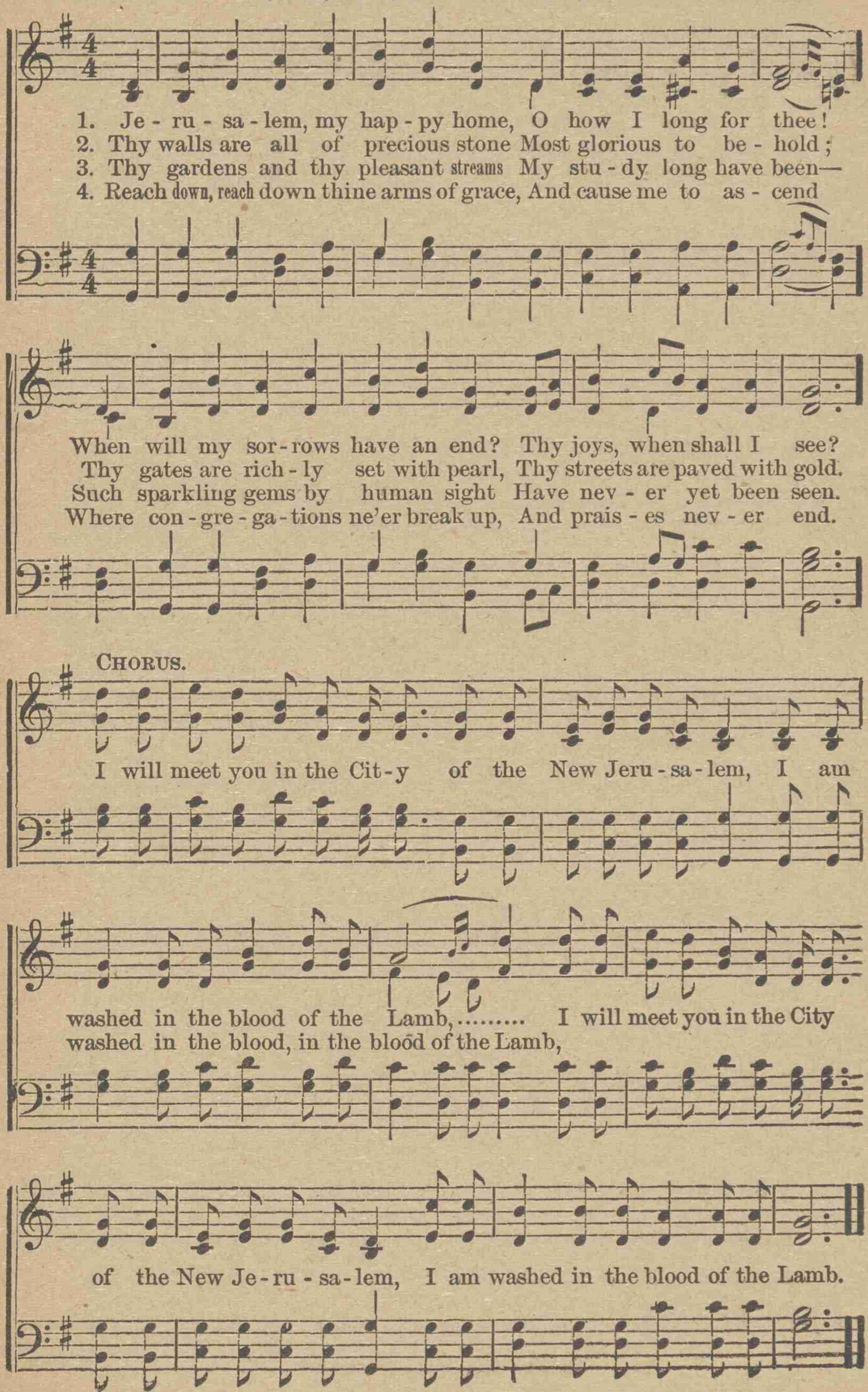
on, lead me on, By the strait and narrow way, Lead me
Lead me on, lead me on,

on, lead me on, lead me on, lead me on, To the realms of end-less day.

Copyrighted. From "Purest Pearls."

317. My Happy Home.

ANON. (To my Choir, Round Lake, N. Y.) E. O. EXCELL.



Copyright, 1886, by E. O. EXCELL.

318. I Know Not.

"Watch therefore: for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come." Matt. xxiv. 42.

JOHN MCPHERSON. J. F. KINSEY.

Duet, Ad lib.

1. I know not how soon God will call me, To leave all these scenes here be-low;
2. To - night the death an - gel may whisper, The sum - mons for me to come home,
3. I know not how soon I'll be sing-ing, Sweet songs with the ran-somed up there;

Here tri - als and troub - les be - fall me,
And leave here a broth - er or sis-ter,
For - ev - er the an - thems are ringing,

I care not how soon I may go.
My sud - den de-par - ture to mourn.
O'er heaven's dear land - scape so fair.

CHORUS.

I'm glad that I know not the coming Of Je - sus, my Master, my joy,
But soon he will take me from roaming, To rest where no foes can annoy.

By per. "The Echo Music Co."

319. They Sing a New Song.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. P. BILHORN.

1. High in yonder heav'nly courts the ransoned sing, Cast-ing down their gold - en crowns be - fore their King, Banished every grief and fear and
2. Oh, the wondrous song of Love, at last com - plete! Oh, the gold-en vi - als, full of o - dors sweet; Thro' the ris-en Saviour, once for
3. Only those whose robes are washed, can join that throng, None but lips at - tuned by grace can sing that song; Cleanse us, blessed Saviour from the earth - ly wrong, While the saints redeemed now join the glad new song.
sin - ners slain, We as kings and priests of God shall ev-er reign.
stain of sin, Let the glo-rious song of heav-en now be - gin!
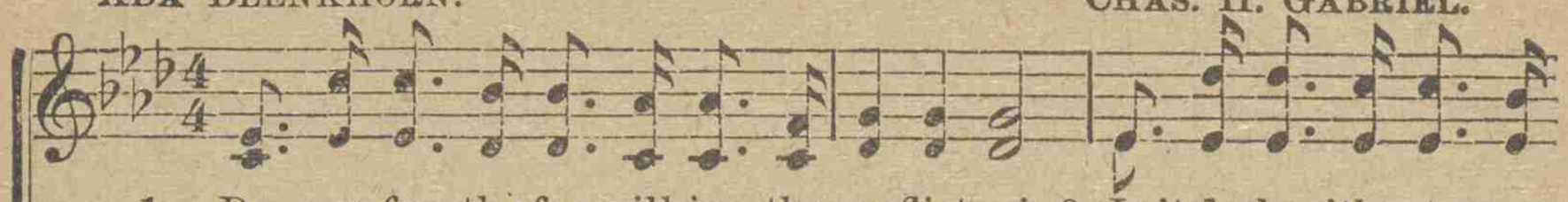
CHORUS.

Sing - - ing to the Lamb..... who once was slain on Cal - va - ry;
Sing - - ing to the Lamb..... who ev - er lives e- ter- nal - ly.
Singing to the Lamb, Singing to the Lamb, Cal - va- ry;

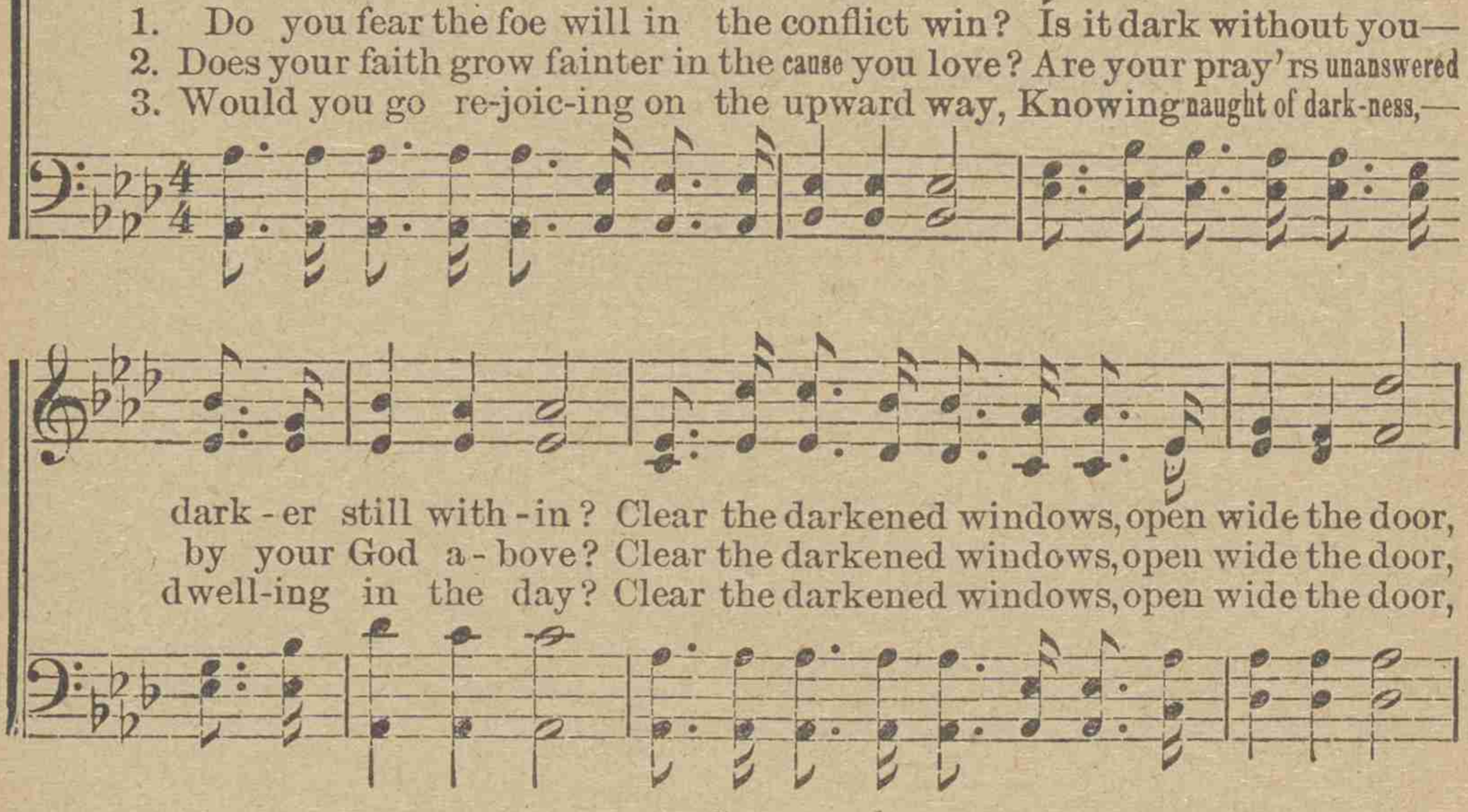
Copyright, 1891, by P. Bilhorn.

320. Let the Sunshine In.

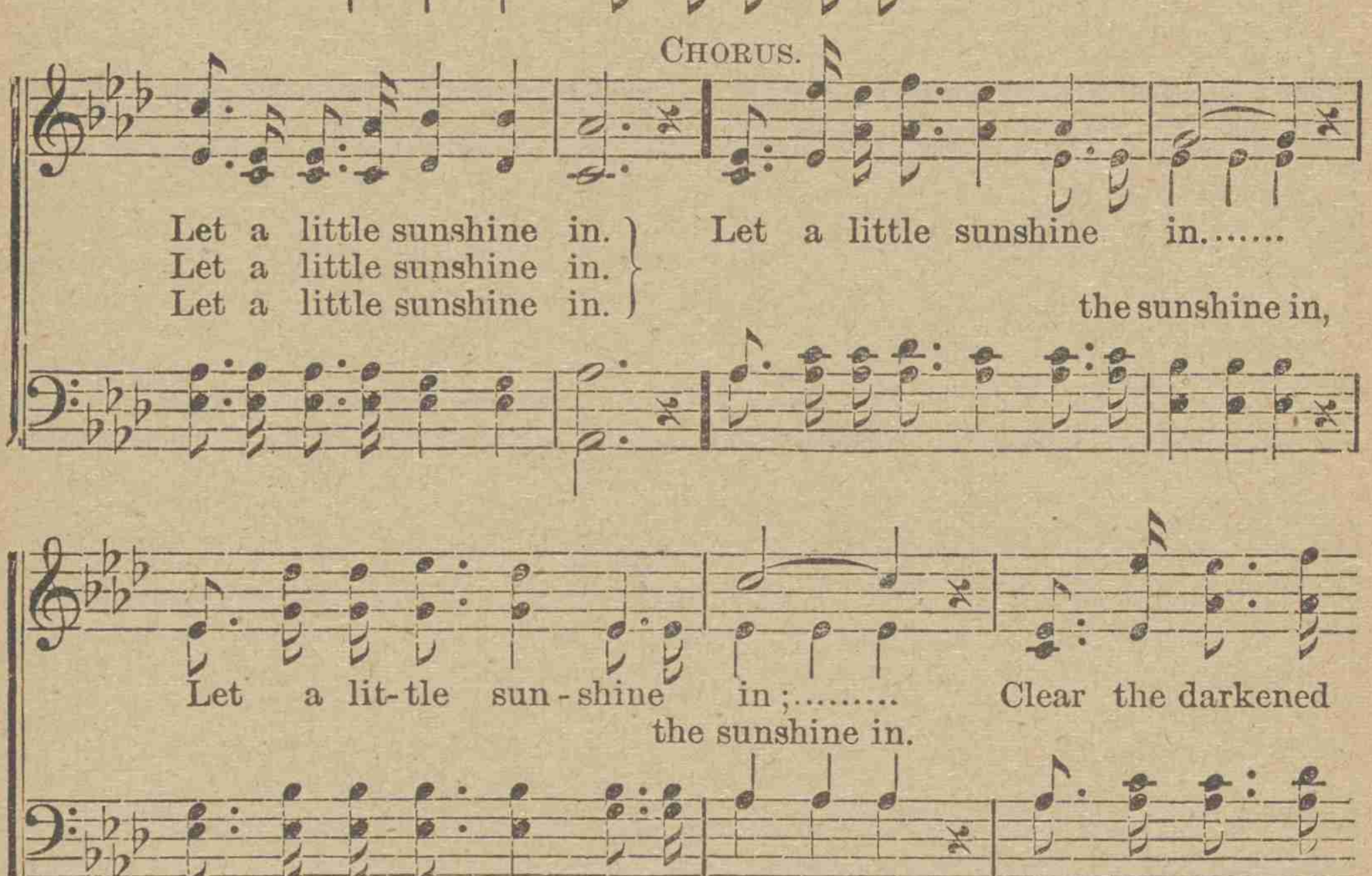
ADA BLENKHORN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Do you fear the foe will in the conflict win? Is it dark without you—
2. Does your faith grow fainter in the cause you love? Are your pray'rs unanswered
3. Would you go re-joic-ing on the upward way, Knowing naught of dark-ness,—



dark-er still with-in? Clear the darkened windows, open wide the door,
by your God a-bove? Clear the darkened windows, open wide the door,
dwell-ing in the day? Clear the darkened windows, open wide the door,

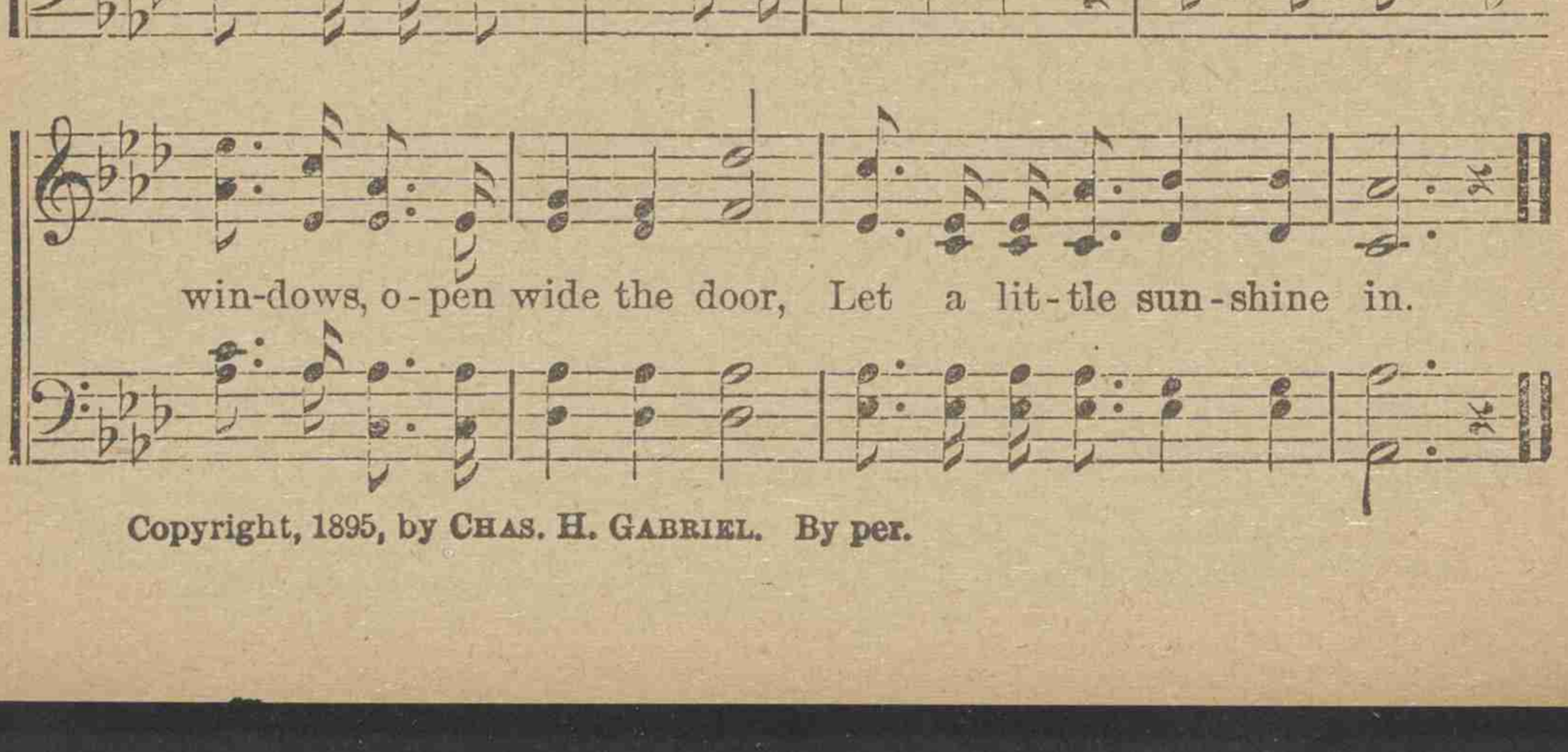


CHORUS.

Let a little sunshine in.
Let a little sunshine in.
Let a little sunshine in.

Let a little sunshine in.....

the sunshine in,



Let a lit-tle sun-shine in;..... Clear the darkened

the sunshine in.

win-dows, o-pen wide the door, Let a lit-tle sun-shine in.

Copyright, 1895, by CHAS. H. GABRIEL. By per.

321. What Will You Do When the Saviour Comes?

May be used as a Solo.

REV. A. W. CONNER. W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

1. Oh broth-er, the Sav-iour is com-ing a-gain With
2. Oh broth-er, He'll come when the an-gel of light Shall
3. Oh broth-er, the dead shall a-rise from the grave, The

an-gels and saints and glo-ri-fied ones, His pow'r to re-veal and His
stand with His foot, on land and on sea, And swear by the one, who de-
great and the small from far and from near, The righteous be judged and

D. S.—He's com-ing to judge, and He's

FINE.

word to main-tain, Oh what will you do when the Sav-iour comes?
fend-eth the right, That time shall now cease and e-ter-ni-ty be.
scarcely be saved, Oh brother then where shall the sin-ner ap-pear?

com-ing to save, Oh what will you do when the Sav-iour comes?

CHORUS.

Oh what will you do,..... what will you do;.....
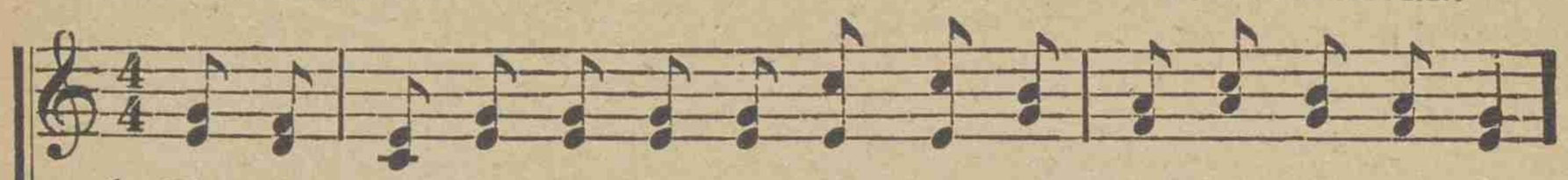
D. S.

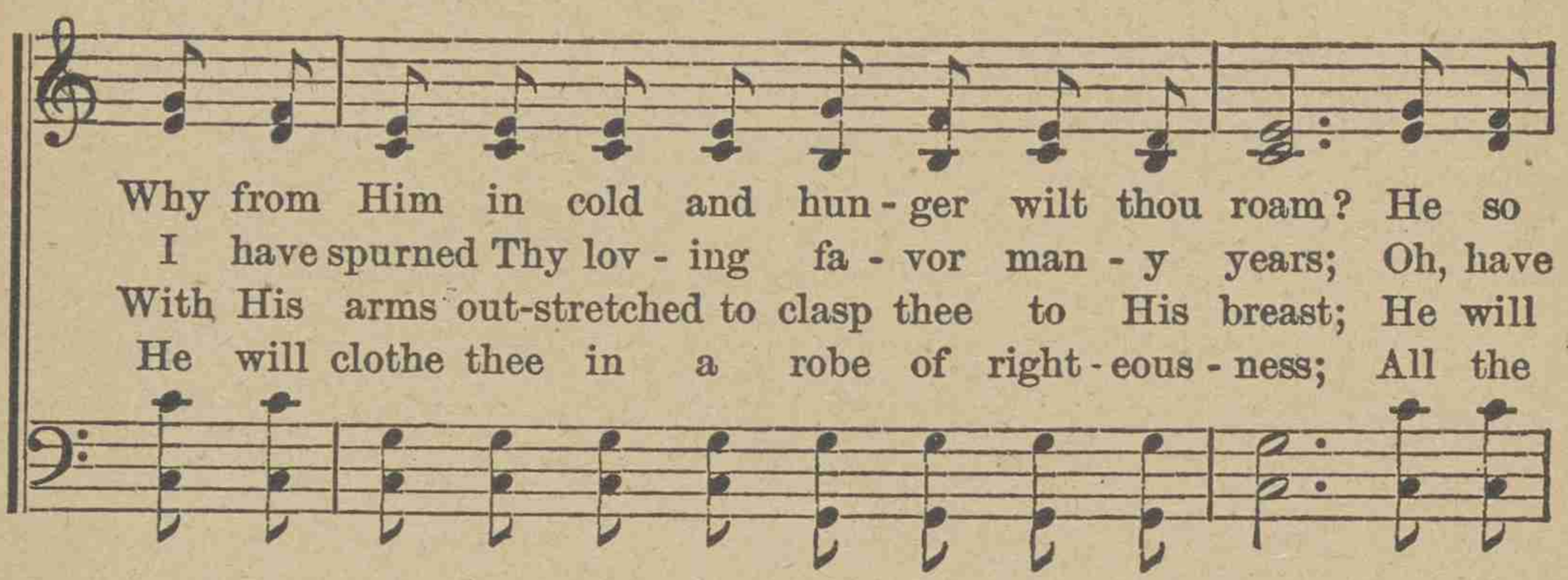
What will you do when the Sav-iour comes?

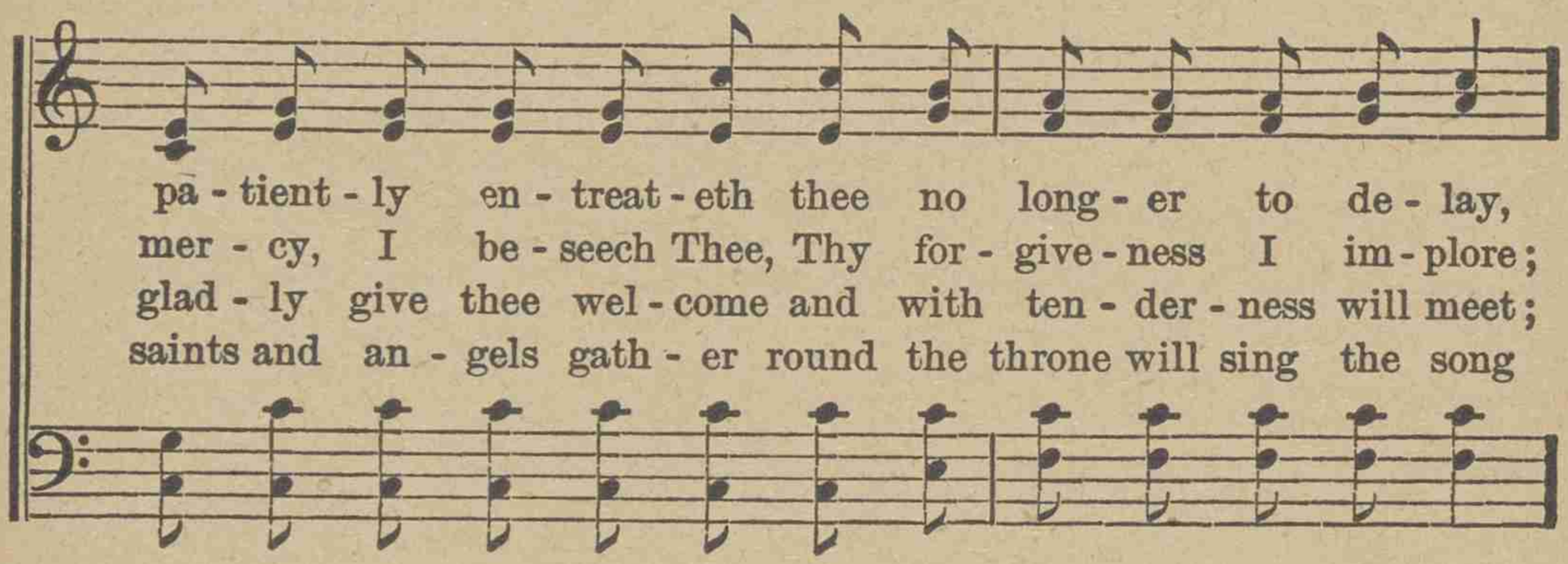
Copyright, 1897, by W. E. M. Hackleman.

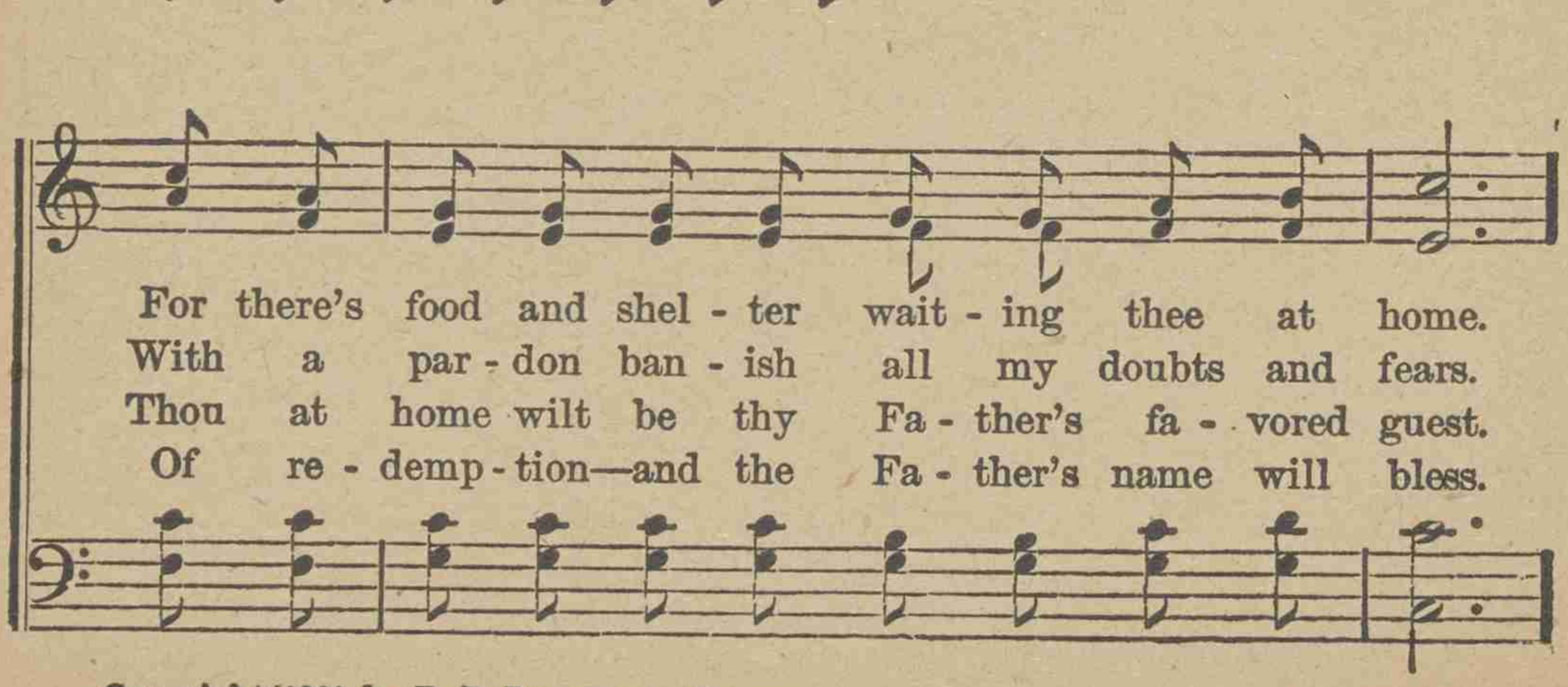
322. He Calleth for Thee.

ADA BLENKHORN. P. P. BILHORN.





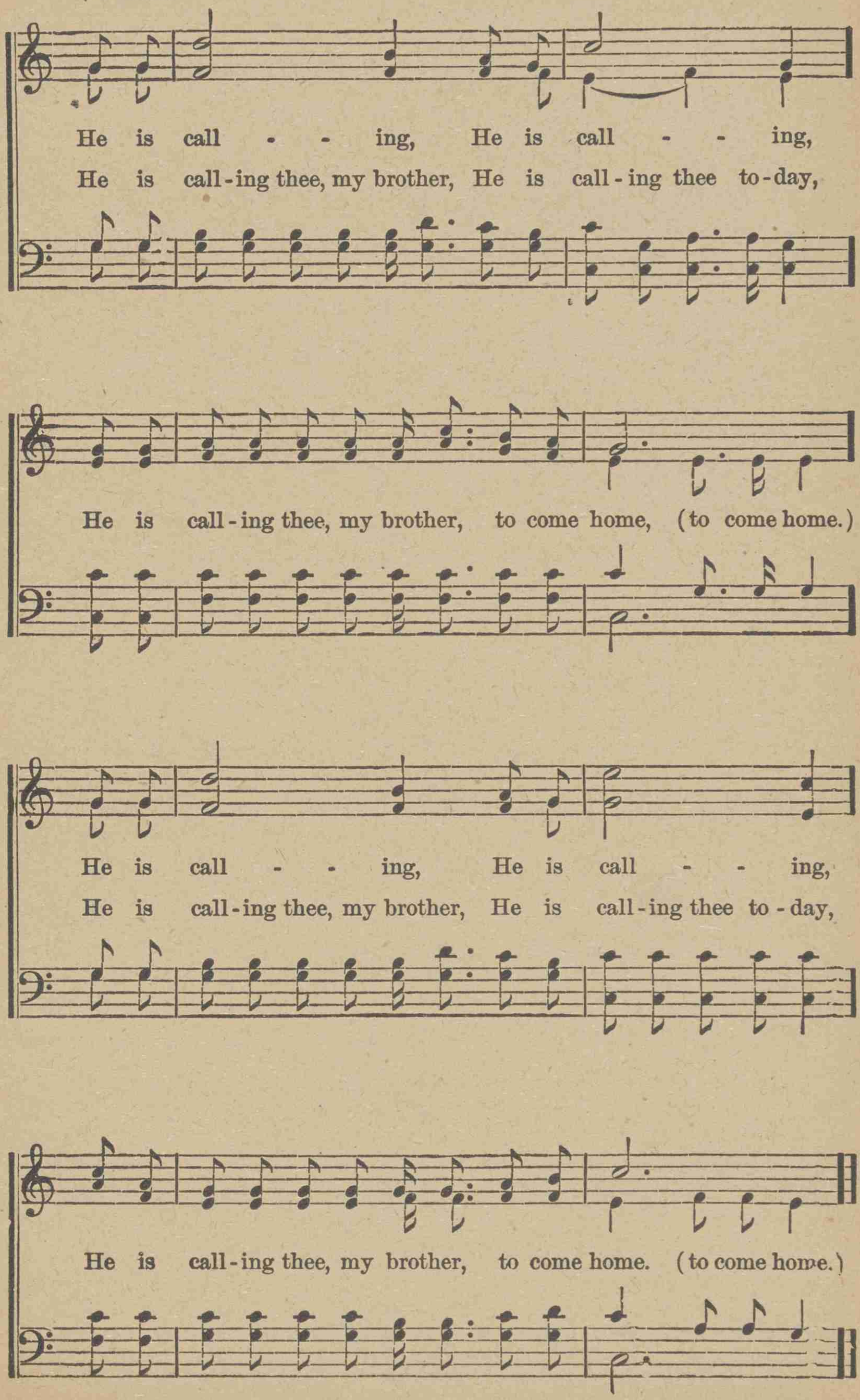




Copyright 1891 by P. P. BILHORN. By per.

He Calleth for Thee.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



323. Shout for Joy.

Words and Music by E. M. DOUTHIT.

1. Oh, the sin-ners are returning to the Lord, Hal-le-lu-jah, let us all re-joice At the tri-umph of the soul's redeeming word, Hal-le-lu-jah, shout with joy-ful voice. Shout for joy, the gospel message is received, Hal-le-lu-jah, bless the Saviour's name, Shout for joy, the dear old sto-ry is believed, Hal-le-lu-jah, swell the glad re-frain.

2. Tho' the sowing was with weeping and with pain, Hal-le-lu-jah, God has furnished grace As we gath-er in the sheaves of golden grain, Hal-le-lu-jah, let us sound His praise.

3. Fol-low on and wave the gospel banner high, Hal-le-lu-jah, Je-sus leads the way, And we know the truth will triumph by and by, Hal-le-lu-jah, let us work and pray.

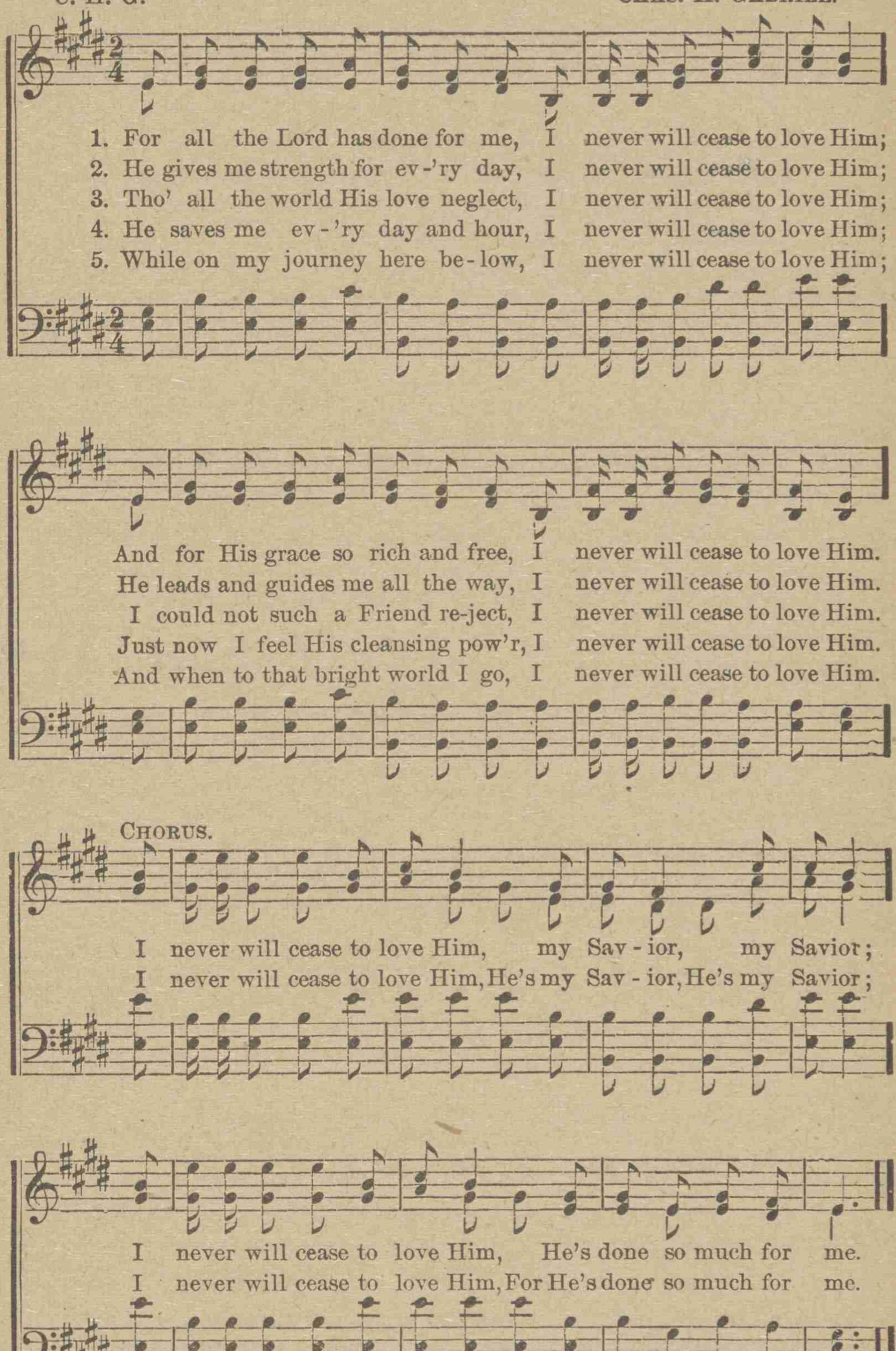
4. There is joy in heav'n, oh, let the news resound, Hal-le-lu-jah, with the an-gels sing, Praise the Lord, the dead's alive, the lost is found, Hal-le-lu-jah, let His prais-es ring.

CHORUS.

Copyright, 1894, by E. M. DOUTHIT. By per.

324. I Never Will Cease to Love Him.
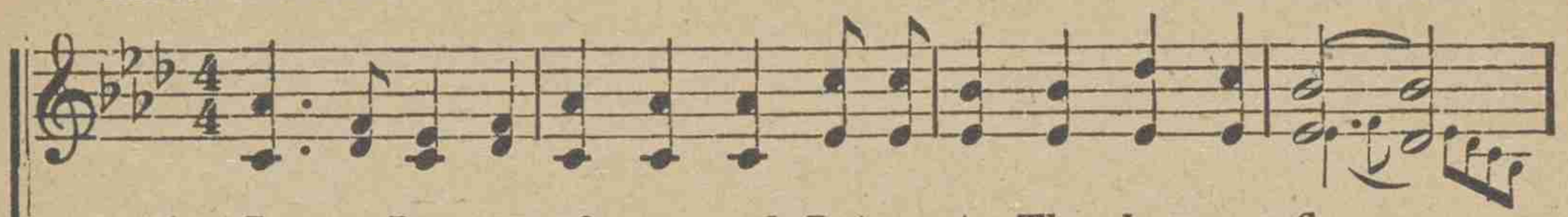
C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
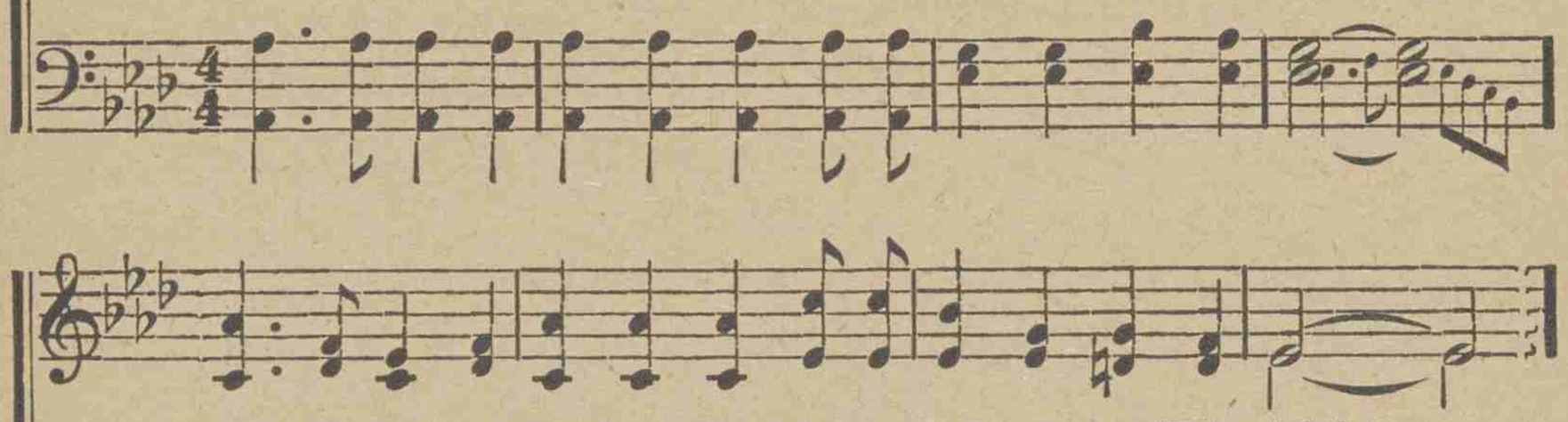


Copyright, 1894, by E. O. EXCELL. By permission.

325. Under the Cross.
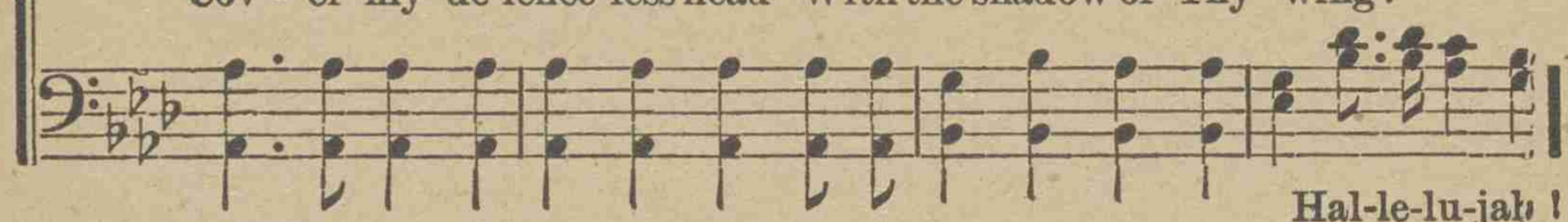
CHAS. WESLEY. E. O. EXCELL.



1. Je - sus Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
2. Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
3. Oth - er ref-uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee,
4. All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
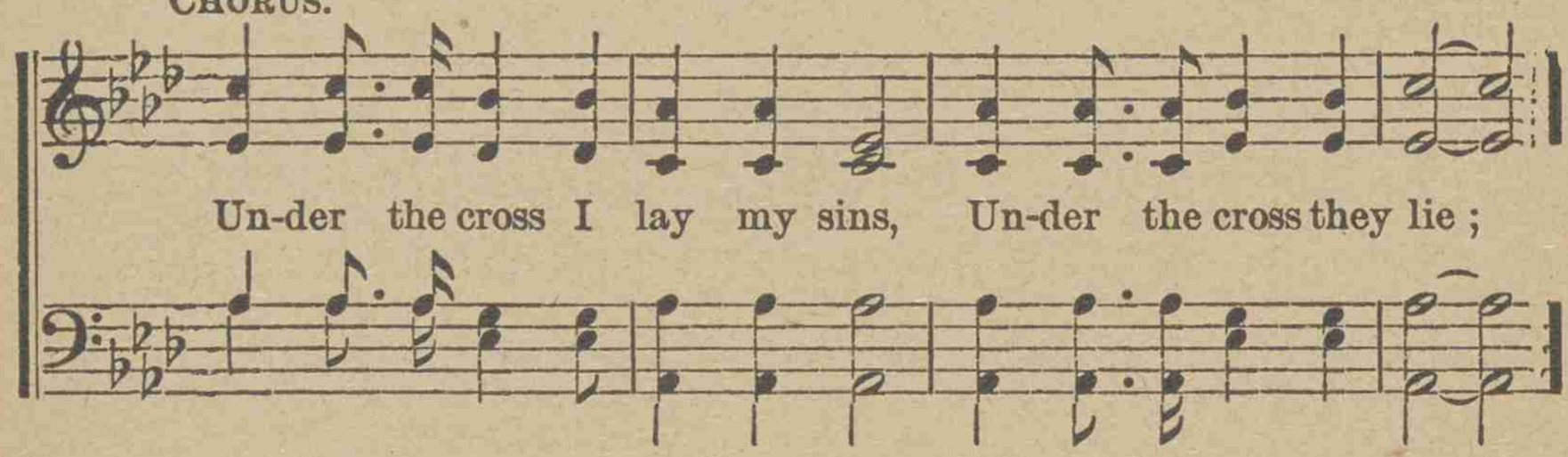


While the near-er wa-ters roll, While the tempest still is high!
Safe in - to the ha-ven guide, O receive my soul at last!
Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still support and comfort me:
Cov - er my de-fence-less head With the shadow of Thy wing!
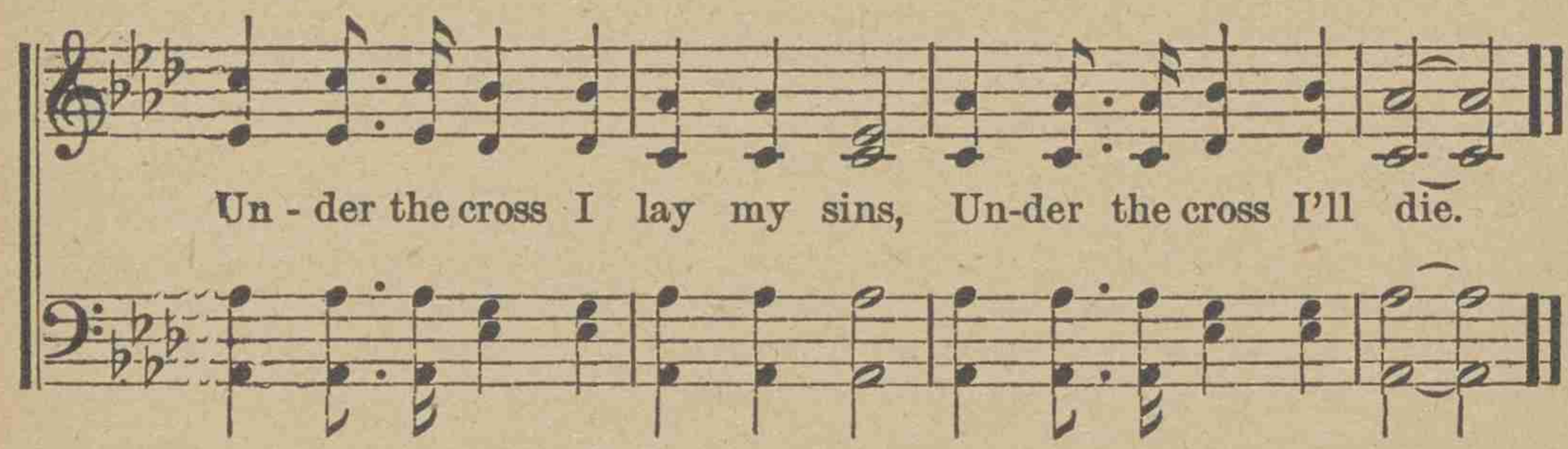


Hal-le-lu-jah!

CHORUS.



Un-der the cross I lay my sins, Un-der the cross they lie;



Un - der the cross I lay my sins, Un-der the cross I'll die.

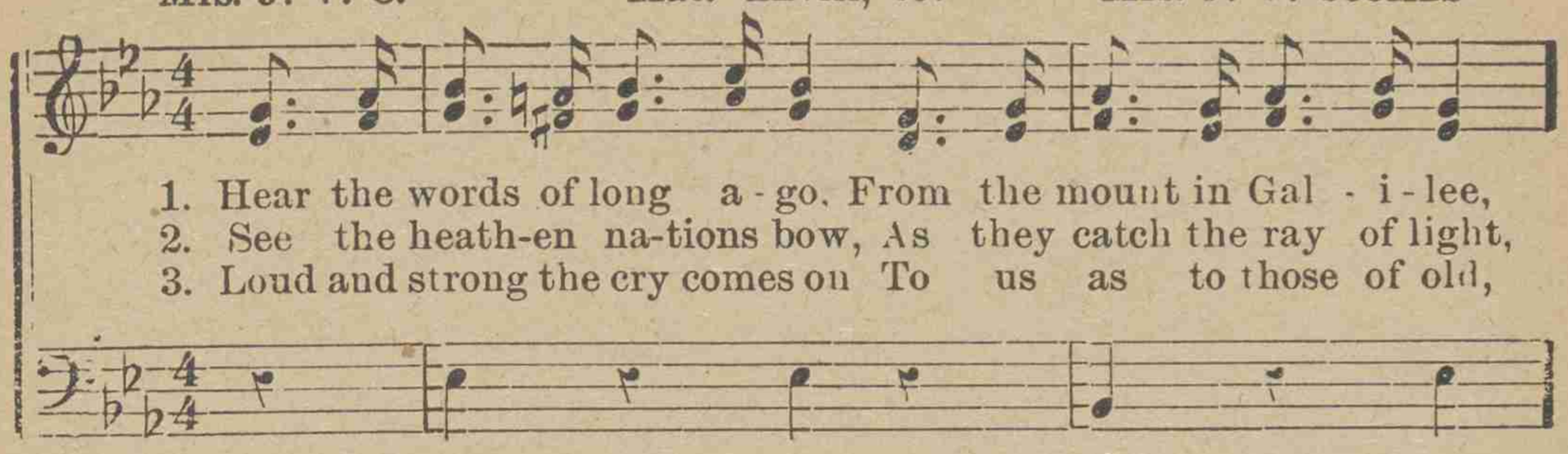
5. Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
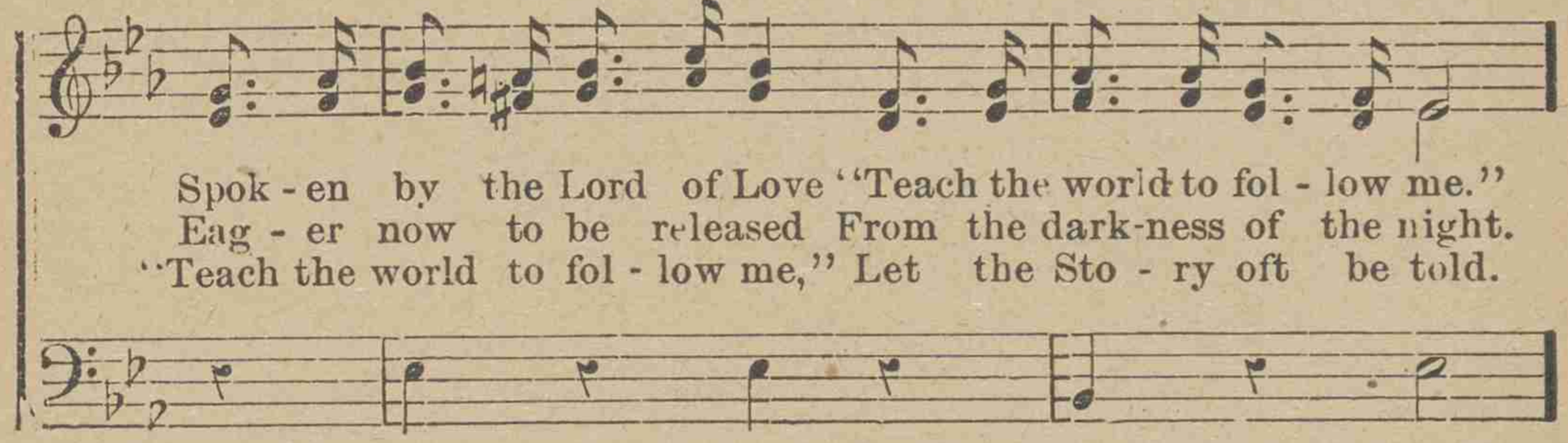
6. Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.
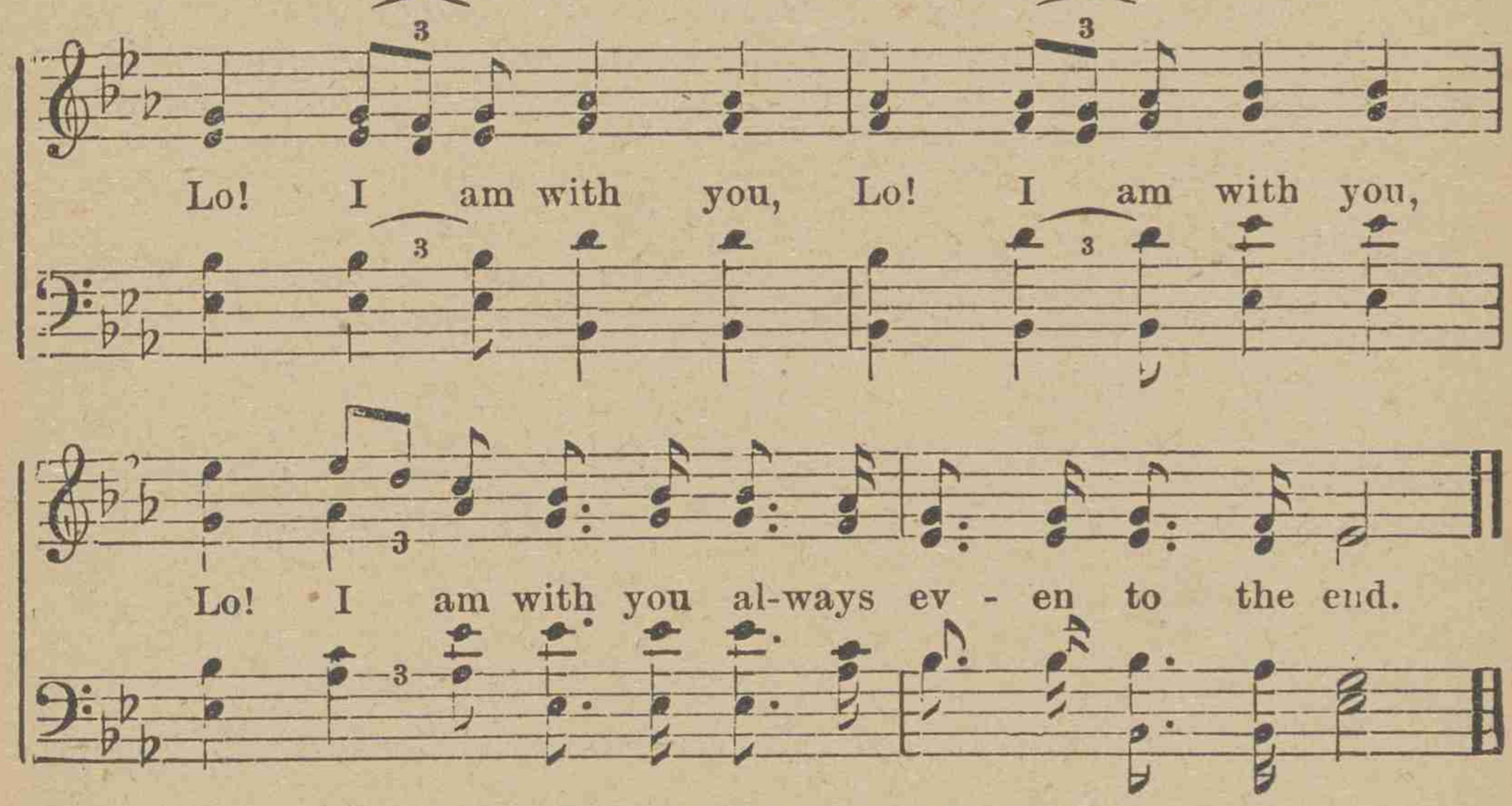
Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

326. Lo, I Am With You.
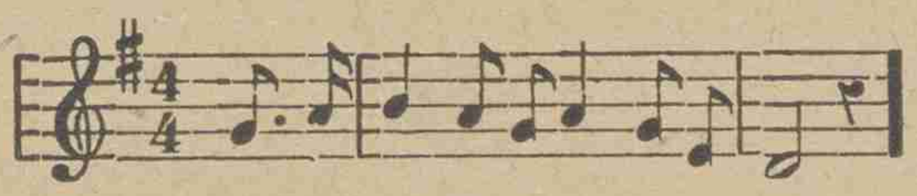
Mrs. J. V. C. Mat. xxviii, 20. Mrs. J. V. COOMBS.







327. SWEET BY-AND-BY.



1 There's a land that is fairer than day
And by faith we can see it afar;
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling-place there.

CHO.--In the sweet by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore;
In the sweet by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

2 We shall meet on that beautiful sho: ;
The melodious songs of the blest;
And our spirits shall sorrow no more—
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

3 To our bountiful Father above
We will offer the tribute of praise,
For the glorious gifts of his love,
And the blessidgs that hallow our days.

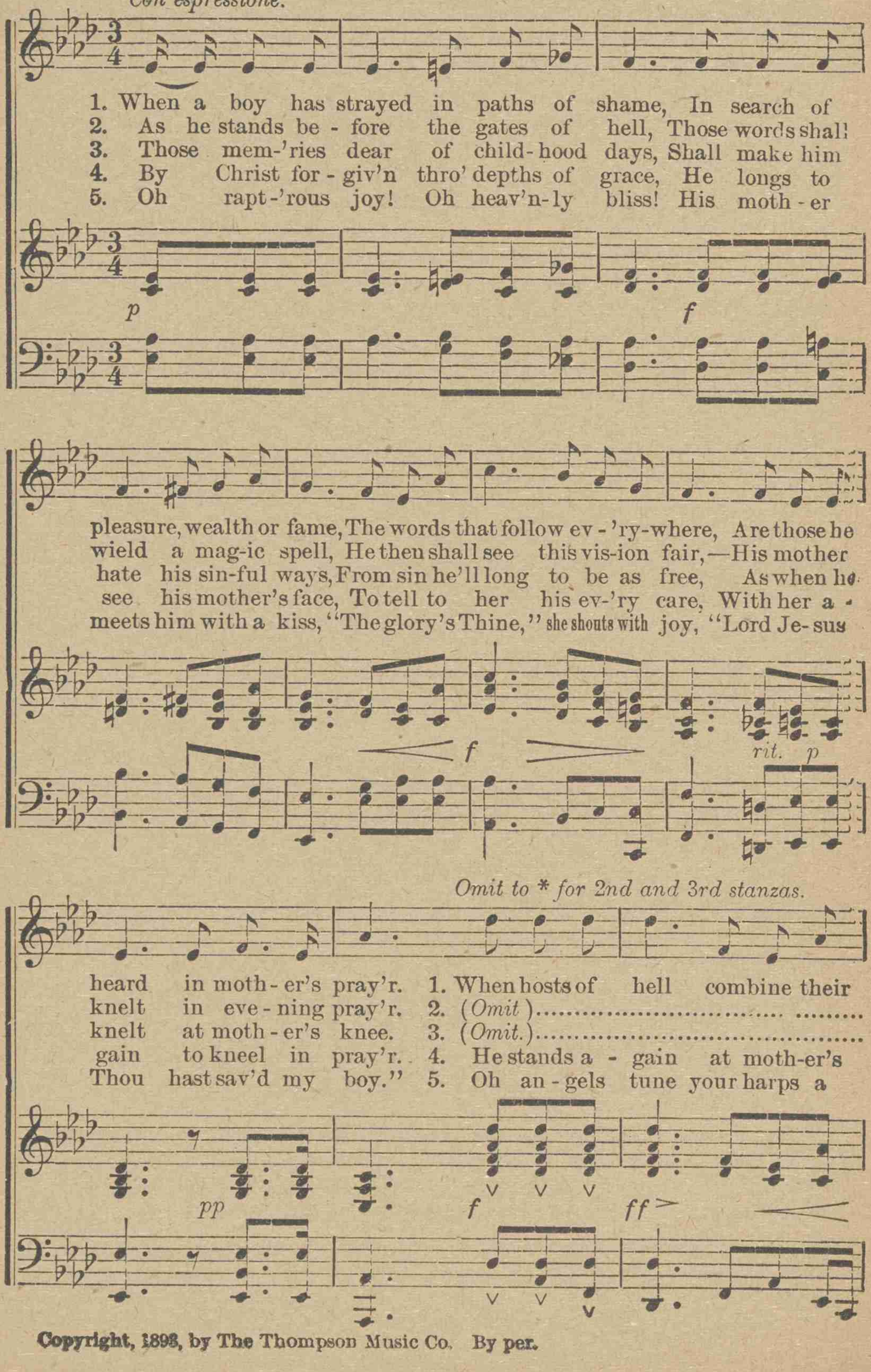
Used by per. of Oliver Ditson Co.

328. Saved by Mother's Prayer.

DESCRIPTIVE SONG.

A. W. CONNER. W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Con espressione.



Copyright, 1893, by The Thompson Music Co. By per.

Saved by Mother's Prayer.—Continued.

power, To drag him down in an aw - ful hour, And drown his
door, From which he wan - dered years be - fore, Oh anx- ious
new, As from your heights this scene you view, And shout thro'

soul in deep de - spair, Then comes a - gain his mother's prayer.
souls, what joys a - wait, The opening of that narrow gate!
out the heav'nly choir, The boy is *saved by mother's prayer.*

f *ff* *f*

FINE.

FINE.

ff *ff*
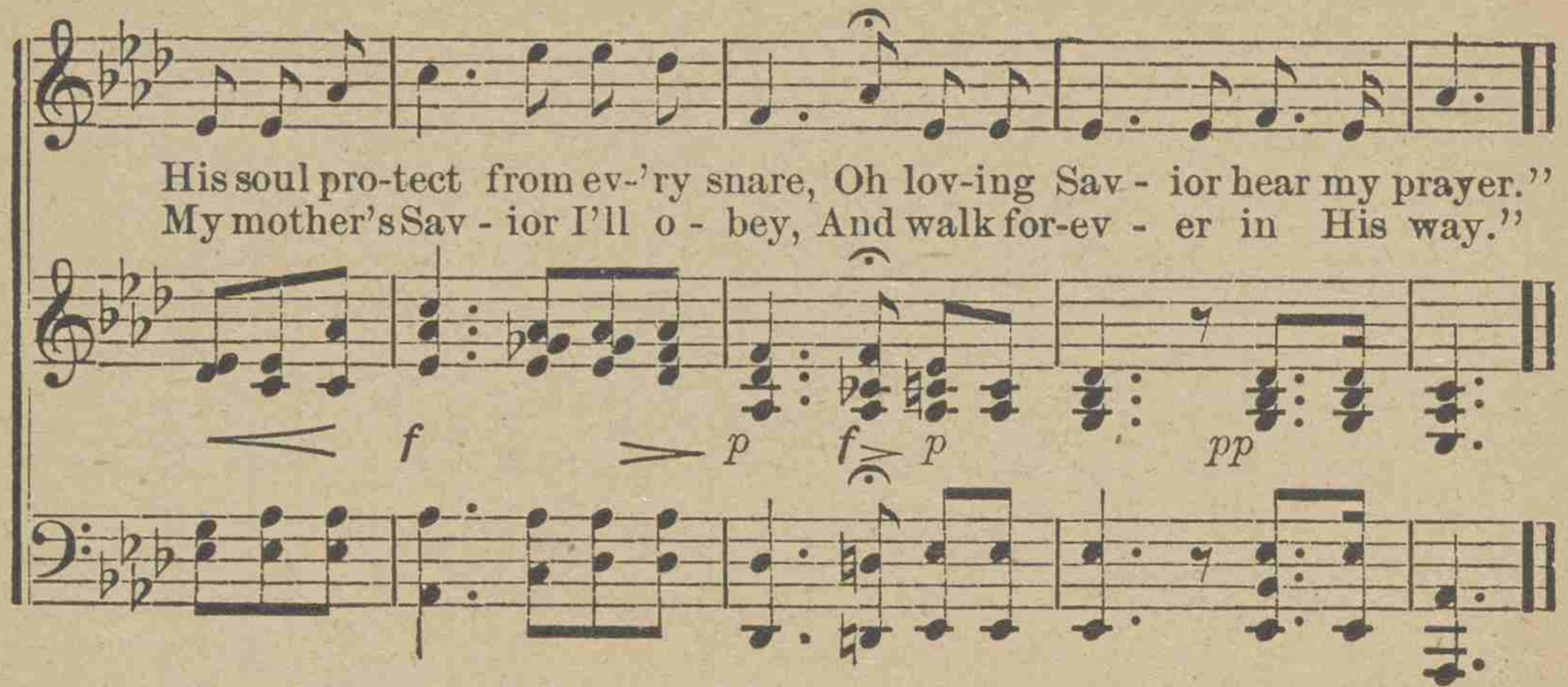
rit.

* *Remainder of 2nd and 3rd stanzas.*
Prayerfully.

2. "God bless my boy" he'll hear her say, "And keep him in the nar-row way.
3. "Oh Christ for-give" he then shall cry, "My ma- ny sins in days gone by.
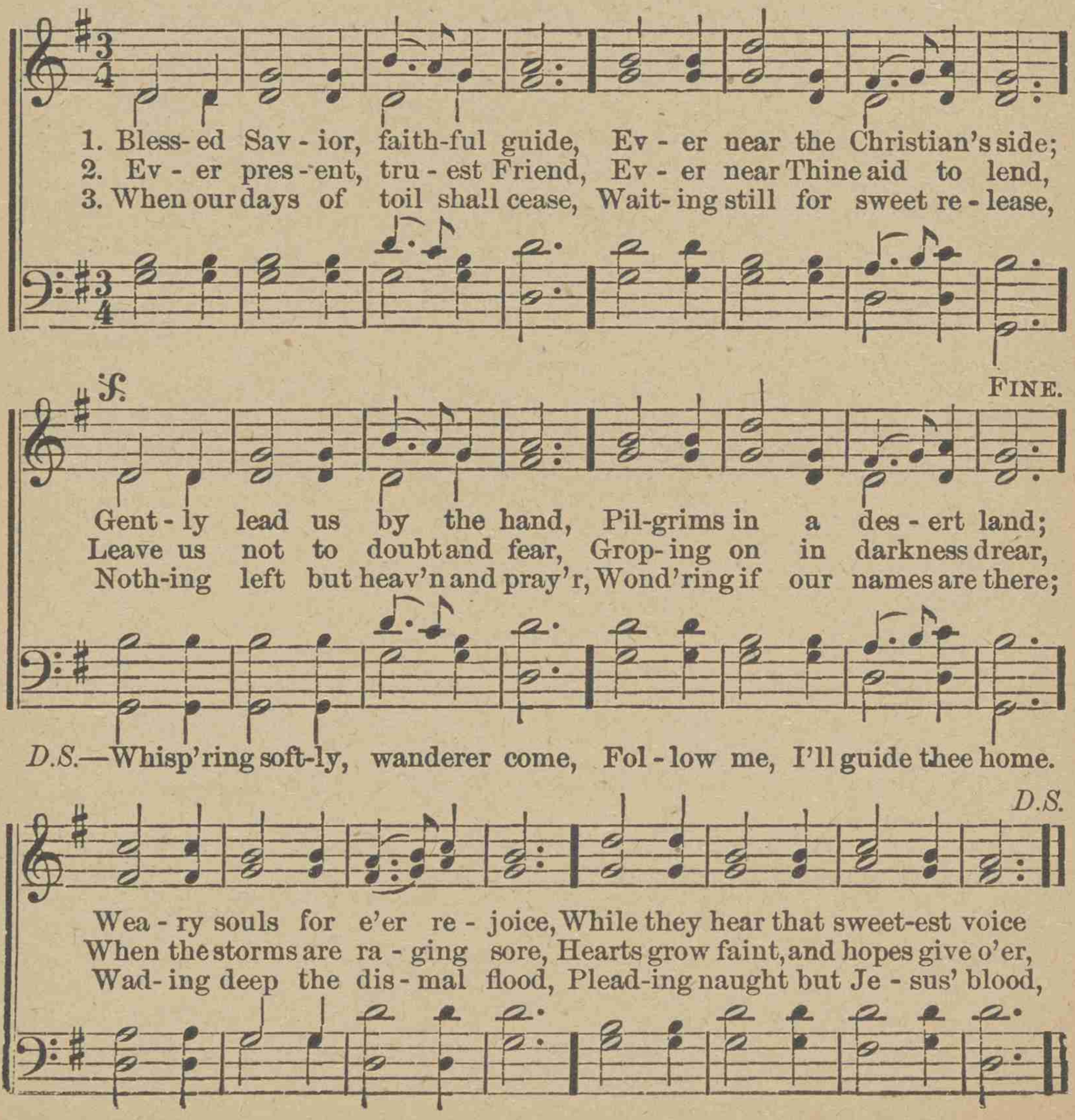
f *p* *f* *p*

Saved by Mother's Prayer.—Concluded.



329. Blessed Savior, Faithful Guide.

M. M. WELLS. MARCUS MORRIS WELLS.



330. Star of My Night.

"When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy."—Matt. 2: 10.

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Rest of the weary, and hope of the soul, Hearts that are bro-ken by thee are made whole; Thou art my ref-uge, my trust is in thee;
2. Give me, O Sav-ior, the bless-ing of peace; I am in bond-age, my spir-it re-lease; Cleanse me and make me all spot-less with-in;
3. When the dark valley of death I have passed, O then re-ceive me and guide me at last, In-to the beau-ti-ful home of the blest,

CHORUS.

Pit-y-ing Je-sus, compassionate me.
Free me for-ev-er from fet-ters of sin.
Glo-ri-ous kingdom of heaven-ly rest.
} Star of my night, star of my night,

bright

Shine on me ev-er, and guide me a-right, Star of my night, (bright)
star of my night, Shine on me ev-er, and guide me a-right.

Copyright, 1888, by D. B. Towner. By per.

331. The Rock that is Higher Than I.

E. JOHNSON. WM. G. FISHER, by per.

1. Oh, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal.
2. Oh, sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how weary my feet;
3. Oh, near to the Rock let me keep, Or blessings, or sor-rows pre-vail;

And sorrows, how oft-en they sweep Like tempests down over the soul.
But toil-ing in life's dusty way, The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet.
Or climbing the mountain-way steep, Or walk-ing the shad-ow-y vale.

CHORUS.

Oh, then, to the Rock let me fly, To the Rock that is high-er than I;
let me fly, is high-er than I,
Oh, then, to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high - er than I.

To Rev. Jas. Conner, Sr. A Preacher of the Gospel for 65 years.

332. Life's Story in Song.

Solo or Quartette.

Rev. A. W. Conner. W. E. M. Hackleman.

Largo expressione.

1. "Je-sus, I my cross have tak en," Sang a lad of ten-der years,
2. "Je-sus, I my cross have tak-en," Sang a man of toil and care,
3. "Je-sus, I my cross have tak-en," Sang a pil-grim bent with years,
4. "Je-sus, I my cross have tak-en," Sang they at his last re-quest,

Lit - tle thinking of life's burdens, Or its coming doubts and fears.
Ma-ny friends of earth had left him,—For the cross he chose to bear.
Sang and tho't of friends de-part-ed, As he trod a vale of tears.
As they sang he saw a vis - ion, 'Twas his home, his long sought rest.

Glad-ly he his cross had tak - en, While his heart from care was free;
Still his heart was fixed on Je - sus, And he trod life's path a - lone;
Thought, and longed to leave his burdens, And his friends in glo - ry see.
Then they stopped to catch the whispers, As he trod death's vale a - lone,

And he sang with true de-vo-tion, "Thou from hence my all shalt be."
Ev - er sing-ing with submission, "God and Heav'n are still my own."
But he sang with true e-mo-tion, "Thou from hence my all shalt be."
And they heard him calmly saying, "God and Heav'n are still my own."
shalt be.
my own.

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333. The Sinner and the Song.

W. L. T. W. L. THOMPSON.

SOLO.

ORGAN.

1. A sinner was wand'ring at ev - en-tide, His tempter was watching close
2. He stopped and listened to ev'ry sweet chord, He remembered the time he

by at his side, In his heart raged a bat - tle for
once loved the Lord, Come on! says the tempter, come

right against wrong. But hark! from the church he hears the sweet song.
on with the throng, But hark! from the church a - gain swells the song.

pp QUARTET.

1. Je - sus lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bos - om fly,
2. While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high,
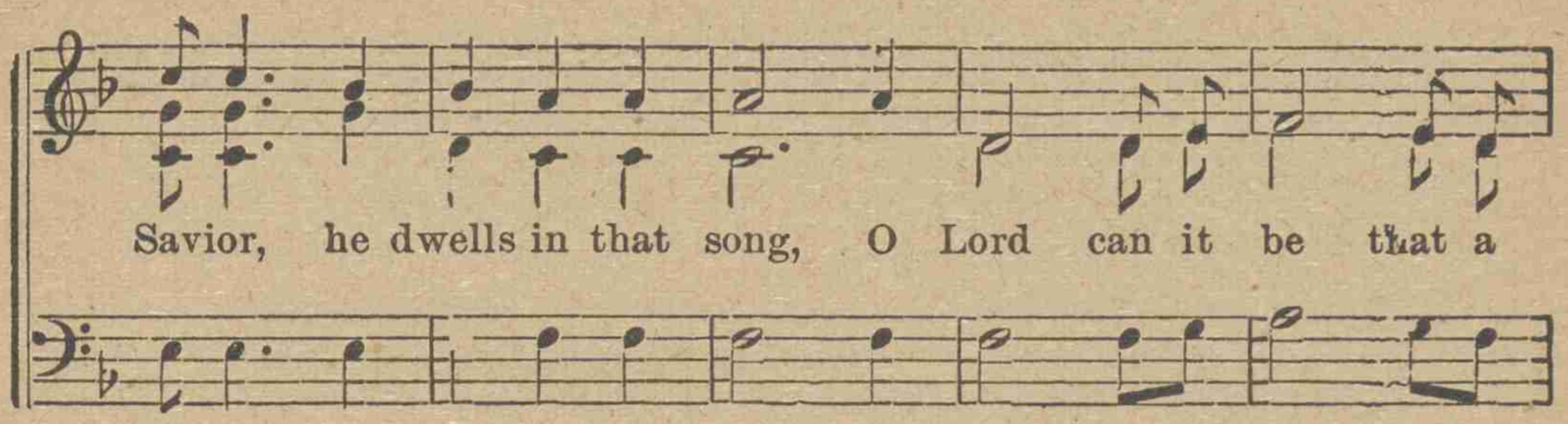
SOLO.
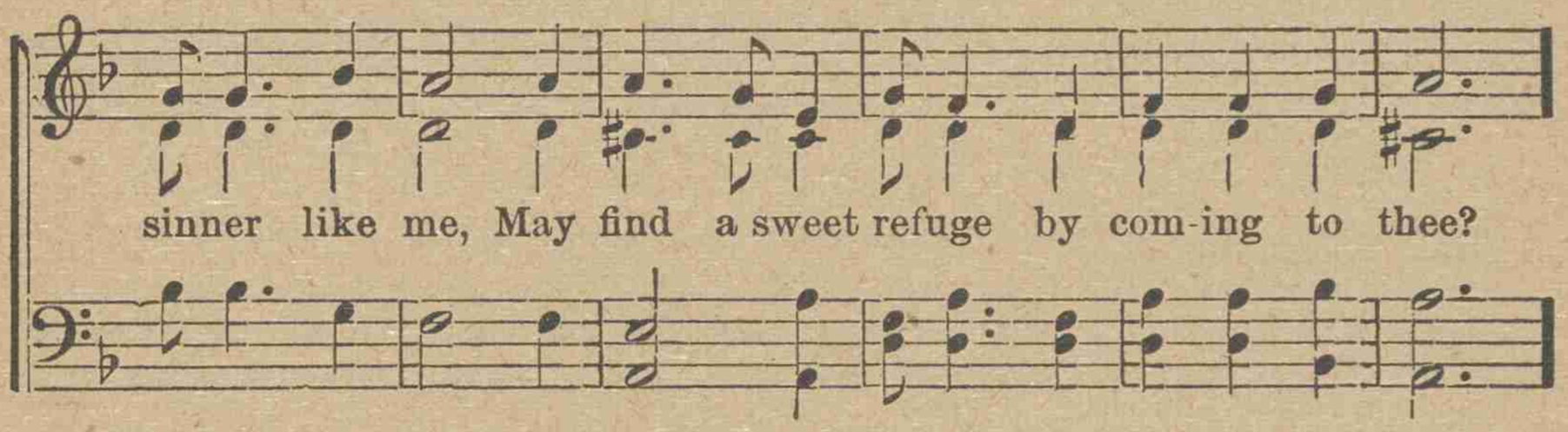
ORGAN.
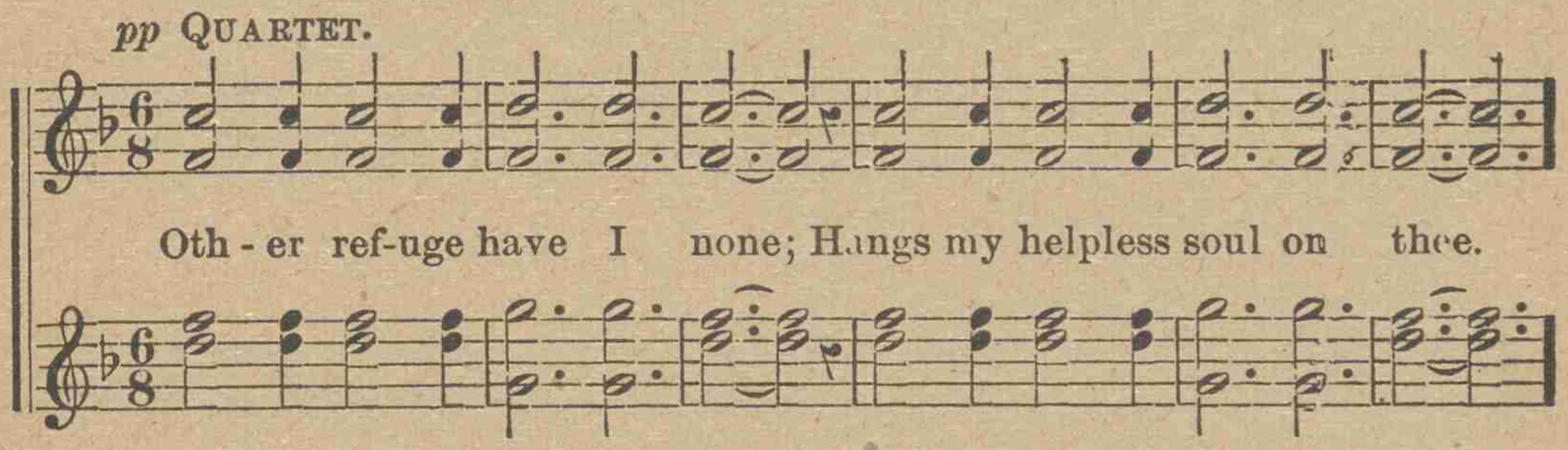
Oh, tempter, de - part, I have served thee too long, I fly to the
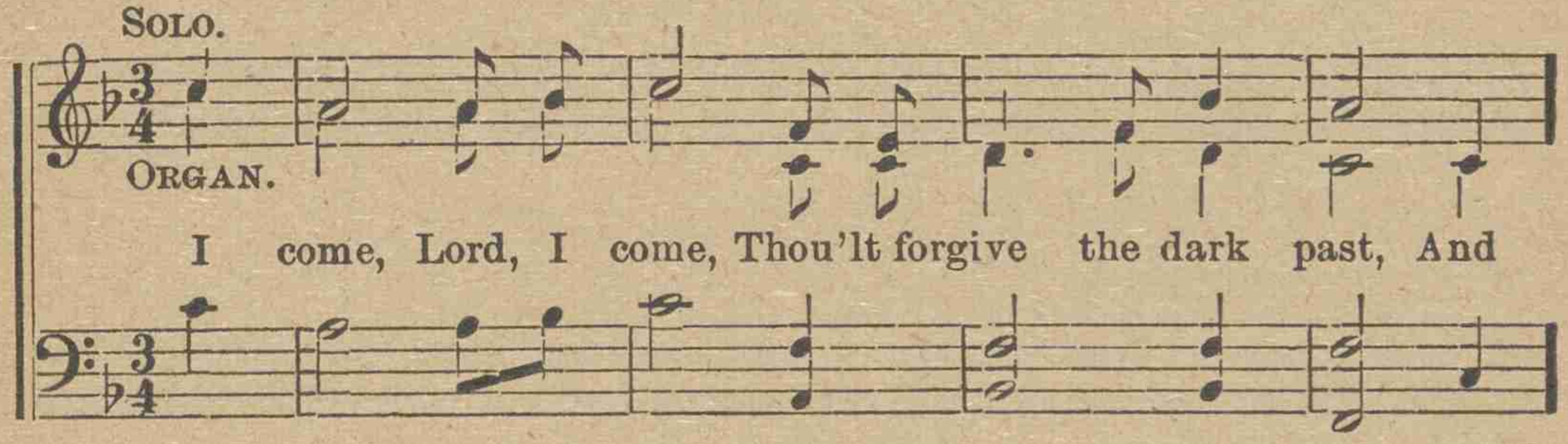
By per. of W. L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O.
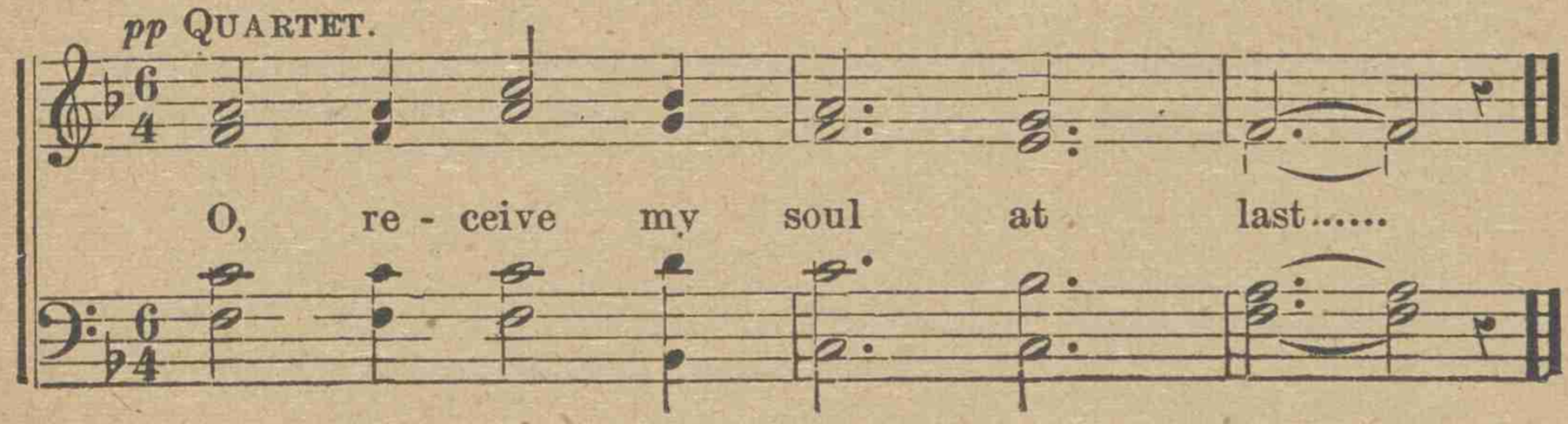
The Sinner and the Song.—Concluded.











334. What Will You Do With Jesus?

May be used as a Solo.

NATHANIEL NORTON. W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

1. Oh what will you do with Je - sus? The call comes low and sweet,
2. Oh what will you do with Je - sus? The call comes loud and clear,
3. Oh think of the King of glo ry, From heav'n to earth come down,
*4. The judg - ment day is com - ing And then be-fore His throne,

As ten-der-ly He bids you, Your bur-dens lay at His feet.
The solemn words are sound-ing, In ev - 'ry list - en - ing ear.
His life so pure and ho - ly, His death, His cross, and His crown.
You'll stand with ev - 'ry na - tion, Be judged by deeds you have done.

Oh soul so sad and wea - ry, That voice sweetly speaks to thee,
Immortal life's in the question, And joy thro' e - ter - ni - ty,
He looked on thee with compassion, He sac - ri-ficed all for thee,
If you have re-ject-ed Je - sus, The question, then changed will be,

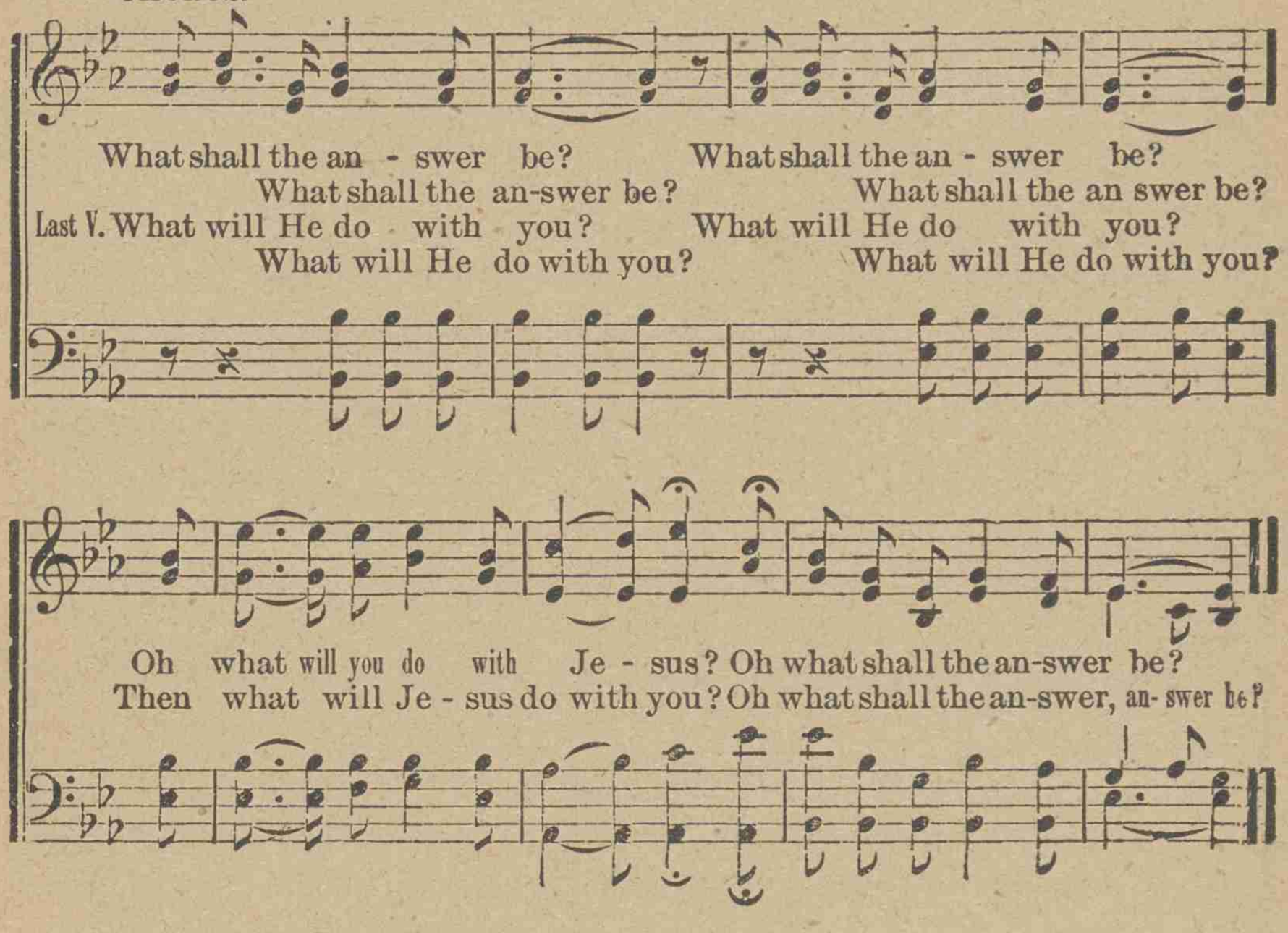
Then what will you do with Je - sus? Oh what shall the an-swer be?
Last V. For what will Je - sus do with you? Oh what shall the an-swer, an - swer be?

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*Last verse W. E. M. H.

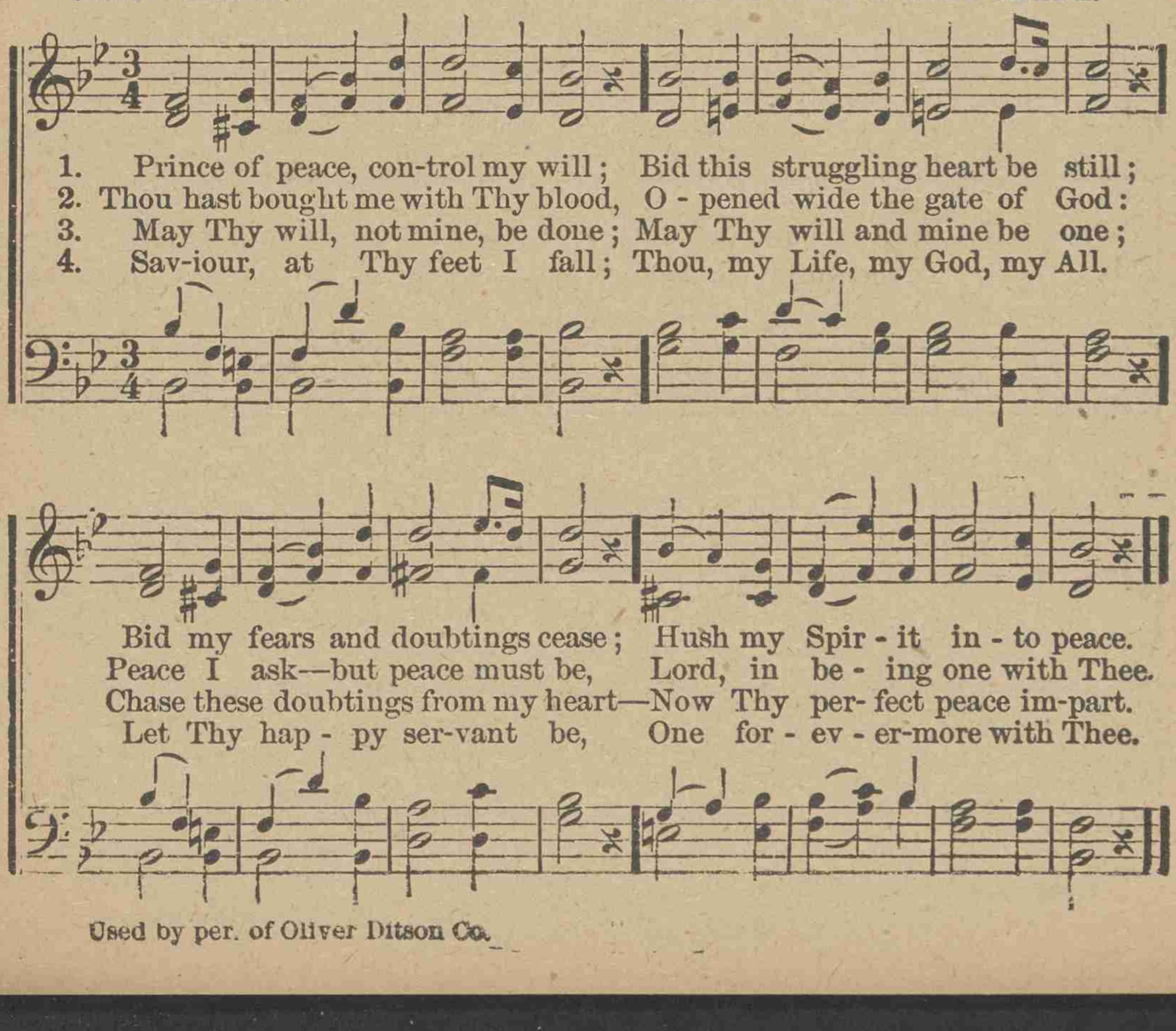
What Will You Do With Jesus?—Concluded.

CHORUS.



335. Prince of Peace.

MARY BARBER Arr. from L. M. GOTTSCHALK.
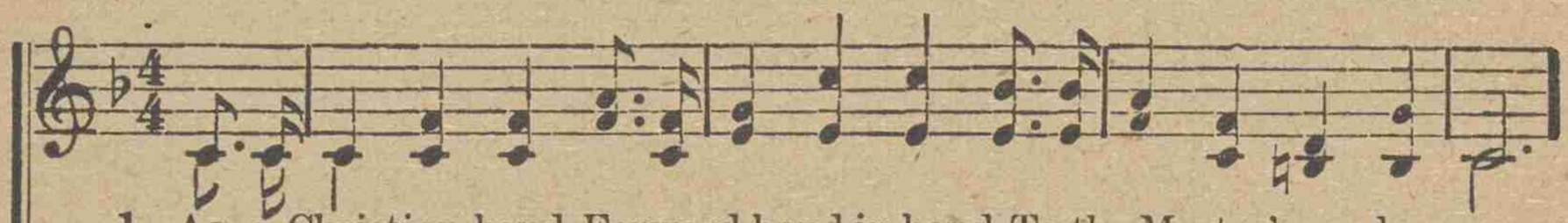


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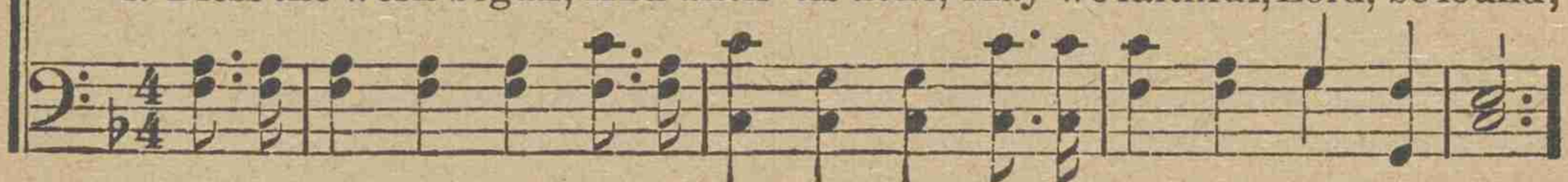
336. The Master's Work.
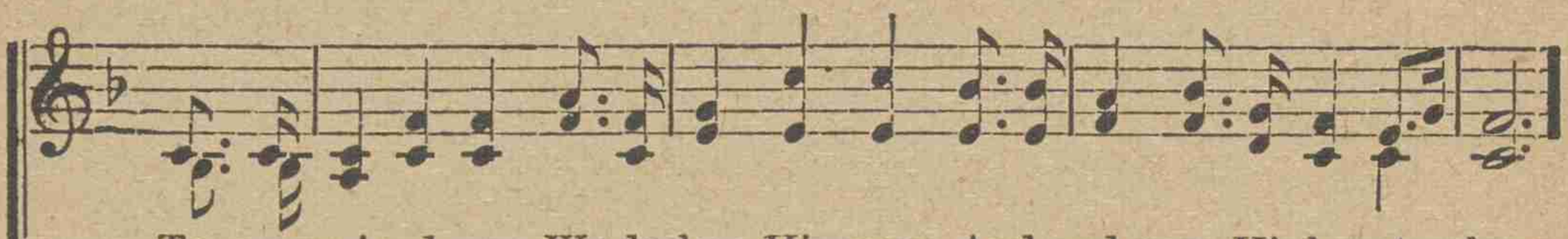
Dedicated to the Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavor.

F. A. B. F. A. BLACKMER.
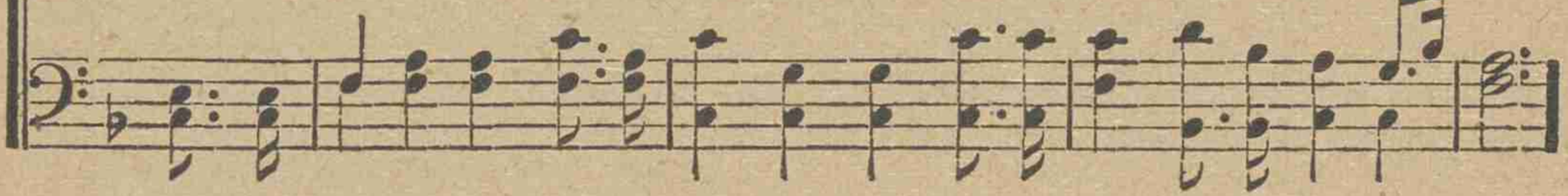


1. As a Christian band, Forward hand in hand, To the Master's work we go;
2. In our task a-greed, Taking for our creed All the blessed word of God,
3. Far as sin hath wrought, Hath our Saviour taught That the word of life should go;
4. Bless the work begun, And until 'tis done, May we faithful, Lord, be found;
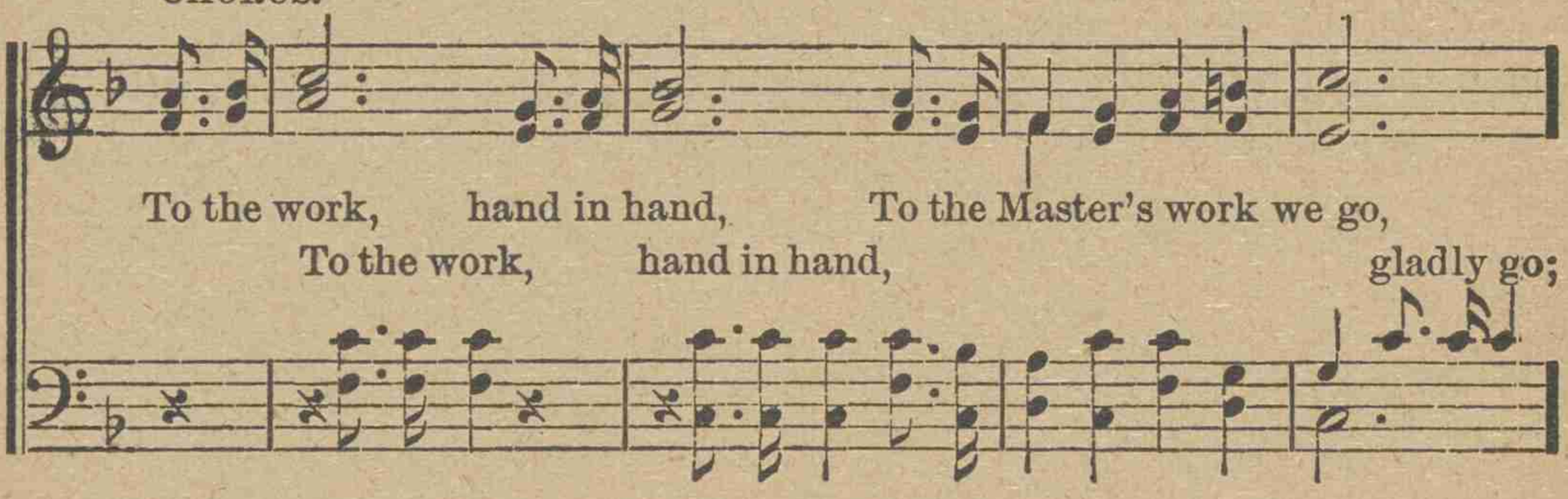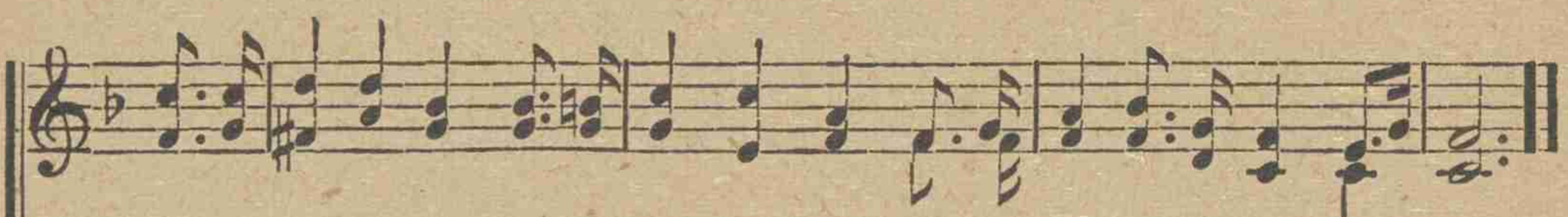




To a ruined race We declare His grace, And endeavor His love to show.
We together meet, And in union sweet, Seek to walk where the Master trod.
And we strive as one That His will be done, And the whole world His great love know.
May our ranks increase, And in grace and peace More and more make us to abound.
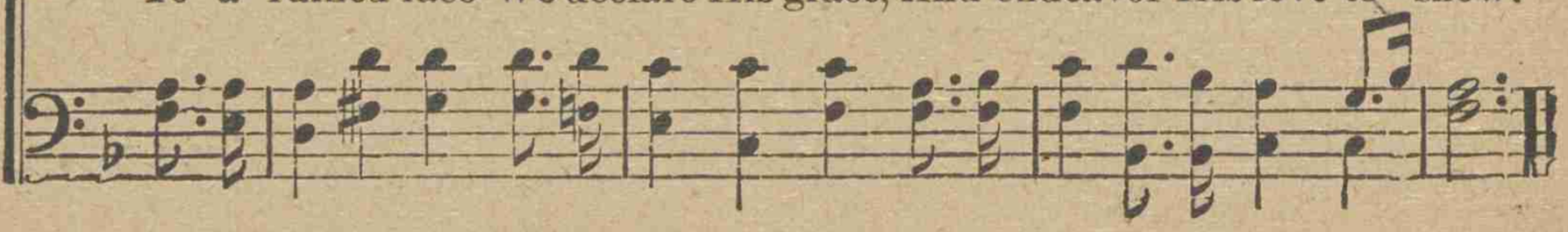


CHORUS.



To the work, hand in hand, To the Master's work we go,
To the work, hand in hand, gladly go;



To a ruined race We declare His grace, And endeavor His love to show.



Copyright, 1895, by F. A. BLACKMER. **By per.**

337. Look and Live.

W. A. O. W. A. OGDEN.

1. I've a message from the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah! The message un - to you I'll give, 'Tis re - corded in His word, Hal - le - lu - jah!
2. I've a message full of love, Hal - le - lu - jah! A message, oh! my friend for you, 'Tis a message from above, Hal - le - lu - jah!
3. Life is offered un - to thee, Hal - le - lu - jah! E - ter - nal life thy soul shall have, If you'll on - ly look to Him, Hal - le - lu - jah!
4. I will tell you how I came; Hal - le - lu - jah! To Je-sus, when He made me whole; 'Twas be - lieving on His name, Hal - le - lu - jah!

D. S.—'Tis re - corded in His word, Hal - le - lu - jah!

CHORUS.

FINE.

It is on - ly that you "look and live." "Look and live,".....
Je - sus said it; and I know 'tis true.
Look to Je - sus, who a - lone can save.
I obeyed Him and He saved my soul. "Look and live,"

It is on - ly that you "look and live."

D. S.

my brother, live, Look to Je - sus now and live.
my brother, live, "Look and live."

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338. Hastening On.

F. F. D. F. F. DAWDY.

1. Down to death, oh, what a thought! Soon will come the aw - ful day;
2. Ma - ny dear ones that we love, Ere they reach the o - cean wide,
3. Je - sus stands up - on the shore Of the land beyond the grave,
4. Time is flit - ting fast a - way; Soon will cease the heaving breast;

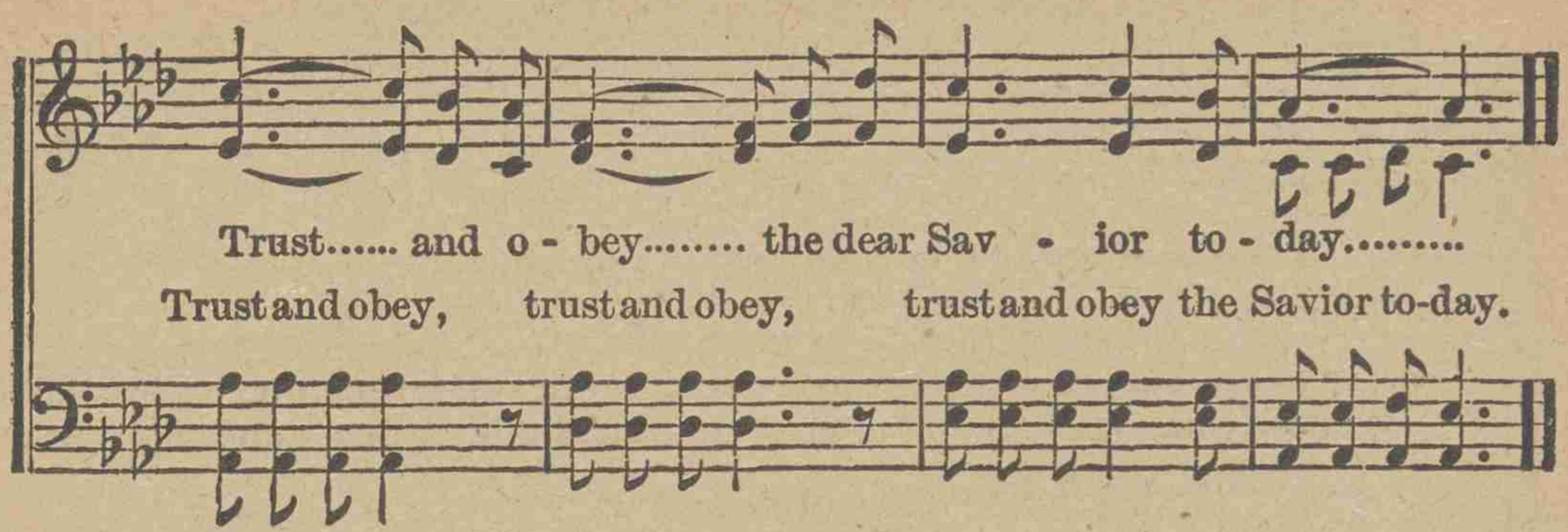
Down, by sin and sorrow brought, Ma - ny has - ten on the way.
Let us win for heav'n a - bove, Soon they'll cross the stormy tide.
Say - ing, "Live for - ev - er - more, Come, for I have pow'r to save."
Come to Je - sus while you may, Come, and be for - ev - er blest.

CHORUS.

Hast - en - ing down..... the dark road to the grave;
Hastening down, hastening down, hastening down the road to the grave,
Hast - - en - ing on..... with no pow - er to save;
Hastening on, hastening on, hastening on, no power to save;
Haste, then, oh, wan - d'rer and turn from the way,
Turn from the way, turn from the way, turn, then, oh, turn and leave the broad way.

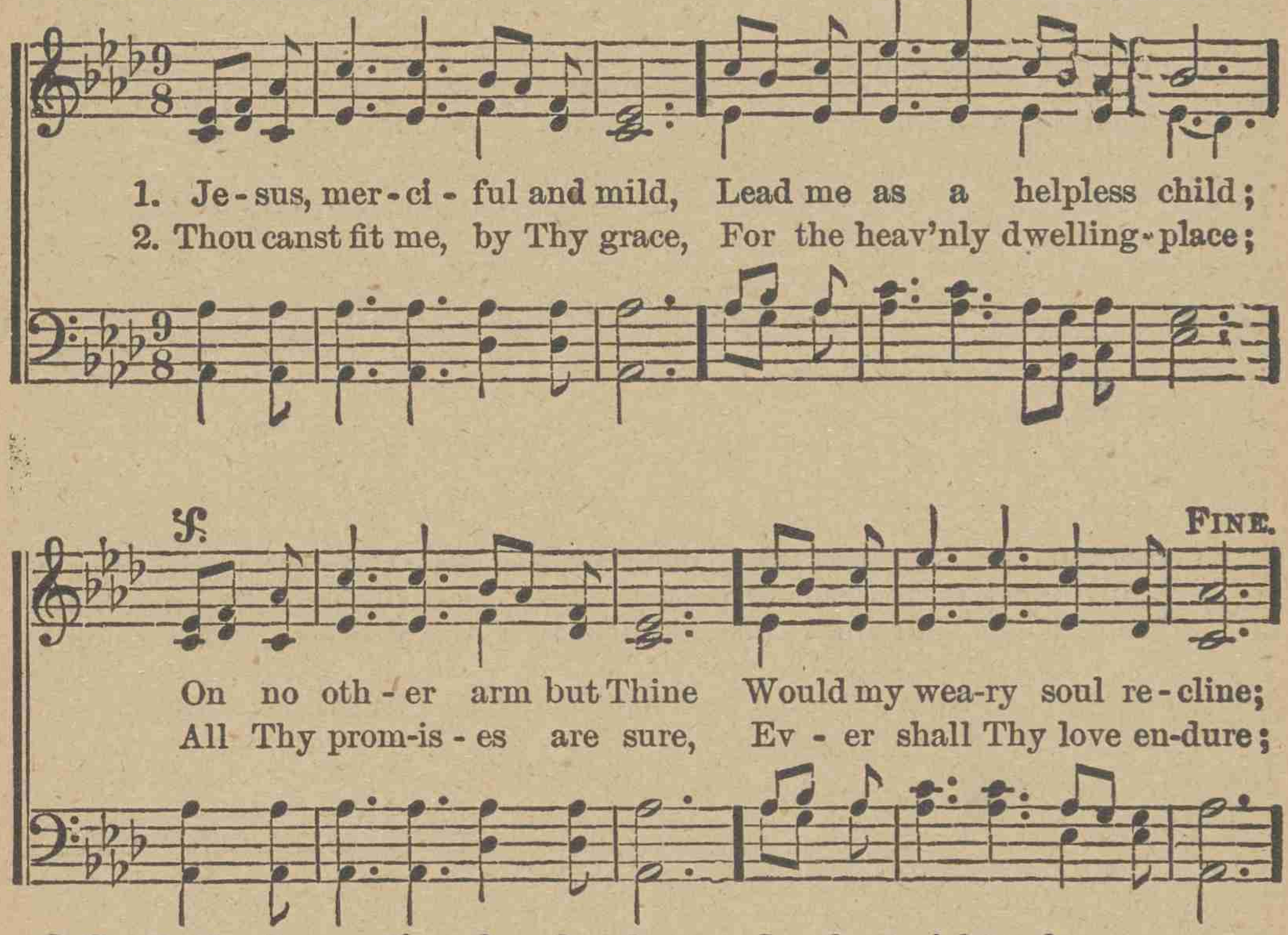
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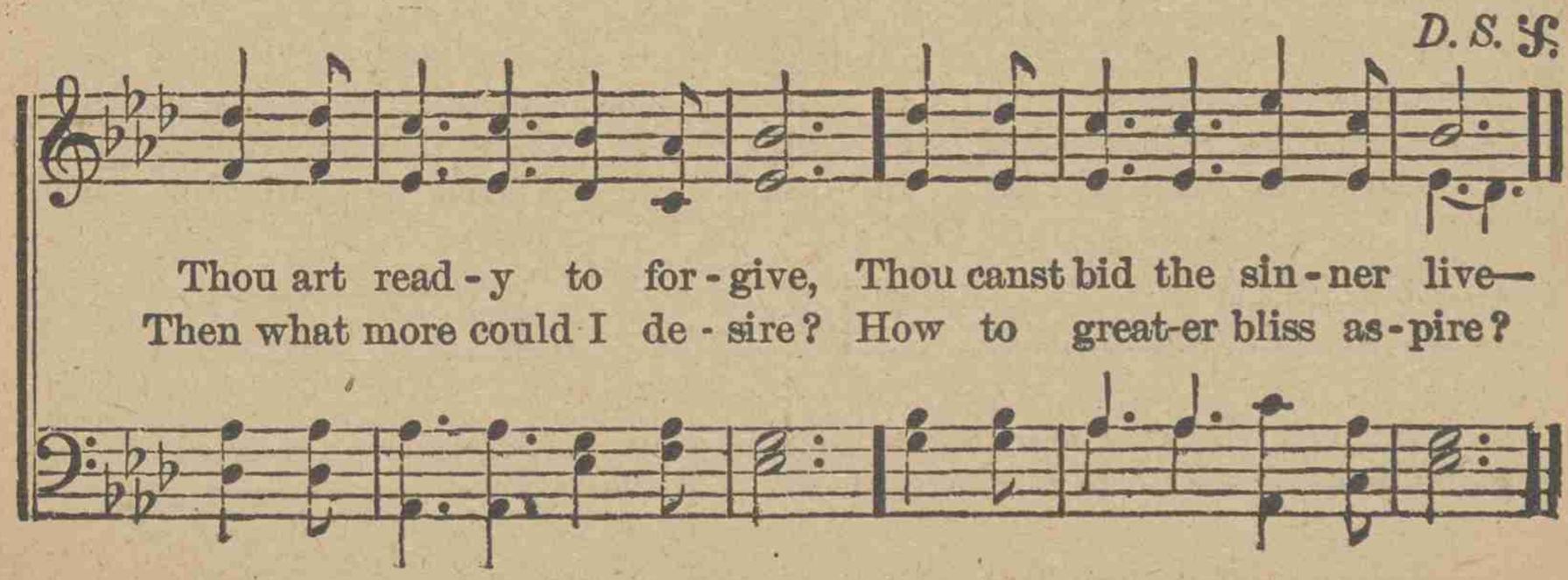
Hastening On.—Concluded.



339. Jesus, All in All.

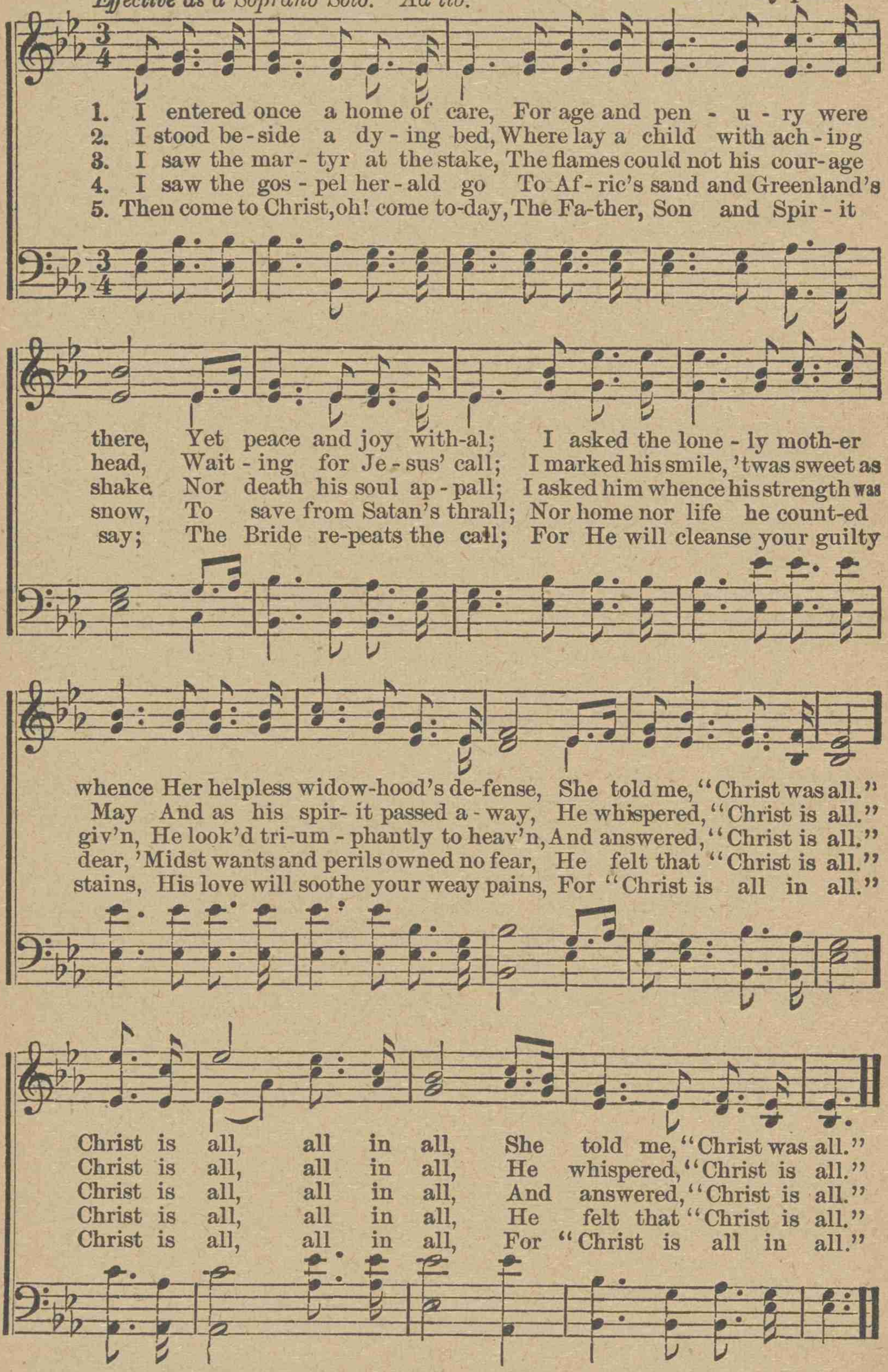
THOS. HASTINGS. W. T. MOORE.





340. Christ is All.

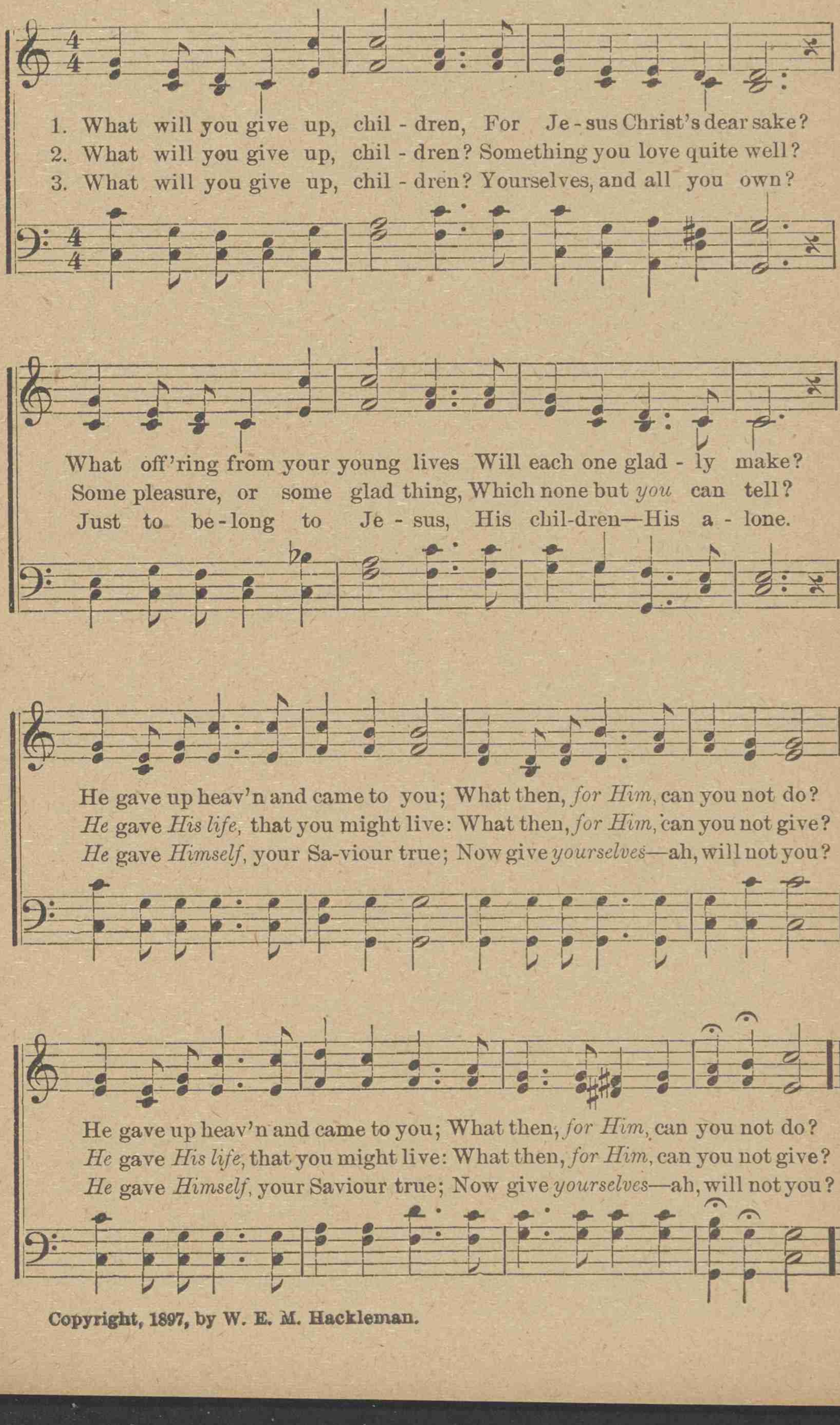
Effective as a Soprano Solo. Ad lib. W. A. WILLIAMS. By per.



From "Silver Tones," a new Prohibition song book by the Silver Lake Quartette, and W. A. Williams; 35 cts.; 5 for $1.50 by mail. W. A. Williams, Publisher, Warnock, Ohio.

341. What Will You Give Up?

JENNIE HARRISON. C. M. FILLMORE.



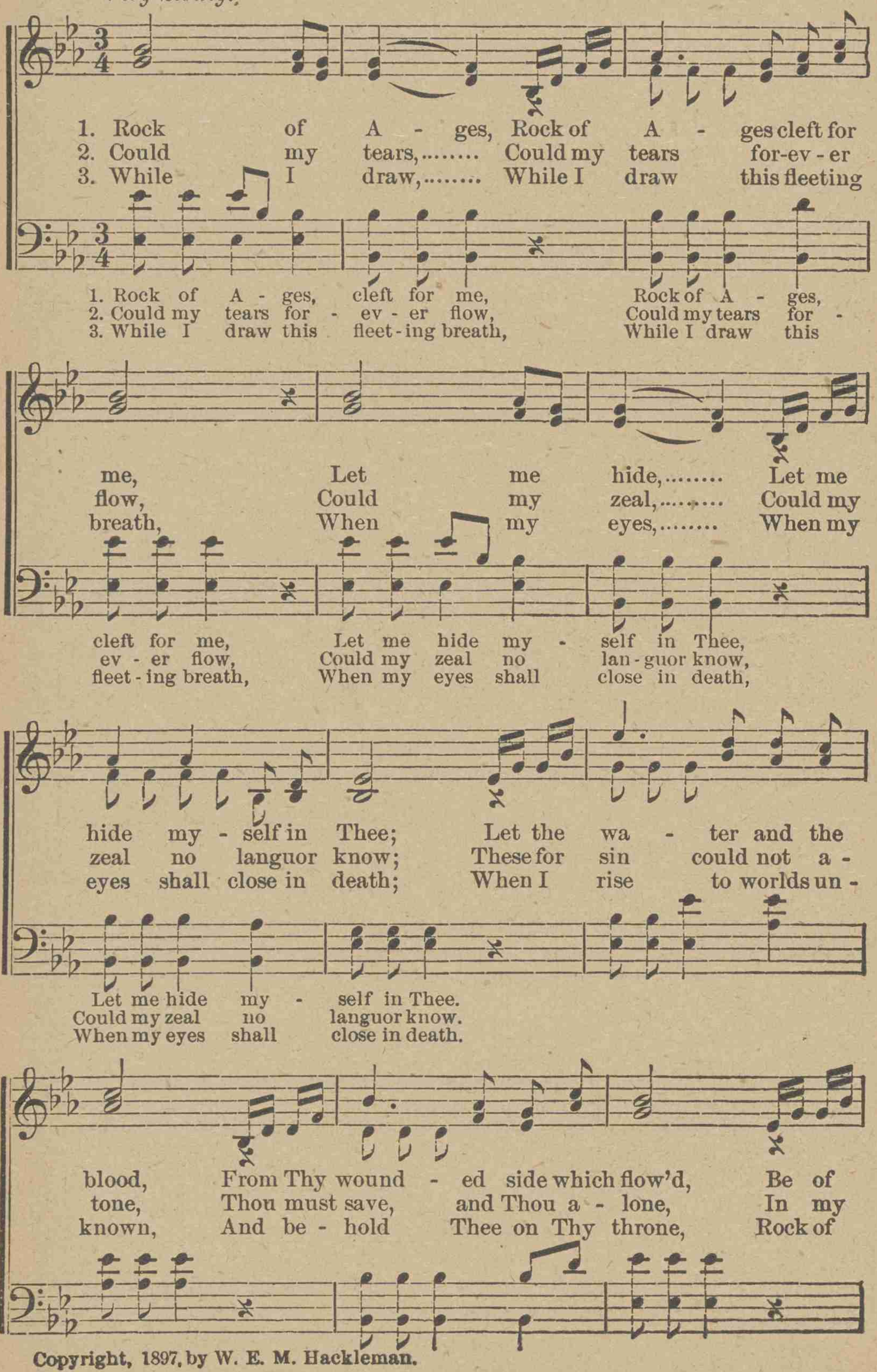
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342. Rock of Ages.

QUARTETTE.

A. M. TOPLADY. Arr. by W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Very Slowly.



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Rock of Ages.—Concluded.

Rall.

p

sin the dou- ble cure, Save from wrath and make me
hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I
A - ges cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in

CHORUS.

pure. (Yes, make me pure:)
cling. (Thy cross I cling.)
Thee. (Yes, hide in Thee.)

Rock of A - ges, Rock of
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,
Rock of A - ges,

A - - ges cleft for me, Rock of
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Rock of A - ges,
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Rock of

Rall.

p

A - ges, Let me hide in Thee.
cleft for me, Let me hide in Thee.
A - ges, Let me hide myself in Thee— Yes, hide in Thee.

343. Our Saviour.

Sclo.

MRS. P. R. GIBSON. Arr. by W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Con Spirito.

1. Long years a - go a Sav-iour, In Beth - le-hem was born,
2. Oh come and let us wor-ship, And bow be-fore His throne,
3. Oh let us sing the prais-es, That un - to Him be-long,
4. And when our journey's end-ed,— Life's bat-tle fought and won,

8va.....

Then o'er a world in darkness, Broke forth a glo - rious morn;
He is the King of glo-ry, And He must reign a - lone;
Lift up our hearts in rev'rence, Our voi - ces in sweet song;
'Tis then we'll hear Him saying, "Come home, my child, well done."

8va..... 8va.

He came the world's pure light, To ban- ish sin's dark night
Homeless in Gal - i - lee, Thorn-crowned on Cal - va - ry,
To tell this won-drous love, That He who reigns a - bove,
We'll meet *Our Sav-iour* there, And all His glo - ry share,

cres..... *ff* *cres.....* *ff*

8va. 8va.

Lift up the poor and fal- len, And give the blind their sight.
To - day His king - dom glorious, Is o - ver land and sea.
Is still with us to comfort, Where-ev - er we may rove.
Where there shall be no sor-row, No tears, no pain, no care.

8va.

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344. Keep Close to Jesus.

J. L. JOHN LANE.

1. When you start for the land of heaven-ly rest, Keep close to
2. Nev-er mind the storms or tri-als as you go, Keep close to
3. To be safe from the darts of the e-vil one, Keep close to
4. We shall reach our home in heaven by and by, Keep close to

Je-sus all the way; For He is the Guide and He knows the way best,
Je-sus all the way; 'Tis a com-fort and joy His fa-vor to know,
Je-sus all the way; Take the shield of faith till the vic-to-ry is won,
Je-sus all the way, Where to those we love we'll never say good-bye,

CHORUS.

Keep close to Je-sus all the way. Keep close to Je-sus,

Keep close to Je-sus, Keep close to Je-sus all the way; By day or by

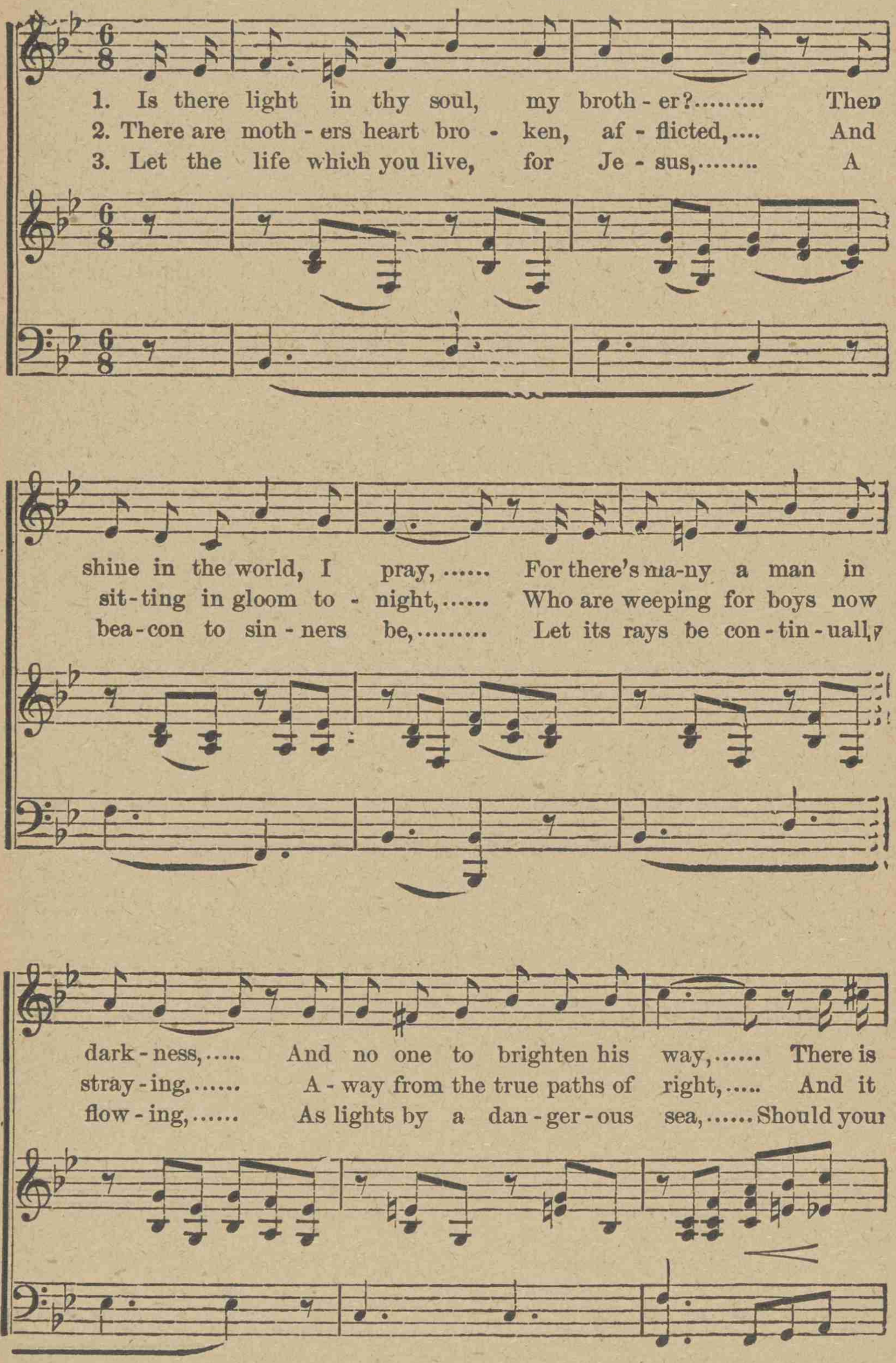
night never turn from the right, Keep close to Je-sus all the way.

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345. Then Shine Bright Soul.
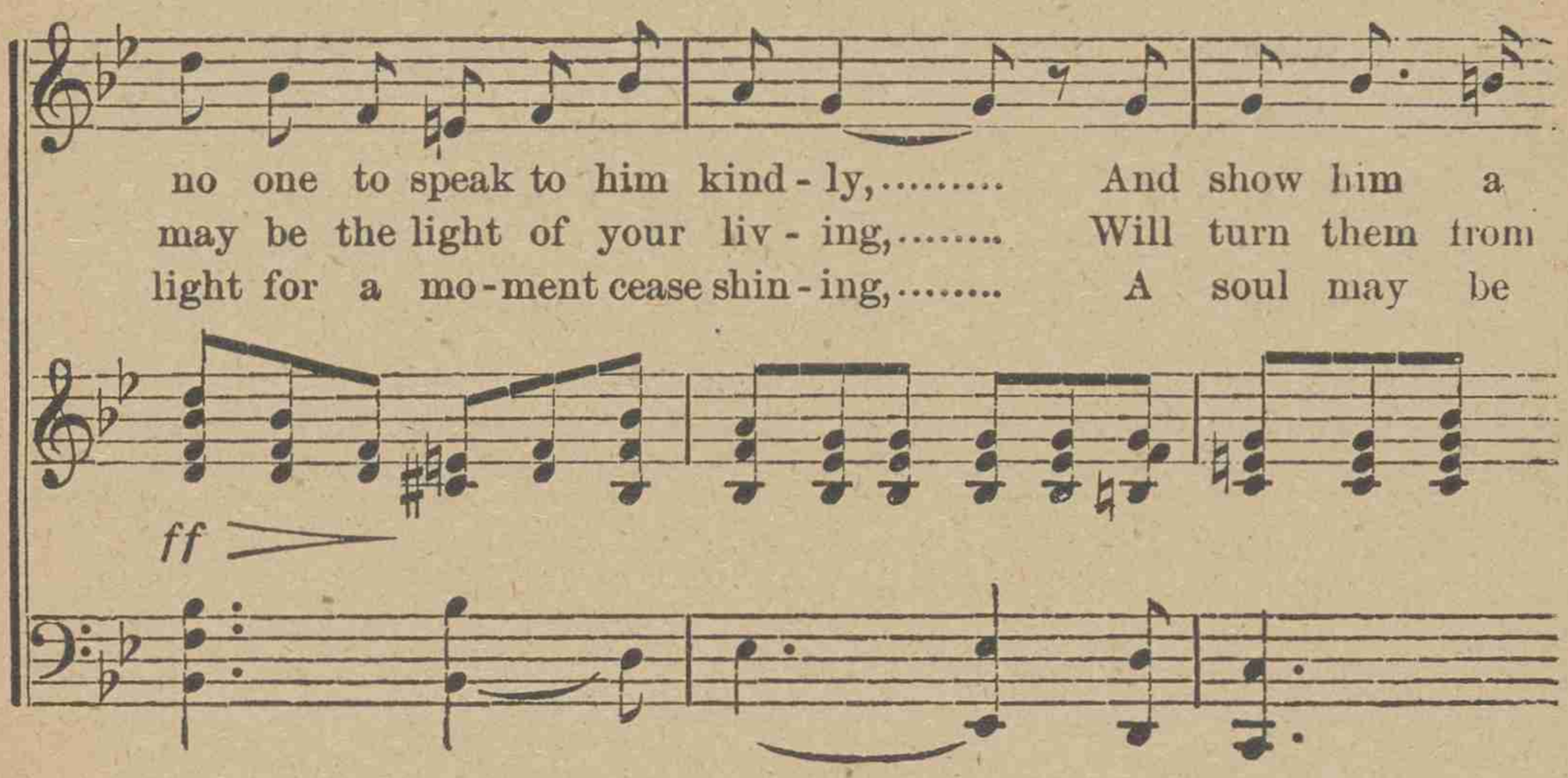
SOLO AND CHORUS.
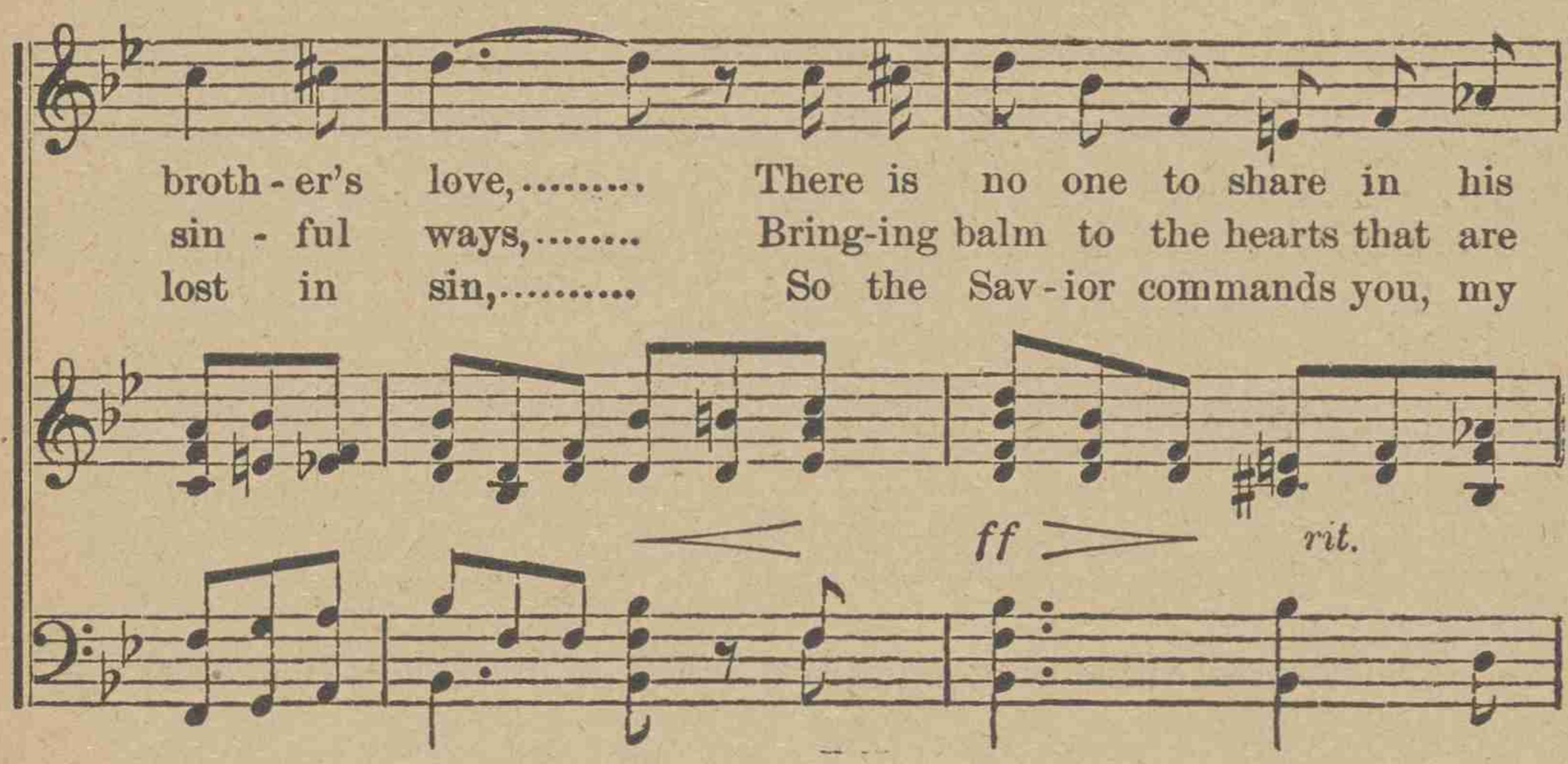
Words by REV. A. W. CONNER. Music by W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.
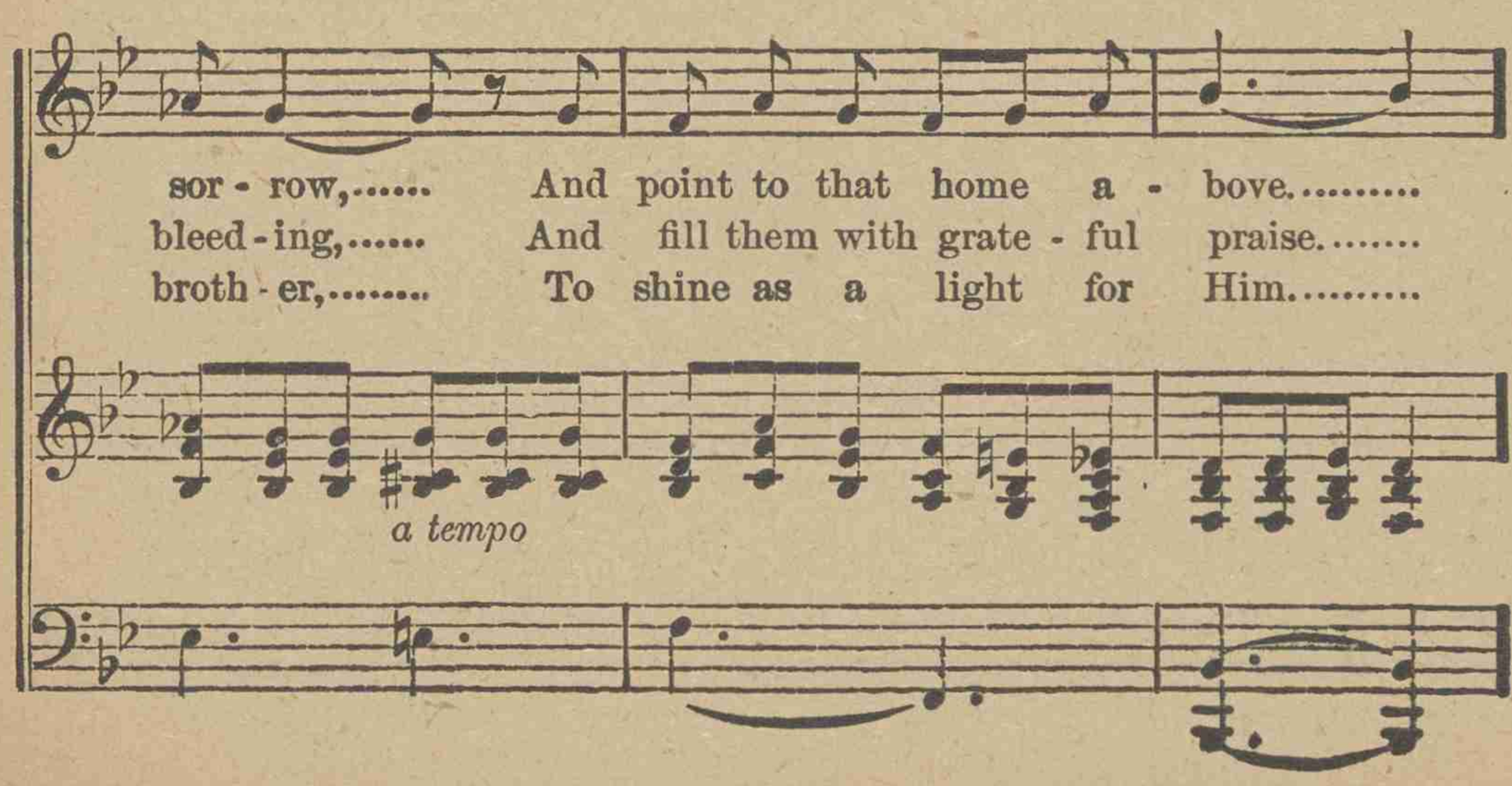


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Then Shine Bright Soul.—Continued.







Then Shine Bright Soul.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Then shine, bright soul, Oh, shine, I pray, And

help dis - pell the sha - dows, That hang o'er hearts to - day.

Then shine, bright soul, shine on, I pray, And help some fall - en

broth - er,..... To find the heav'n - ly way.....

heav - en - ly way.

ritard.

346. Flee as a Bird.

MARY S. B. DANA. Spanish.

1. Flee as a bird to your mountain, Thou who art weary of sin;
2. He will protect thee for-ev - er, Wipe ev-'ry fall-ing tear;

Go to the clear flowing foun-tain, Where you may wash and be clean.
He will forsake thee, oh, nev - er, Sheltered so ten-der-ly there.

Fly for th'a-ven-ger is near thee, Call, and the Sav-ior will
Haste, then, the hours are fly - ing, Spend not the moments in

hear thee, He on his bo-som will bear thee; Oh, thou who art
sigh - ing, Cease from your sor-row and cry-ing; The Sav-ior will

wea-ry of sin, Oh, thou who art wea-ry of sin.
wipe ev-'ry tear, The Sav-ior will wipe ev-'ry tear.

347. What a Saviour.

REV. G. W. CROFTS. P. BILHORN.

1. What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus, All our sins He hath borne on the tree; Of all guilt and transgressions He frees us,
2. Gen-tly in the green pas-tures, He leads us, By the wa-ters un-troub-led and clear, With the man-na of heav - en He feeds us,
3. Wide-ly o - pen the por - tals of glo - ry, To the cit - y whose streets are of gold, As He tells us the won-der-ful sto - ry,
4. Oh, the hope that in full - ness He gives us? Oh, the joy and the peace, how di - vine! When in love He so free - ly re - ceives us,

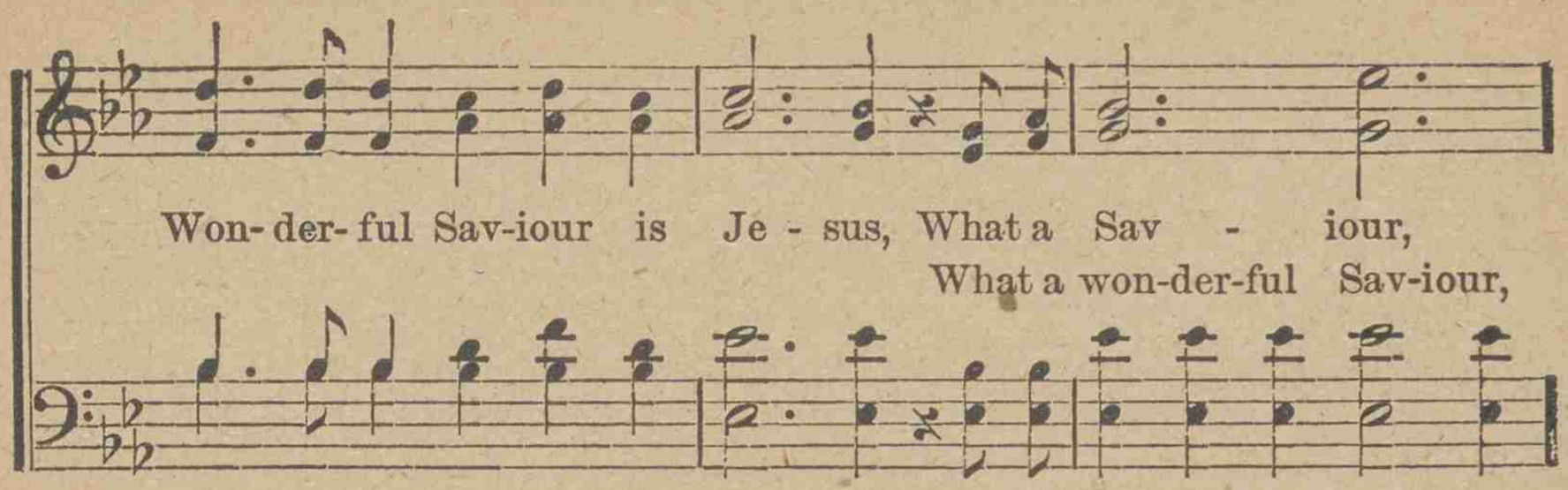
What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is He.
And in sor - row He ev - er is near.
That to sin - ners so oft - en He told.
And our souls in His right-eous - ness shine.

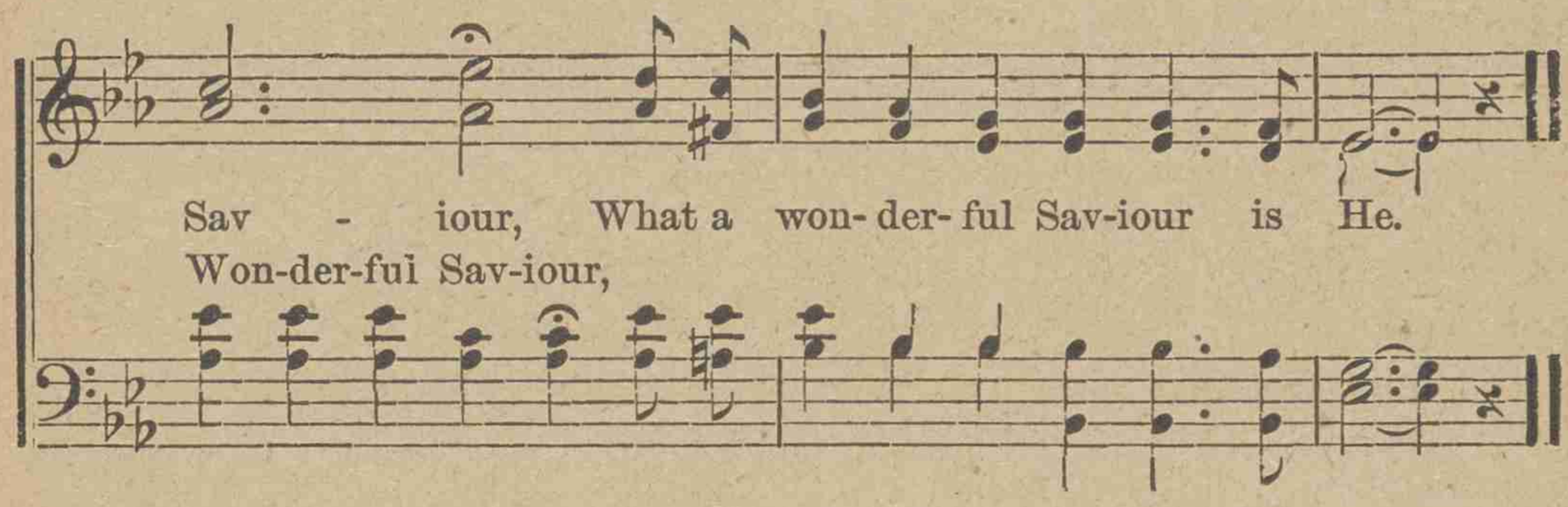
CHORUS.

What a Sav - iour, Sav - iour,
What a won - der - ful Sav - iour, won- der - ful Sav - iour,

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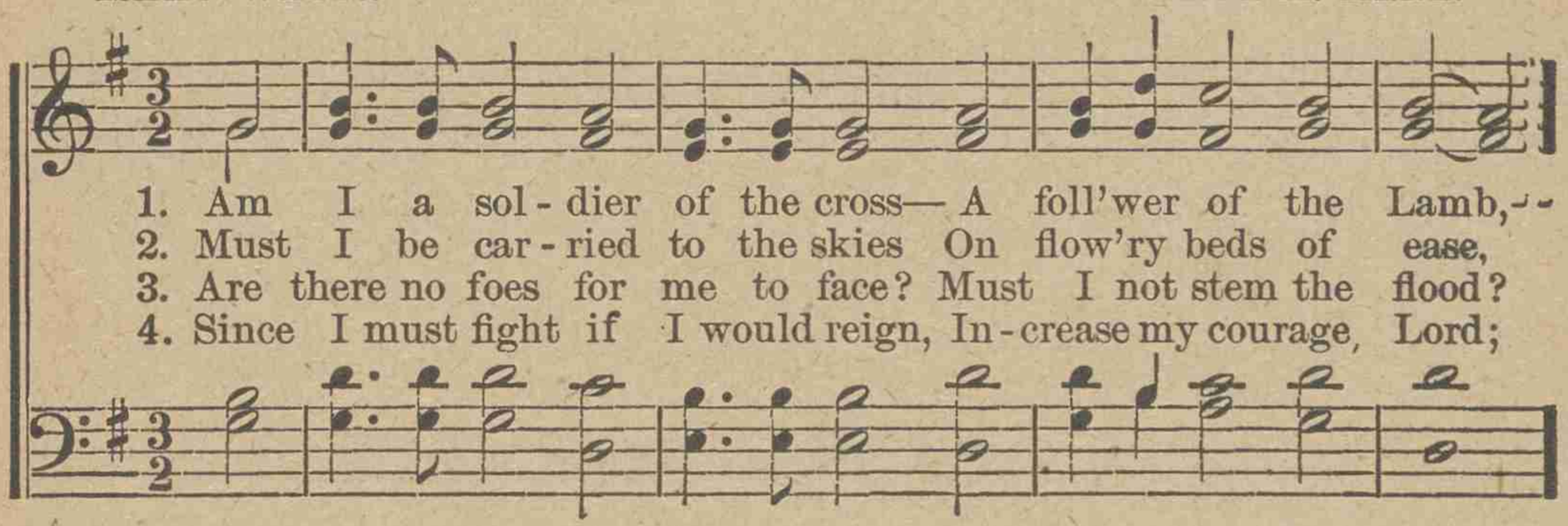
What a Saviour.—Concluded.

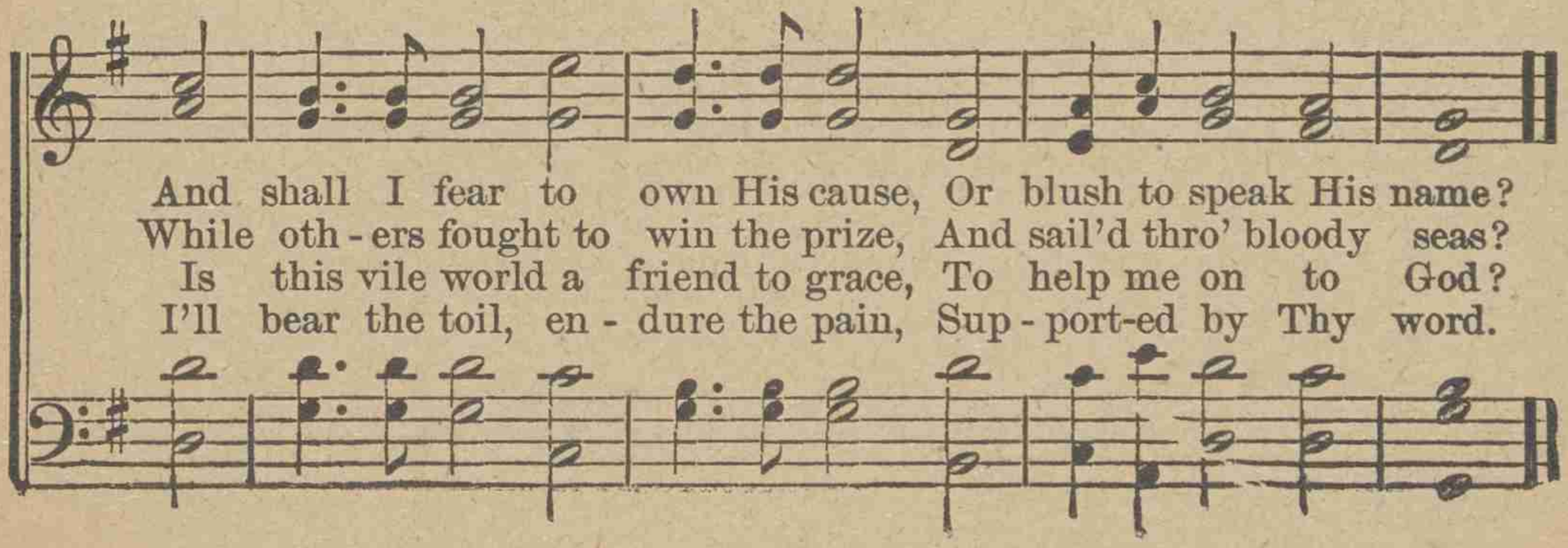




348. Am I a Soldier of the Cross?
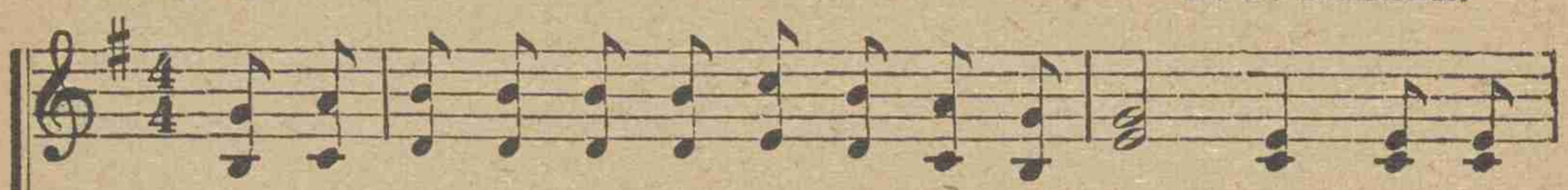
ISAAC WATTS. THOS. A. ARNE.



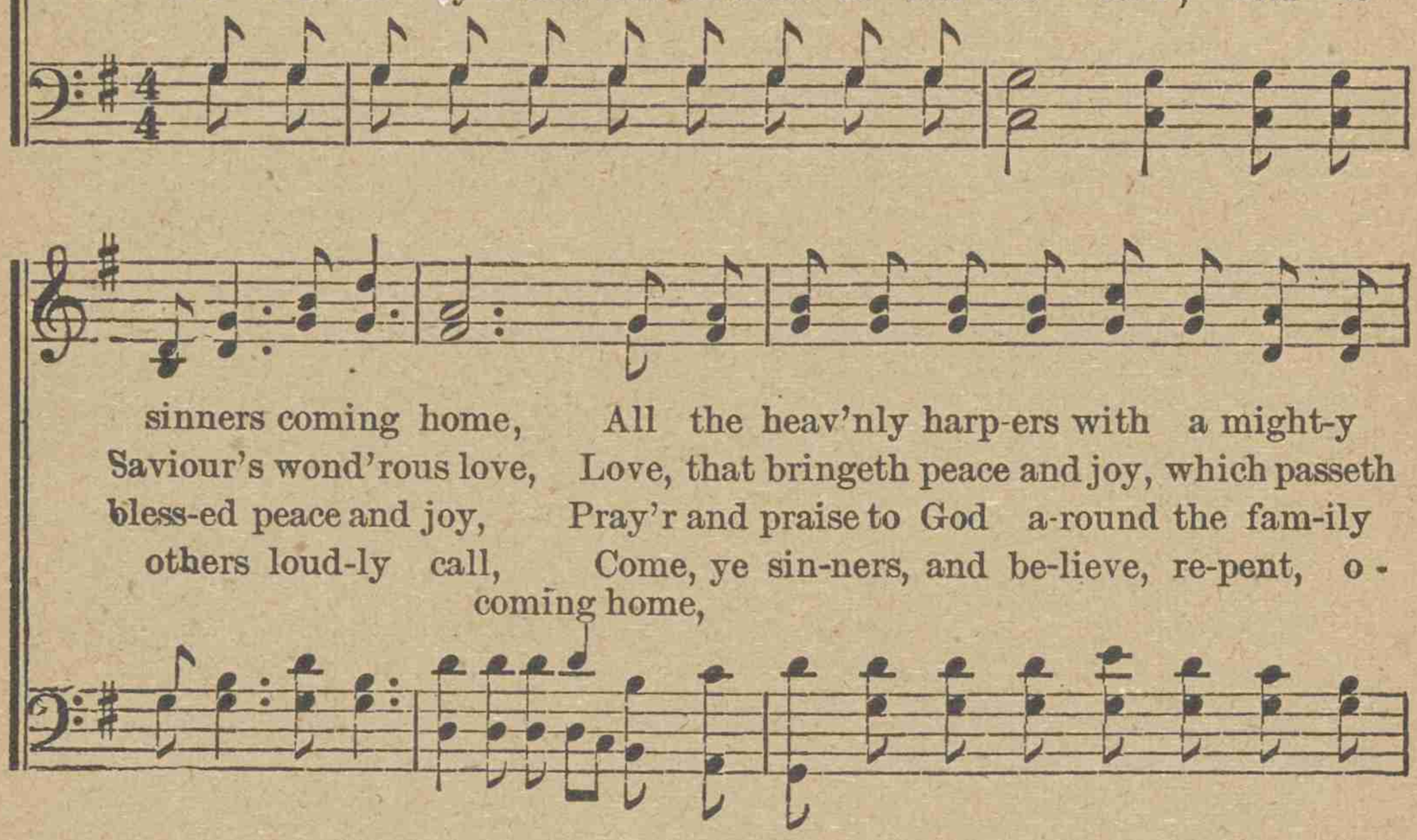


349. Then Rejoice, All Ye Ransomed.
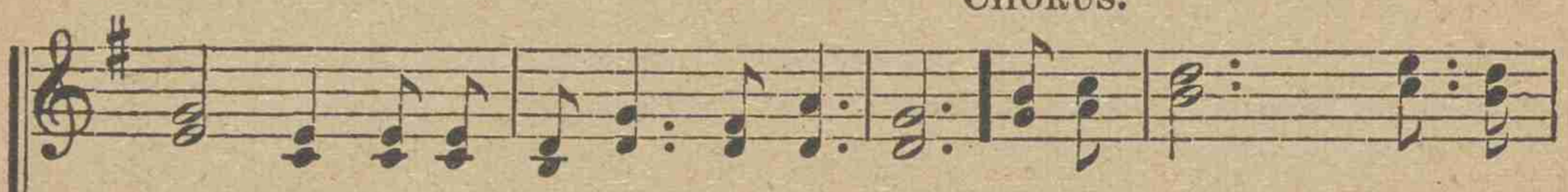
E. F. M. E. F. MILLER.
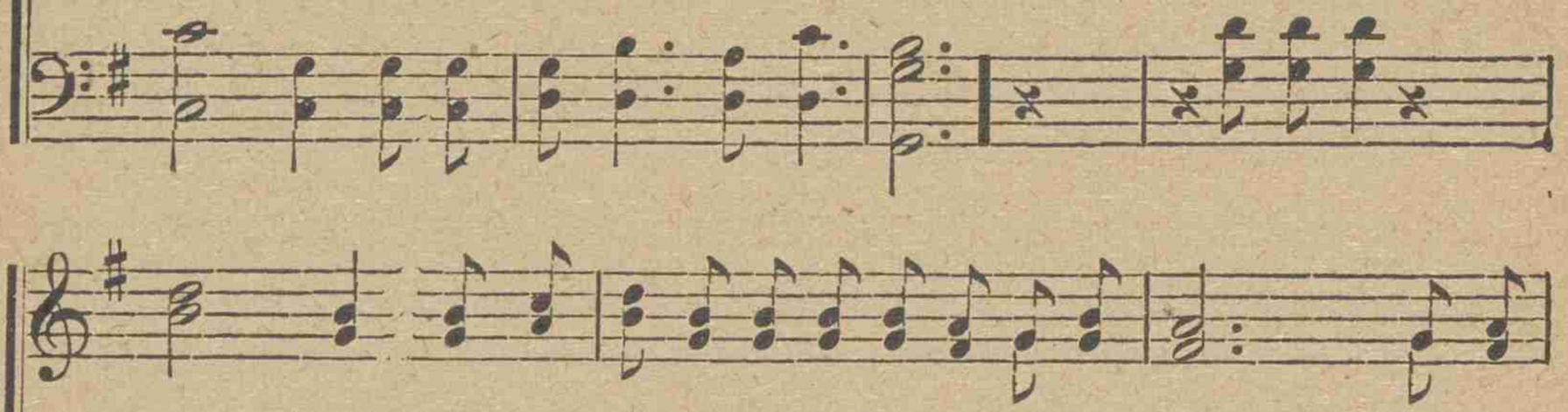


1. There's re - joic- ing in the pres-ence of the an - gels O - ver sinners coming home, All the heav'nly harp-ers with a might-y
2. Oh, how hap - py is the sin-ner who has tast - ed Of the Saviour's wond'rous love, Love, that bringeth peace and joy, which passeth
3. In the home where once was strife, and pain, and sor - row, There'll be bless-ed peace and joy, Pray'r and praise to God a-round the fam-ily
4. We will ral - ly round the standard of our Sav - iour; And to others loud-ly call, Come, ye sin-ners, and be-lieve, re-pent, o - coming home,
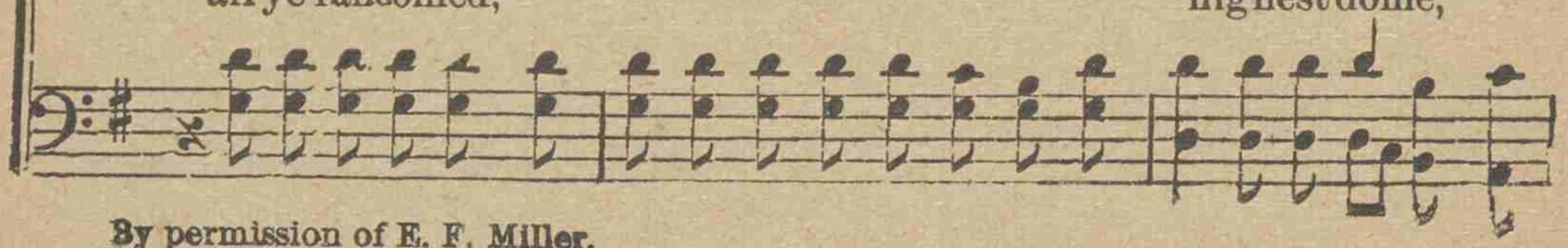


CHORUS.



cho-rus, Now are prais-ing round the throne. Then rejoice, all ye knowl-edge, Ev-er giv - en from a-bove.
al - tar, Will the pow'r of sin de-stroy.
bey Him, He will free-ly par-don all. Then rejoice,

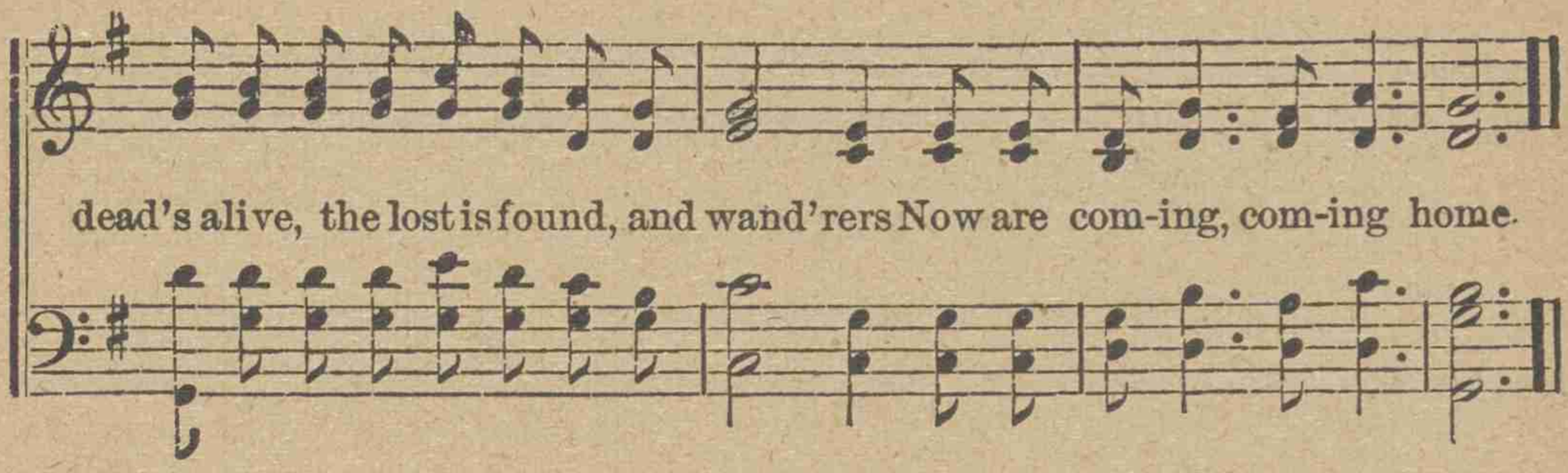


ran - somed. Let your praises reach to heaven's highest dome, For the all ye ransomed, highest dome,



By permission of E. F. Miller.

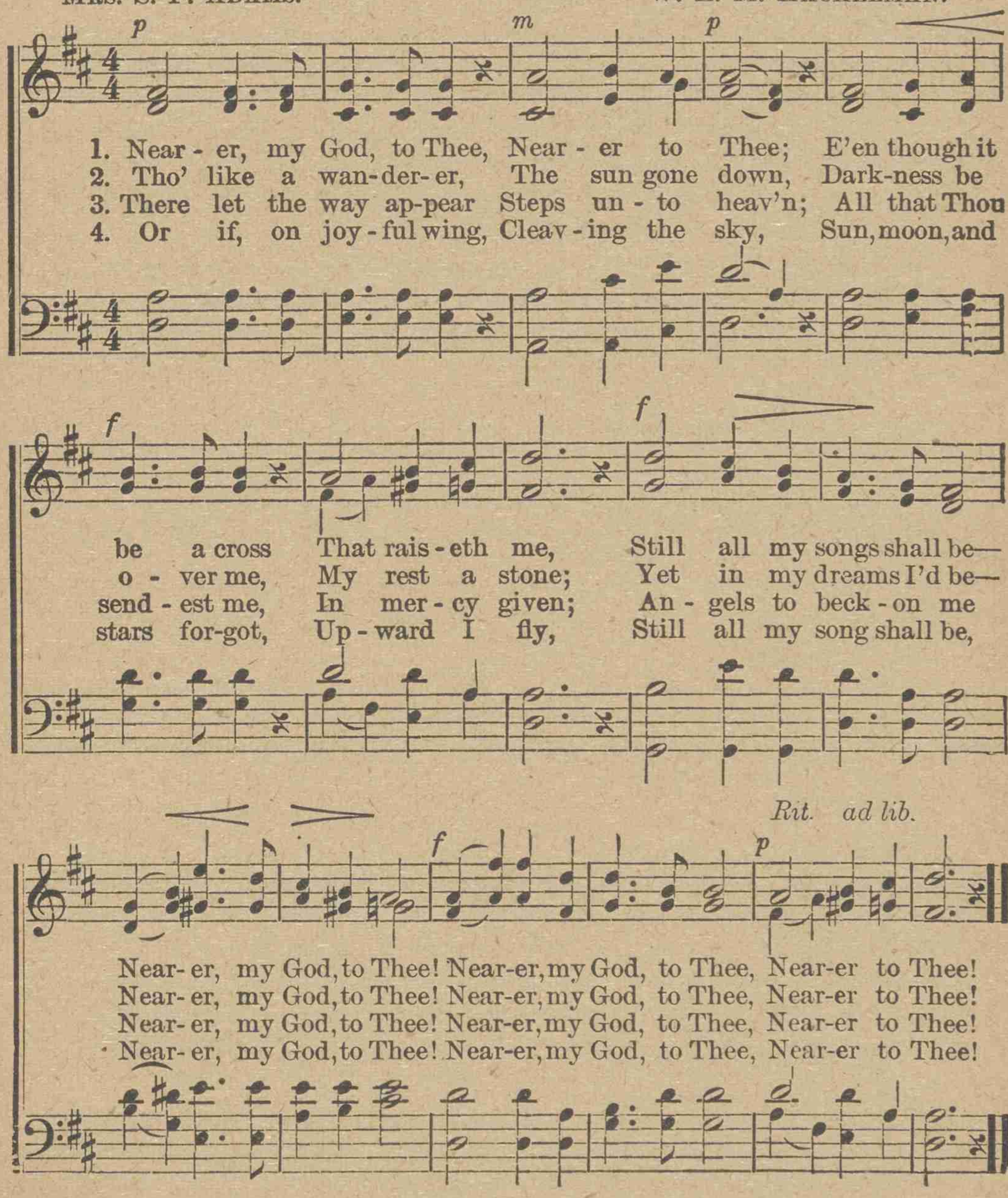
Then Rejoice, All Ye Ransomed.—Concluded.



350. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

QUARTETTE.
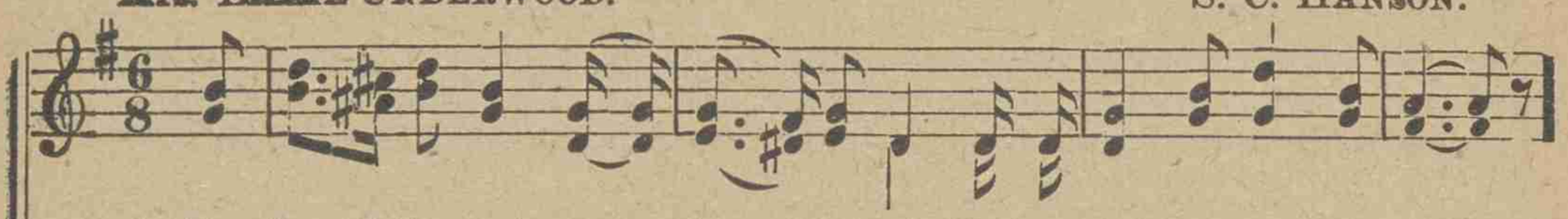
MRS. S. F. ADAMS. W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.
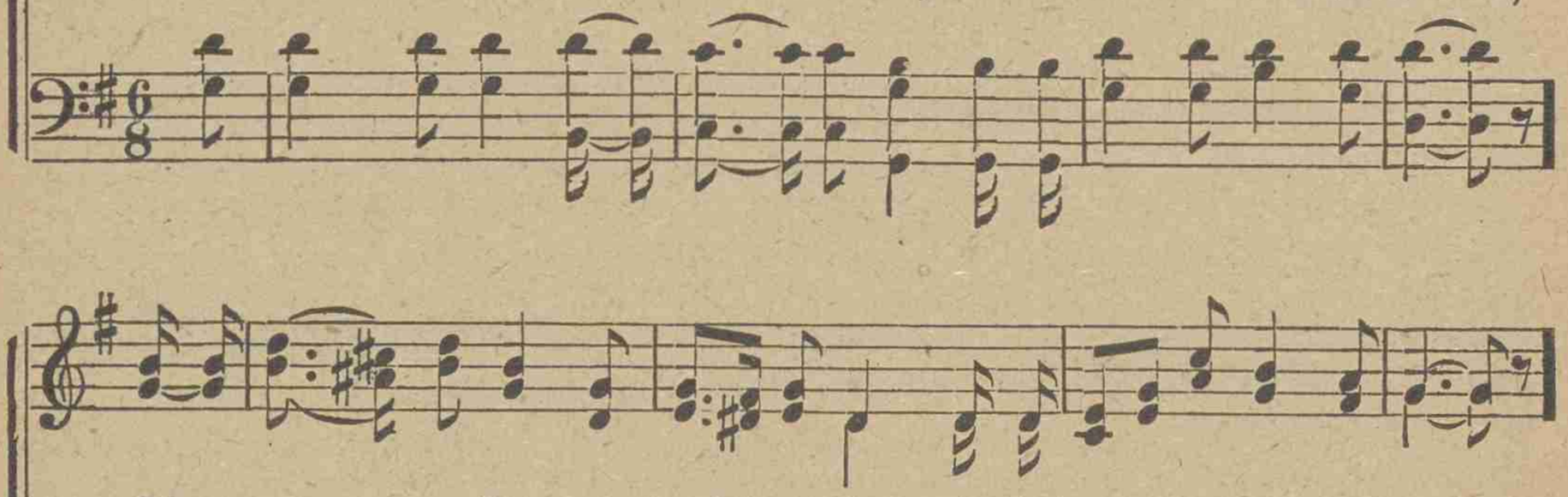


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351. The Open Gate.

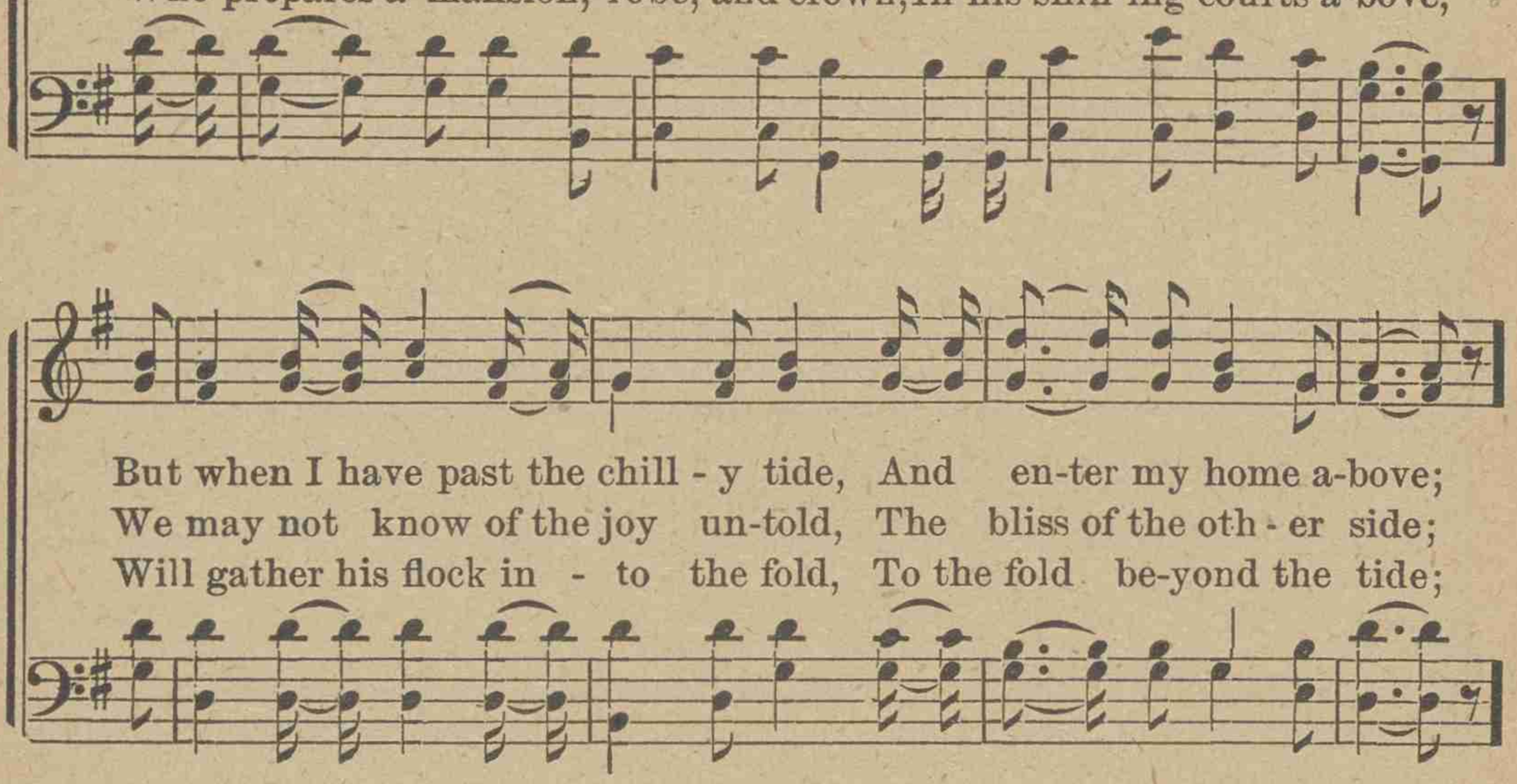
MRS. LIZZIE UNDERWOOD. S. C. HANSON.



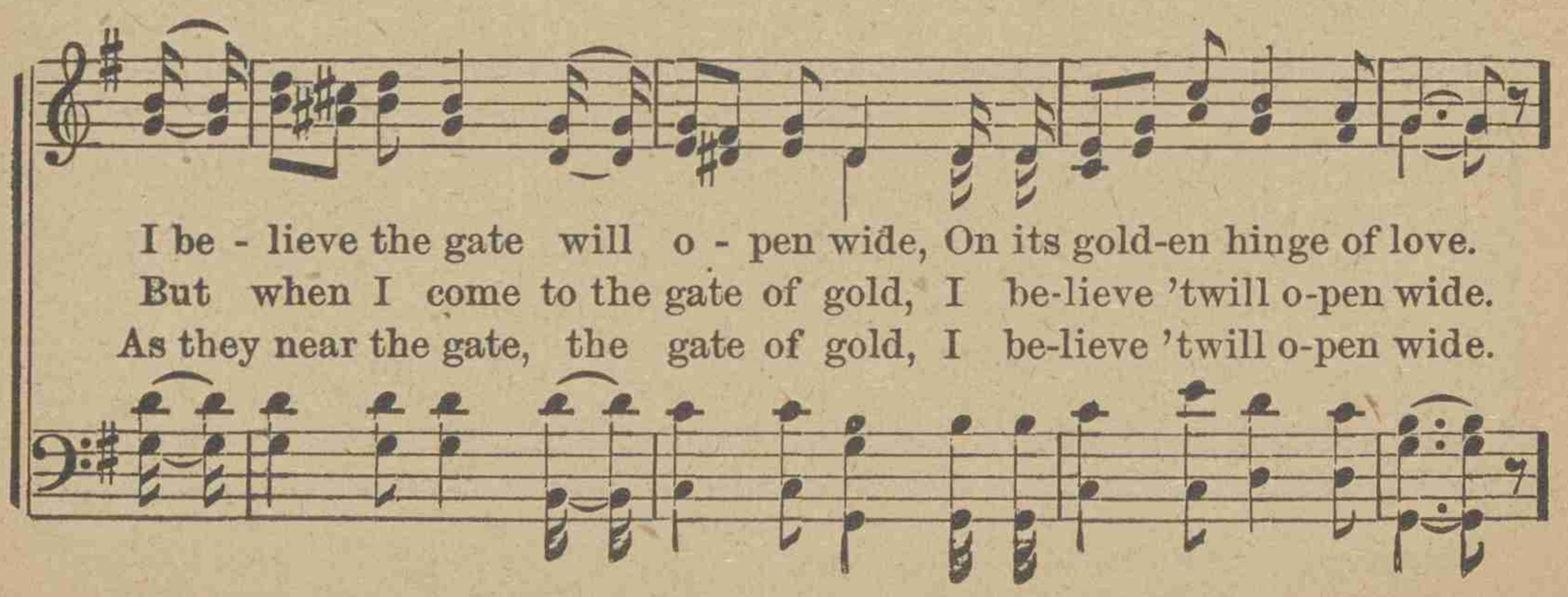
1. I've heard them sing a - gain and a-gain, Of a gate that stands a-jar,
2. A wel - come home at the open gate, From a land of an-gels bright,
3. The sinner's friend, as he reaches down, With a Savior's wondrous love;



Of a sun - ny clime, and gold-en plain, And a sin - less land a - far,
Do these for the ransom'd spirits wait, As it gains the land of light?
Who prepares a mansion, robe, and crown, In his shin-ing courts a-bove,



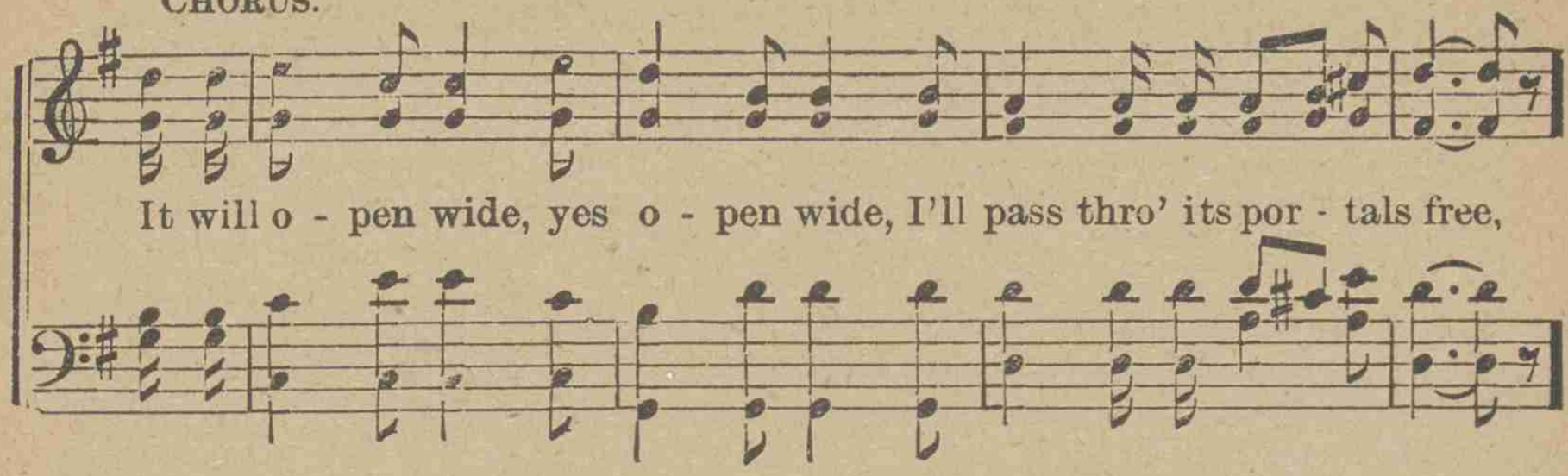
But when I have past the chill - y tide, And en-ter my home a-bove;
We may not know of the joy un-told, The bliss of the oth - er side;
Will gather his flock in - to the fold, To the fold be-yond the tide;



I be - lieve the gate will o - pen wide, On its gold-en hinge of love.
But when I come to the gate of gold, I be-lieve 'twill o-pen wide.
As they near the gate, the gate of gold, I be-lieve 'twill o-pen wide.

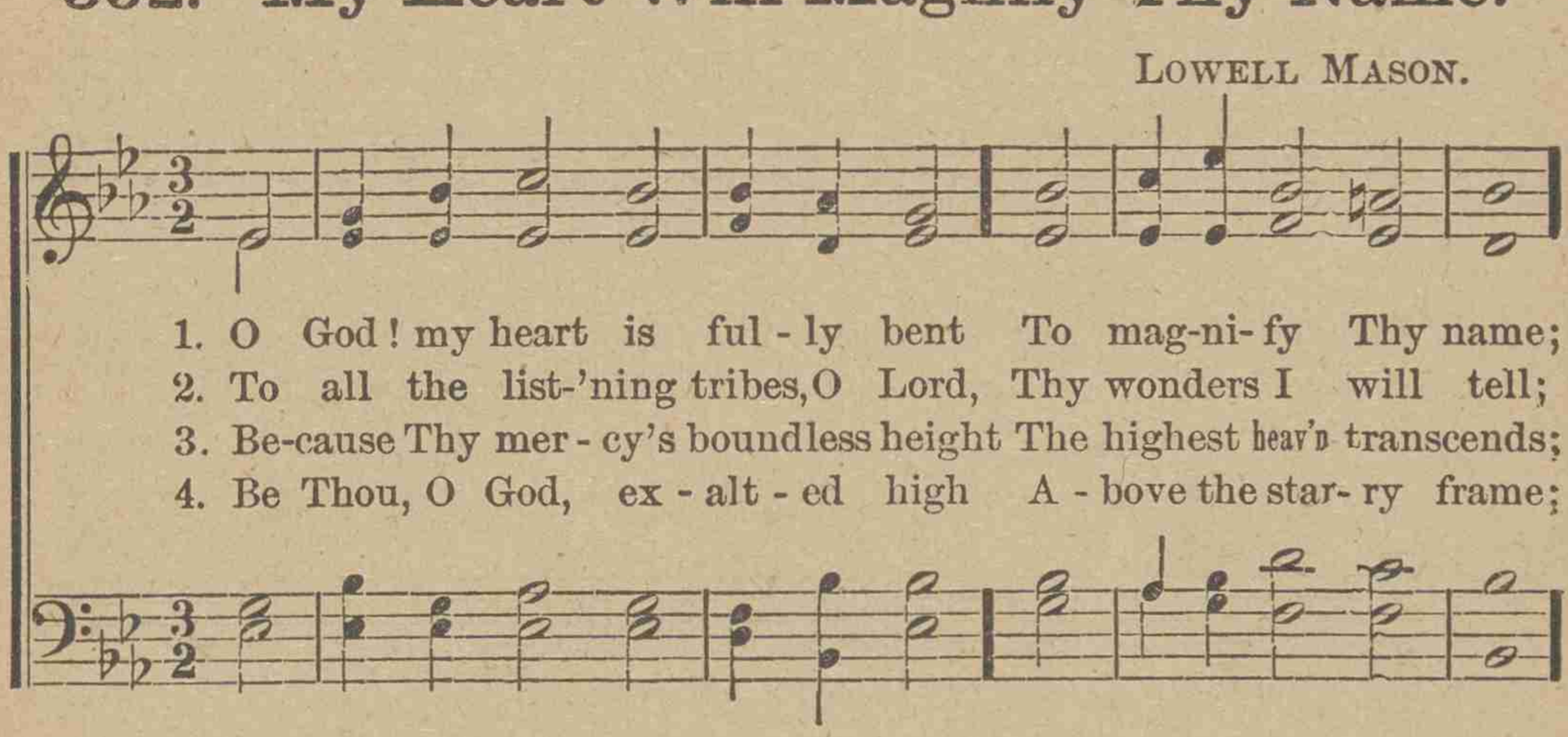
The Open Gate.—Concluded.

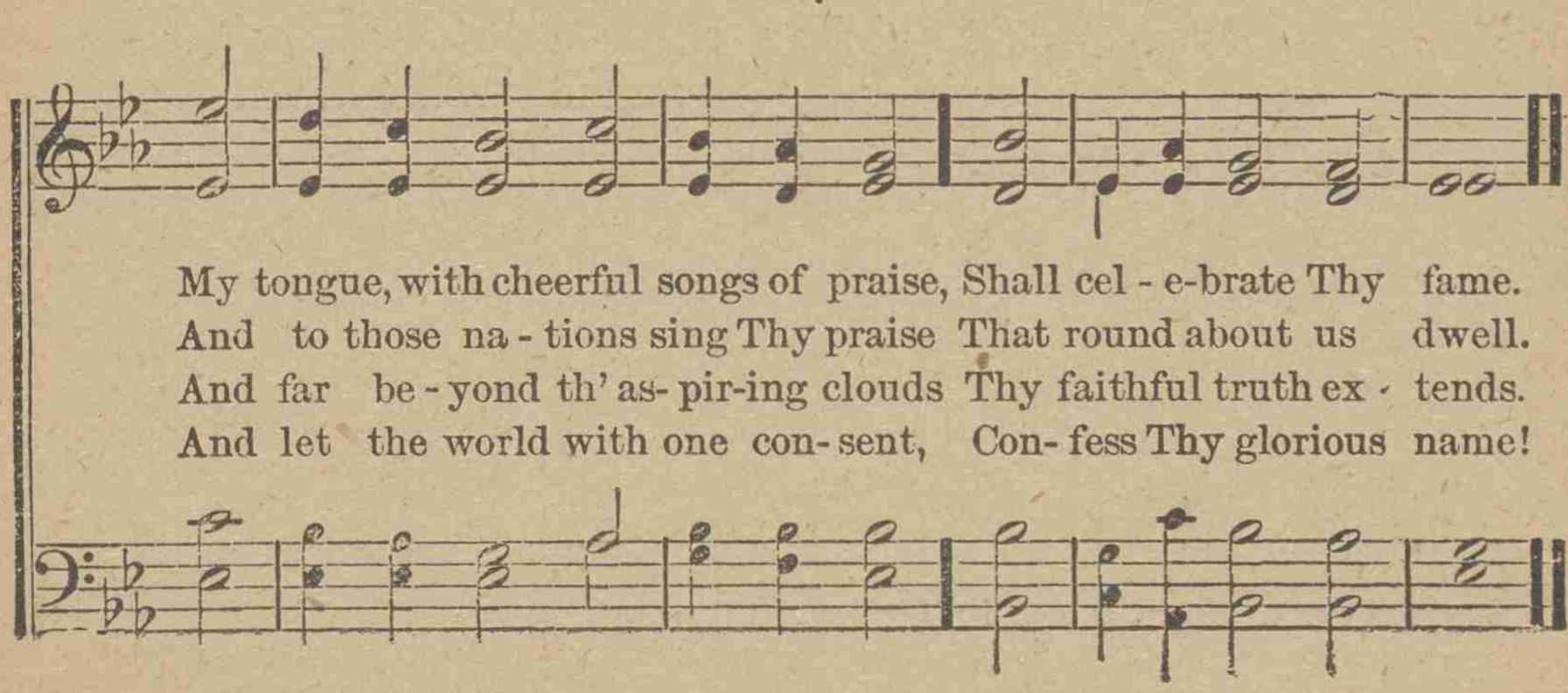
CHORUS.



352. My Heart Will Magnify Thy Name.

LOWELL MASON.





353. Is There Any Room Up Yonder?

Rev. A. M. HOOTMAN. W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

SOLO OR DUET.

1. Is there an - y room up yonder, In the man-sions of the blest,
2. Is there room for me up yonder, Where the Sav - ior, now doth dwell,
3. Oh, I'm glad there's room up yonder, When I leave this weary land,

Where the heart will ne'er grow sad, And the wea - ry are at rest;
Where the angel-anthems, grand, Thro' the courts of heaven swell,
Where my Saviour, in His mer-cy, Will re-ceive me by the hand,

In the shin - ing courts of glo- ry, Where our an - gel lov'd ones dwell,
In the home of bliss e - ter-nal, Where all hearts are fill'd with joy,
I was lost, a ru-ined sin-ner, But He came and died for me,

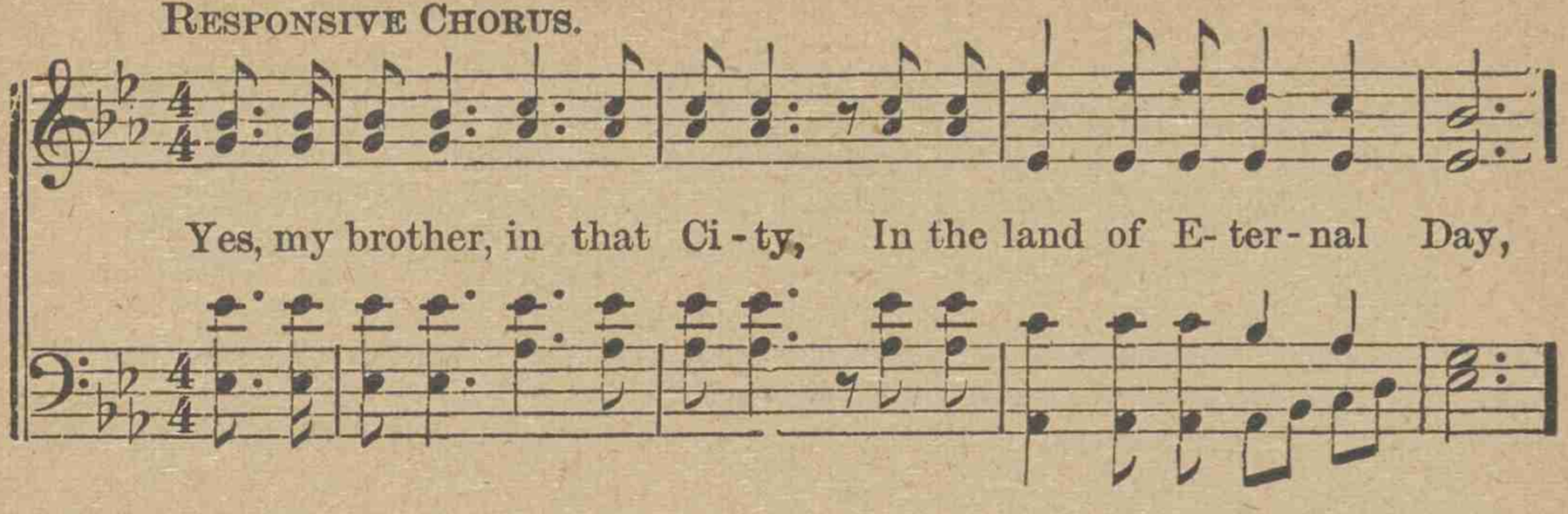
Rit.

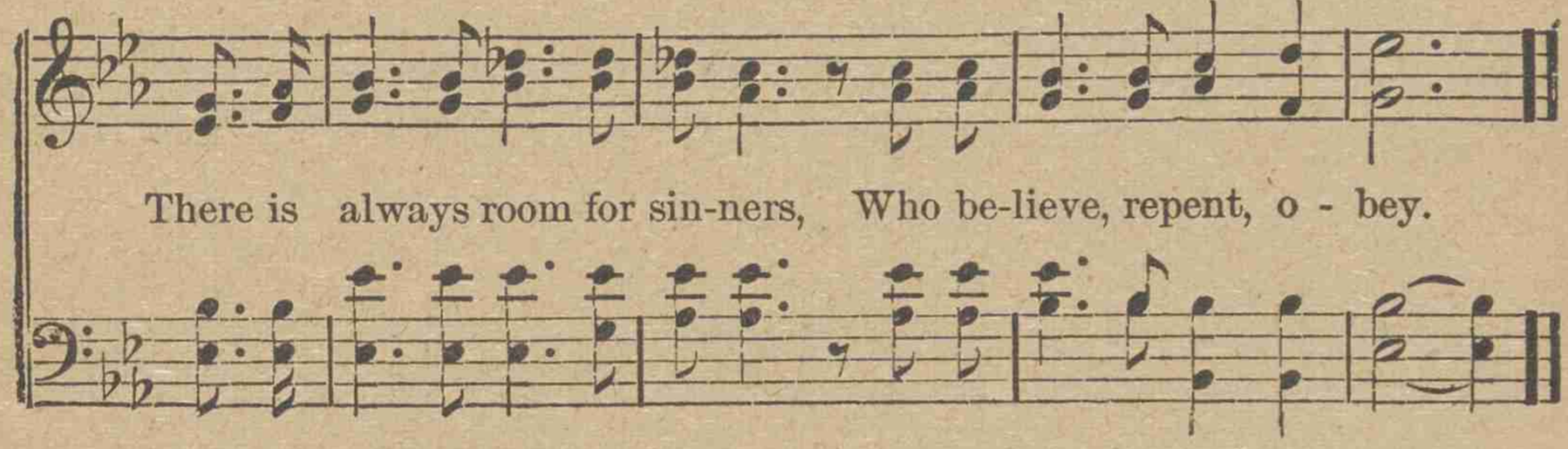
Is there an - y room for sin-ners? Tell me yes, and all is well?
Where death can nev - er en - ter, And his pangs can-not an - noy?
And my sins are all for-giv - en, And my Sa - viour I shall see?

Copyright. 1897

Is There Any Room Up Yonder?—Concluded.

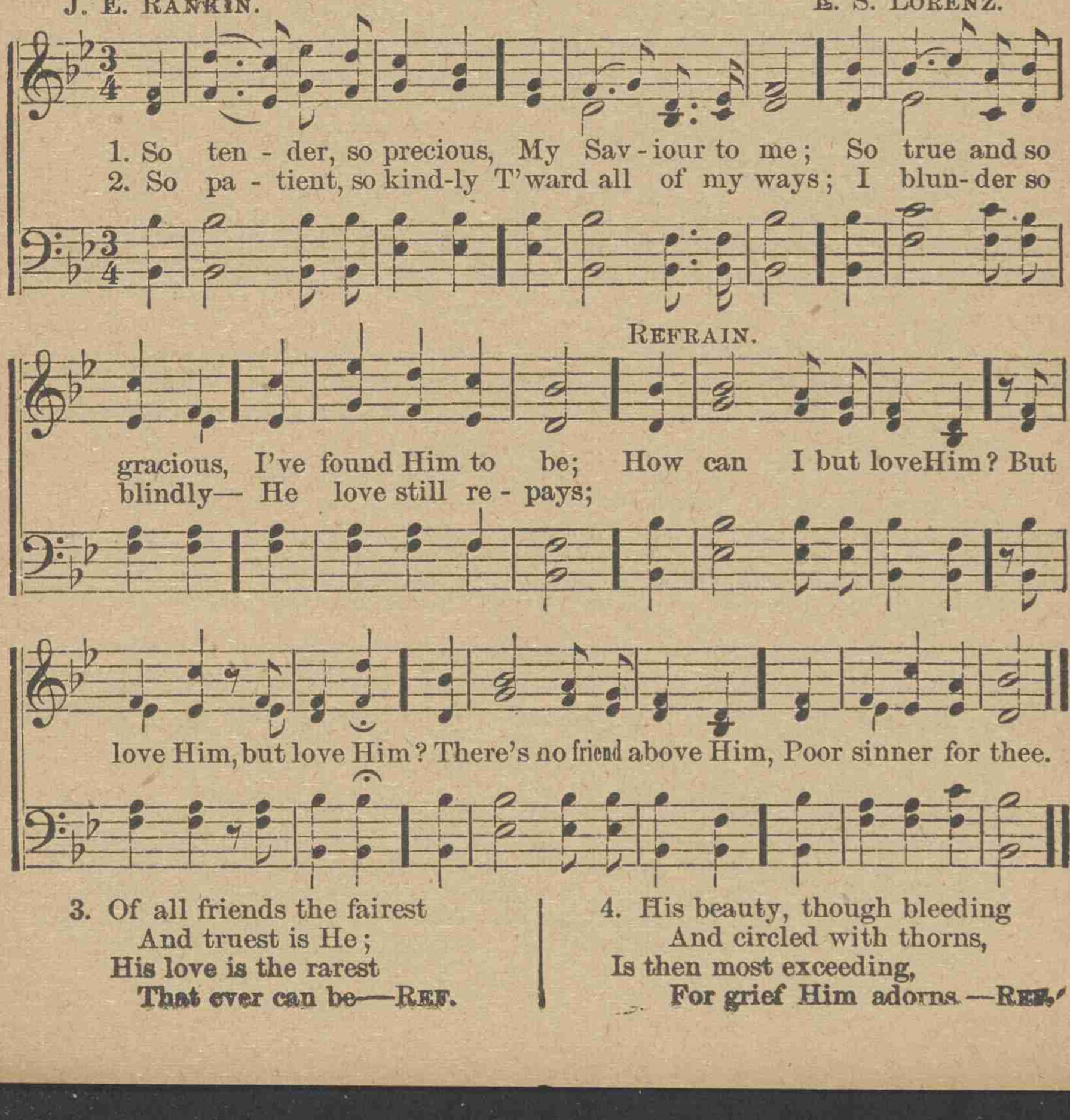
RESPONSIVE CHORUS.





354. How Can I But Love Him?

J. E. RANKIN. E. S. LORENZ.



3. Of all friends the fairest
And truest is He;
His love is the rarest
That ever can be—REF.

4. His beauty, though bleeding
And circled with thorns,
Is then most exceeding,
For grief Him adorns.—REF.

355. Over the River.

THOS. W. HUBBARD, by per.

1. O - ver the riv - er the crystal stream flows, O-ver the riv - er the
2. O - ver the riv - er the streets are of gold, There are enjoyments and
3. There ev-'ry tear shall be wiped from our eyes, There, where the sunlight of

tree of life grows; O - ver the riv - er each lone pil - grim goes,
pleas-ures un-told; O - ver the riv - er time nev - er grows old,
glo - ry ne'er dies; Lighting for - ev - er those fair up - per skies,

Thro' the dim por - tals of death. Close by our thresholds the
Bear - ing the bur den of years. There all our sigh - ing and
E - den's glad plains to a - dorn. O - ver the riv - er, fair

dark an - gel stands, Beck'ning us on with his
sor - rows shall cease, Hushed by the cho - rus of
king - dom of light, There heav - en's man - sions for-

pale trembling hands; Chill - ing our hearts with the cold, i - cy bands,
heav-en - ly peace; O - ver the riv - er thrice hap-py re - lease,
ev - er are bright; O - ver the riv - er there com-eth no night,

Over the River.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Stealing each quiver - ing breath. O - - - ver the
We shall be free from our fears.
Long as e - ter - ni - ty's morn. O - ver the riv- er the

riv - - - - er, O - - - - - ver the riv - - - - er,
streets are of gold, There are enjoyments and pleasures untold;

O - - - - ver the riv - - - er, the streets are of gold.
O-ver the river time never grows old, Bearing his bur-den of years.

356. Cross and Crown.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free,
3. Up - on the crys-tal pave-ment, down At Je - sus' pierced feet,
4. And palms shall wave, and harps shall ring, Beneath heaven's arches high;
5. Oh, prec-ious cross? oh, glorious crown! Oh, res - ur - rec-tion day!

No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
Joy - ful, I'll cast my gold - en crown, And his dear name re - peat.
The Lord that lives, the ransomed sing, That lives no more to die.
Ye an - gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.

357. We Shall Stand Before the King.

E. O. E. E. O. EXCELL.

1 We shall stand before the King, With the an - gels we shall sing,
2. Ring, ye bells of heaven, ring, We shall stand be - fore the King,
3. Wake, my soul, thy tribute bring, Thou shalt stand be - fore the King,

By and by,..... by and by. Walk the bright, the golden shore,
By and by,..... by and by. There our sorrows will be o'er,
By and by,..... by and by! Lay thy trophies at His feet,
By and by, by and by,

Prais-ing Him for-ev - er-more, By and by,..... by and by.
There His name we will a-dore, By and by,..... by and by.
In His likeness stand complete, By and by,..... by and by.
By and by, by and by,
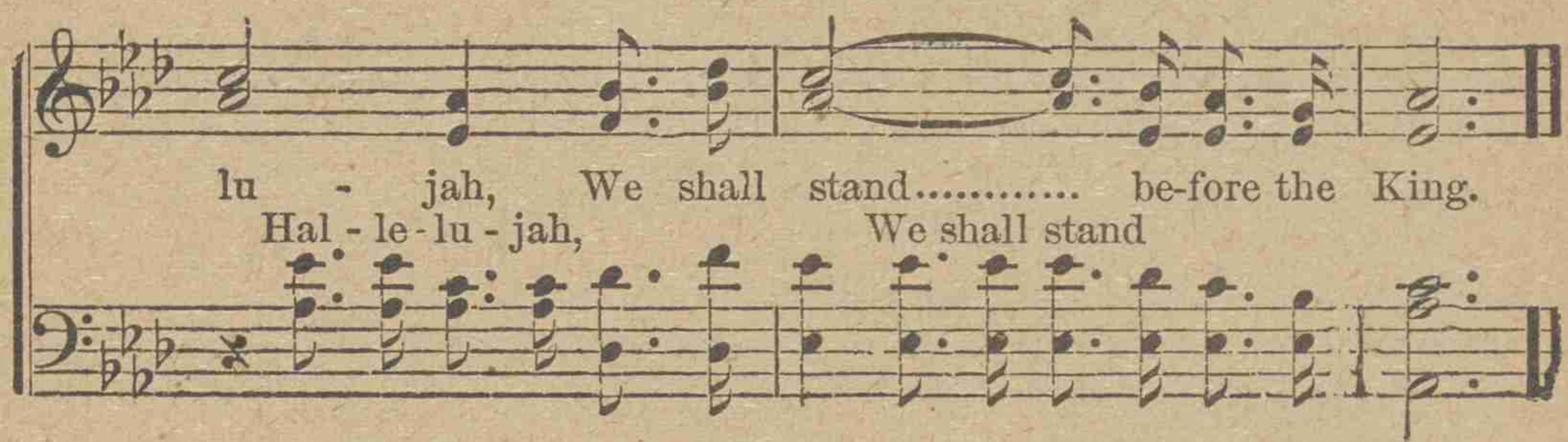
CHORUS.

We shall stand..... be-fore the King,..... With the an - gels we shall
We shall stand before the King,

sing, Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King, Hal - le- lu - - jah, hal - le-
Hal - le - lu - jah,

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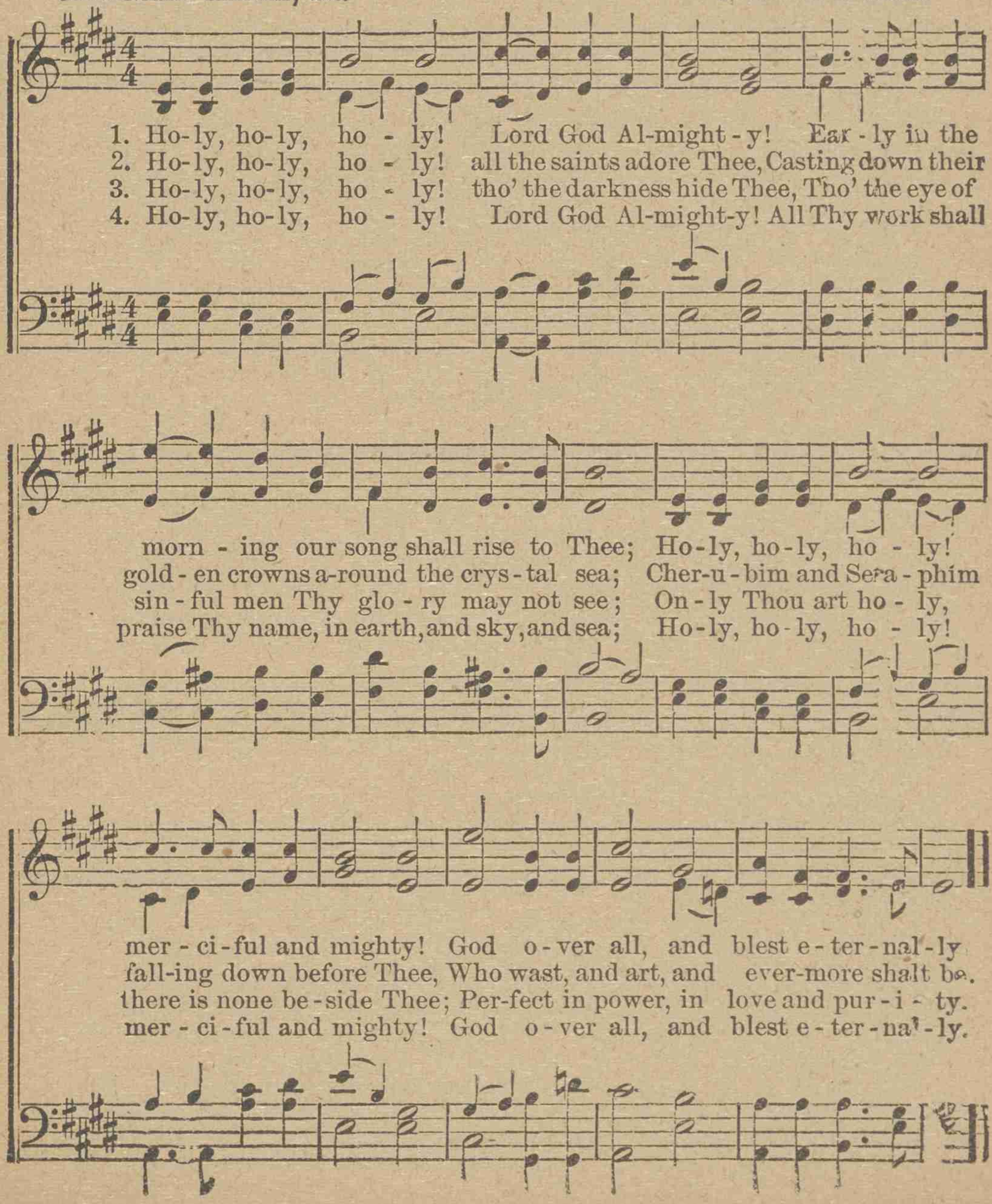
We Shall Stand Before the King.—Concluded.



358. Holy, Holy, Holy.

(NICÆA.)
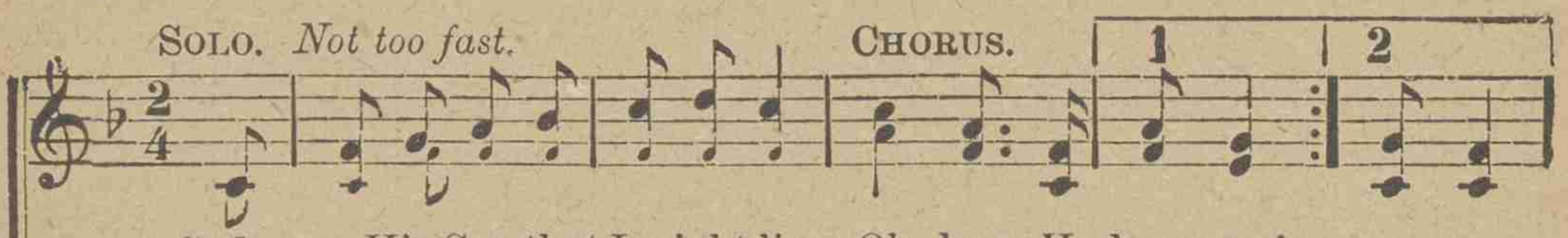
REGINALD HEBER, alt. JOHN B. DYKES.



359. Oh, How I Love Him.

REV. ALLEN WILSON. W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.
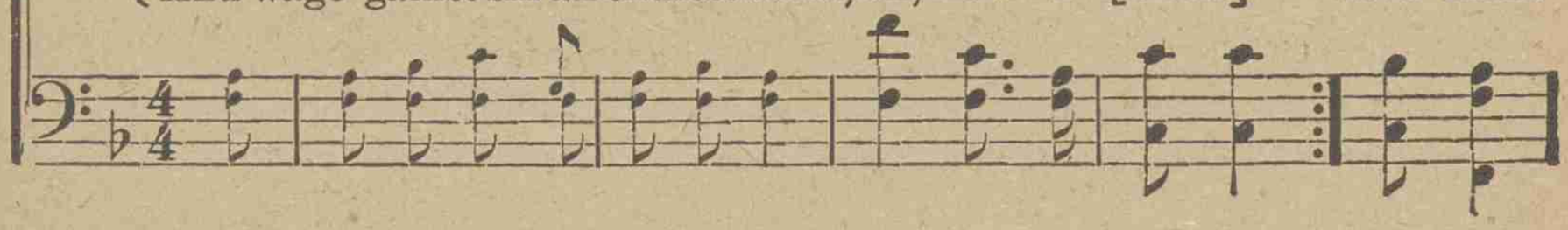
SOLO. *Not too fast.* CHORUS. 1 2



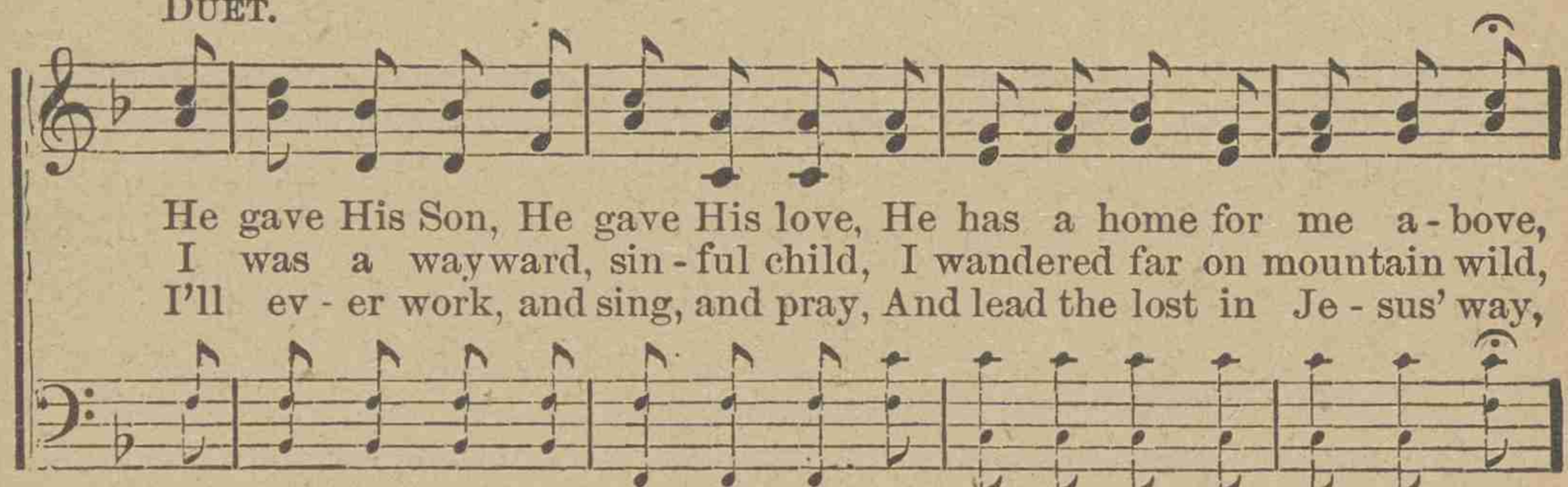
1. { God gave His Son that I might live; Oh, how He loves me!
   { So great a gift as this to give; Oh, how He [*Omit.*] loves me!

2. { Christ gave His life to cleanse my sin, Oh, how He loves me!
   { "Come un-to me, I'll take you in," Oh, how He [*Omit.*] loves me!
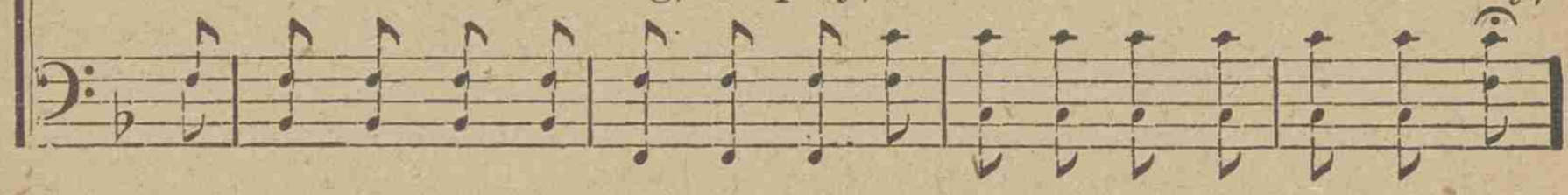
3. { I'll give to Je-sus all my life, Oh, how I love Him!
   { And wage 'gainst sin an endless strife, Oh, how I [*Omit.*] love Him!



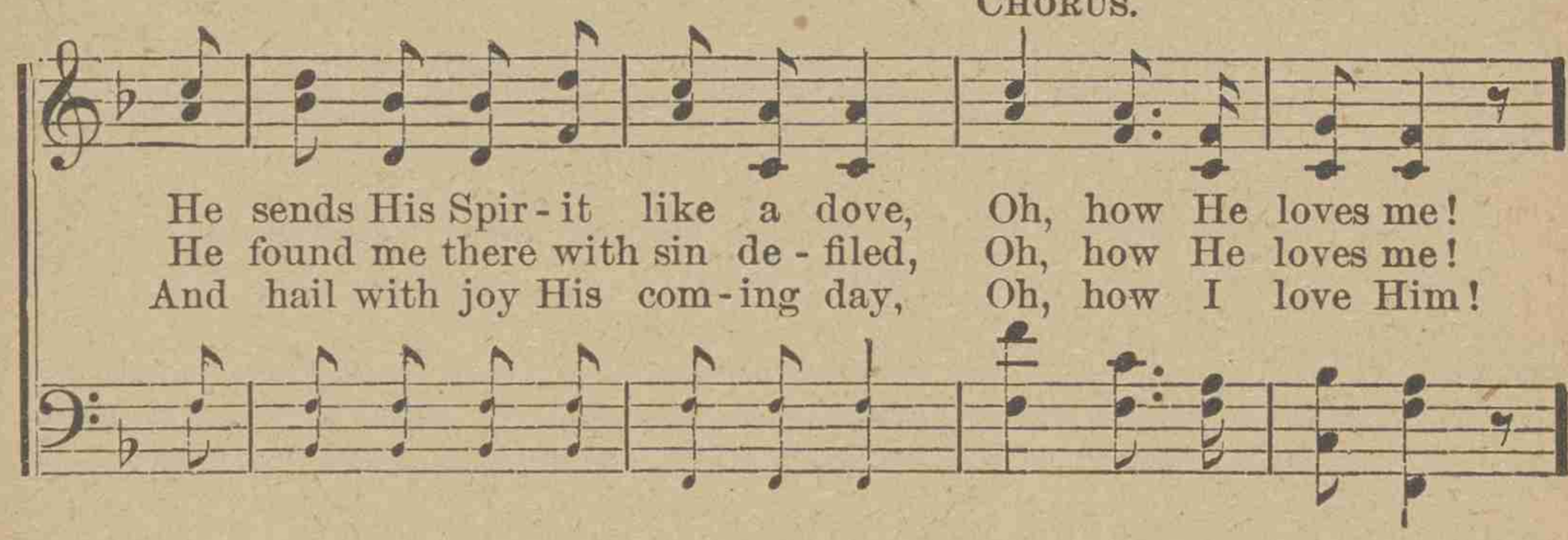
DUET.



He gave His Son, He gave His love, He has a home for me a-bove,
I was a wayward, sin-ful child, I wandered far on mountain wild,
I'll ev-er work, and sing, and pray, And lead the lost in Je-sus' way,
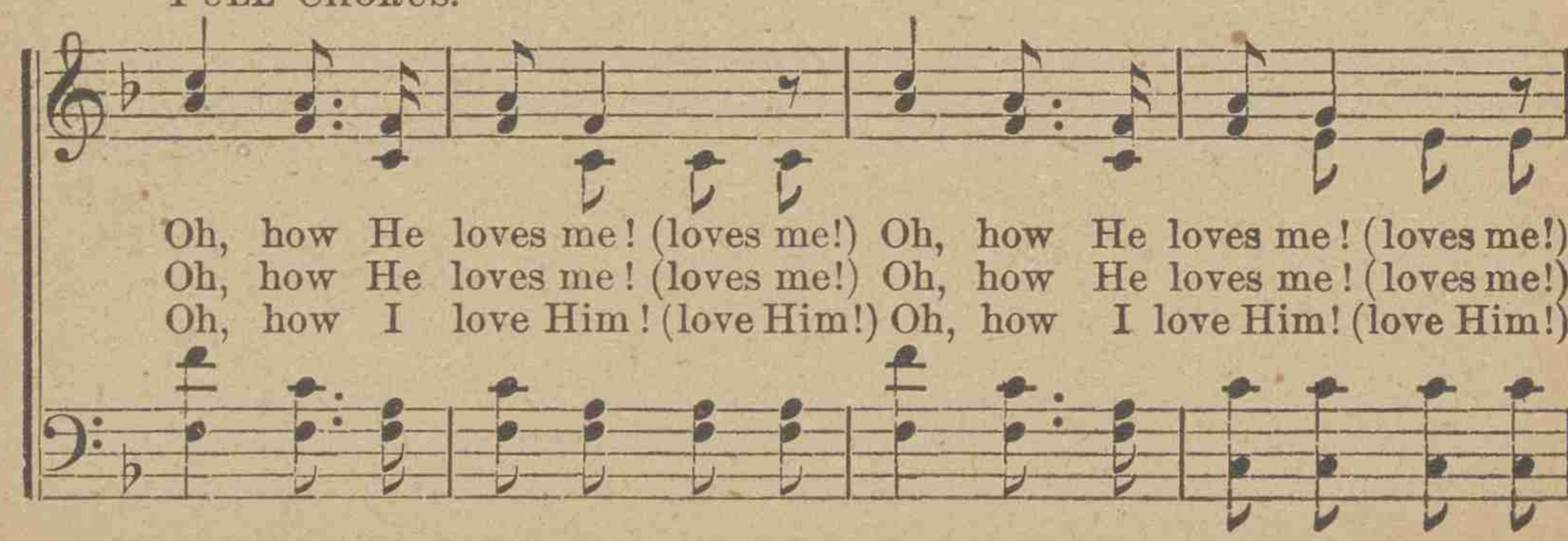


CHORUS.



He sends His Spir-it like a dove, Oh, how He loves me!
He found me there with sin de-filed, Oh, how He loves me!
And hail with joy His com-ing day, Oh, how I love Him!
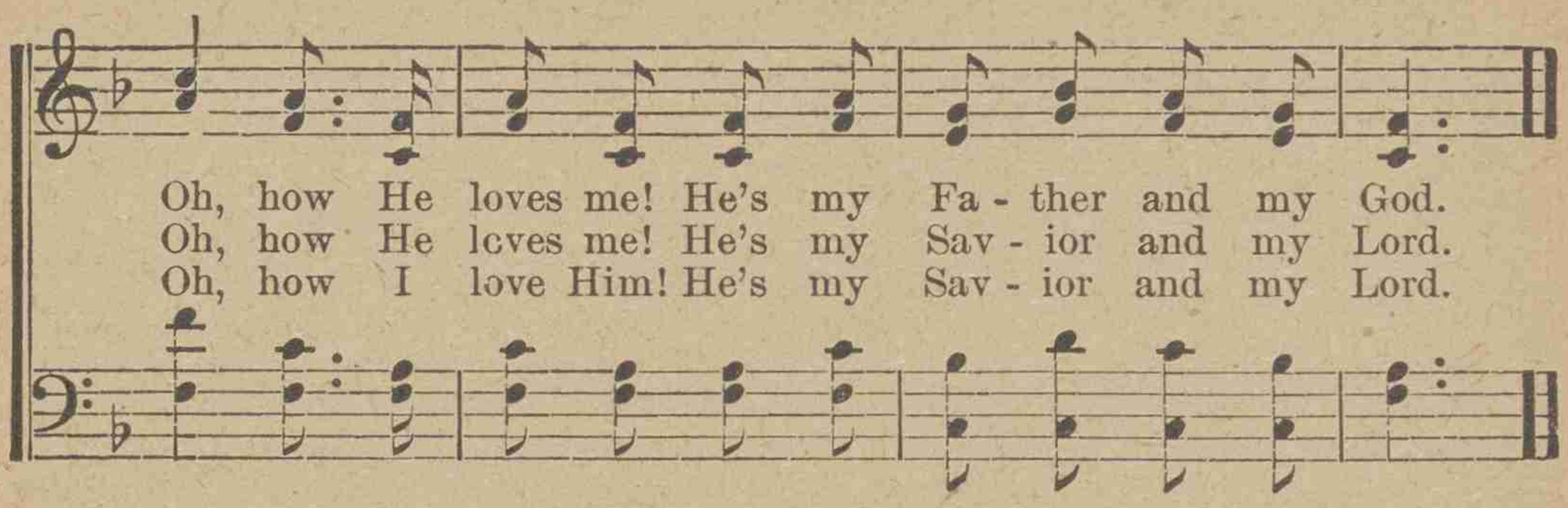
FULL CHORUS.



Oh, how He loves me! (loves me!) Oh, how He loves me! (loves me!)
Oh, how He loves me! (loves me!) Oh, how He loves me! (loves me!)
Oh, how I love Him! (love Him!) Oh, how I love Him! (love Him!)

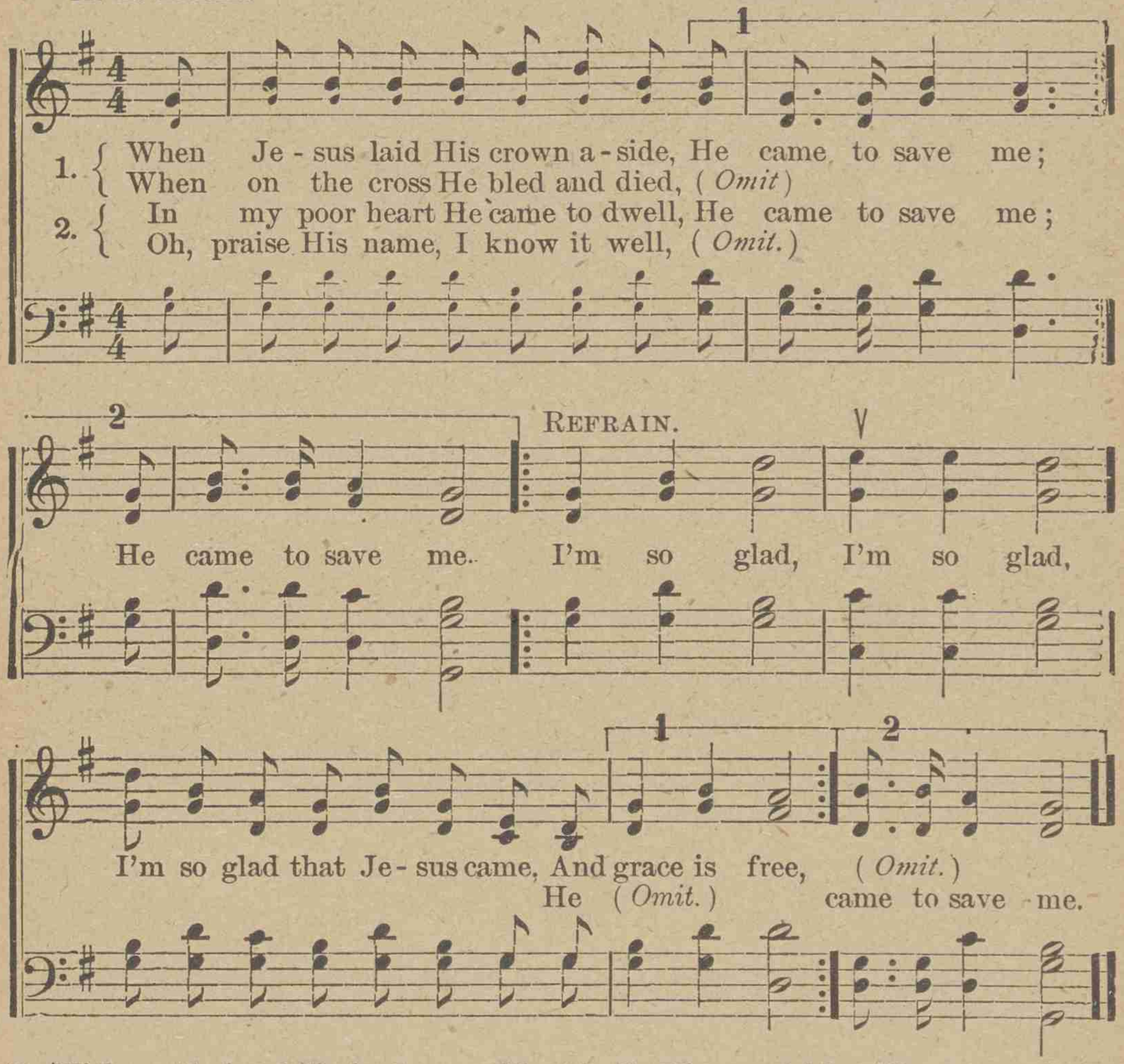
Copyright, 1897, by W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Oh, How I Love Him.—Concluded.



360. He Came to Save Me.

H. E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



3. With gentle hand He leads me still,
He came to save me:
And trusting Him, I fear no ill,
He came to save me.

4. To Him my faith with rapture clings,
He came to save me.
To Him my heart looks up and sings,
He came to save me.

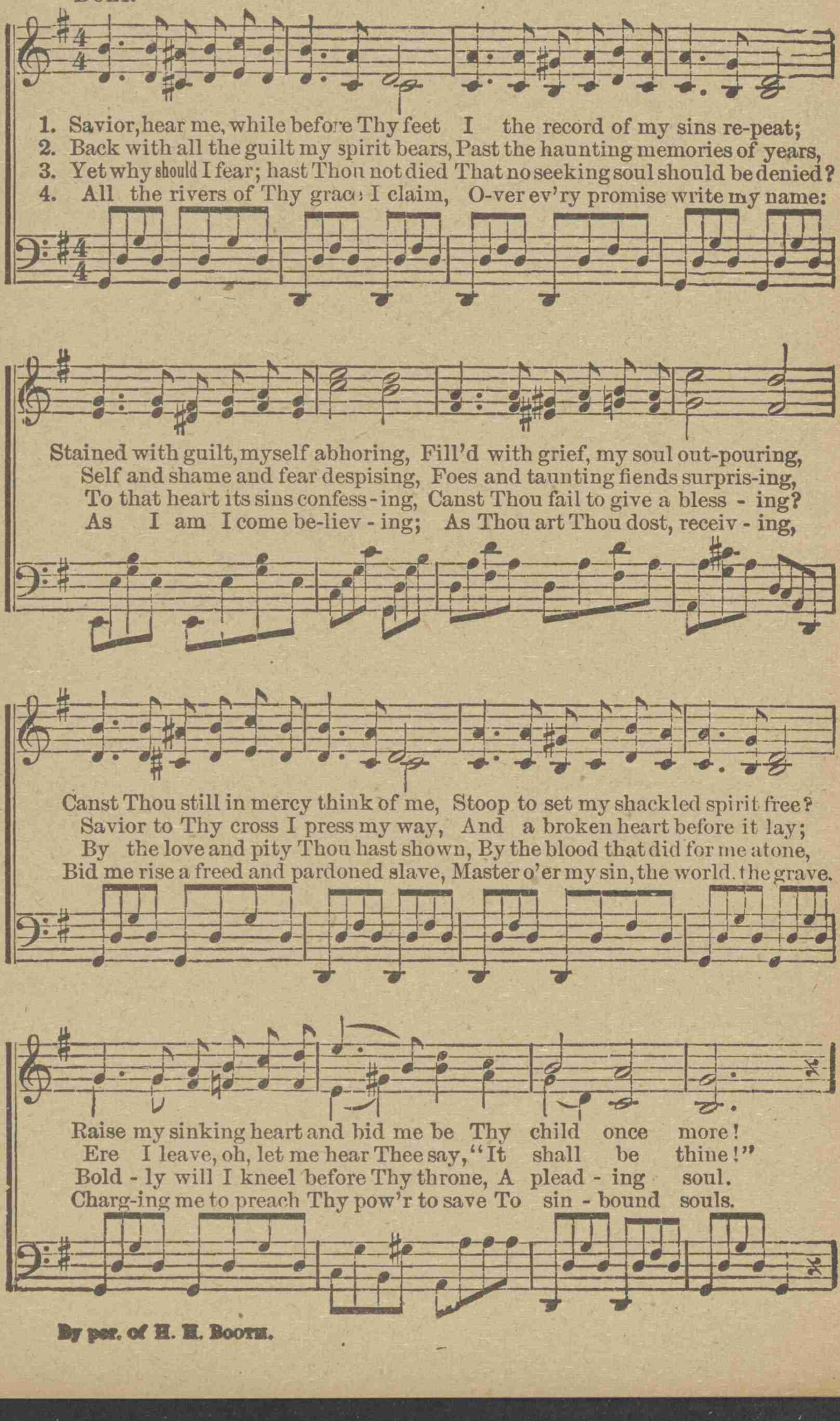
Copyright, 1885, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick Used by per.

361. The Penitent's Plea.

H. H. B.

H. H. Booth.

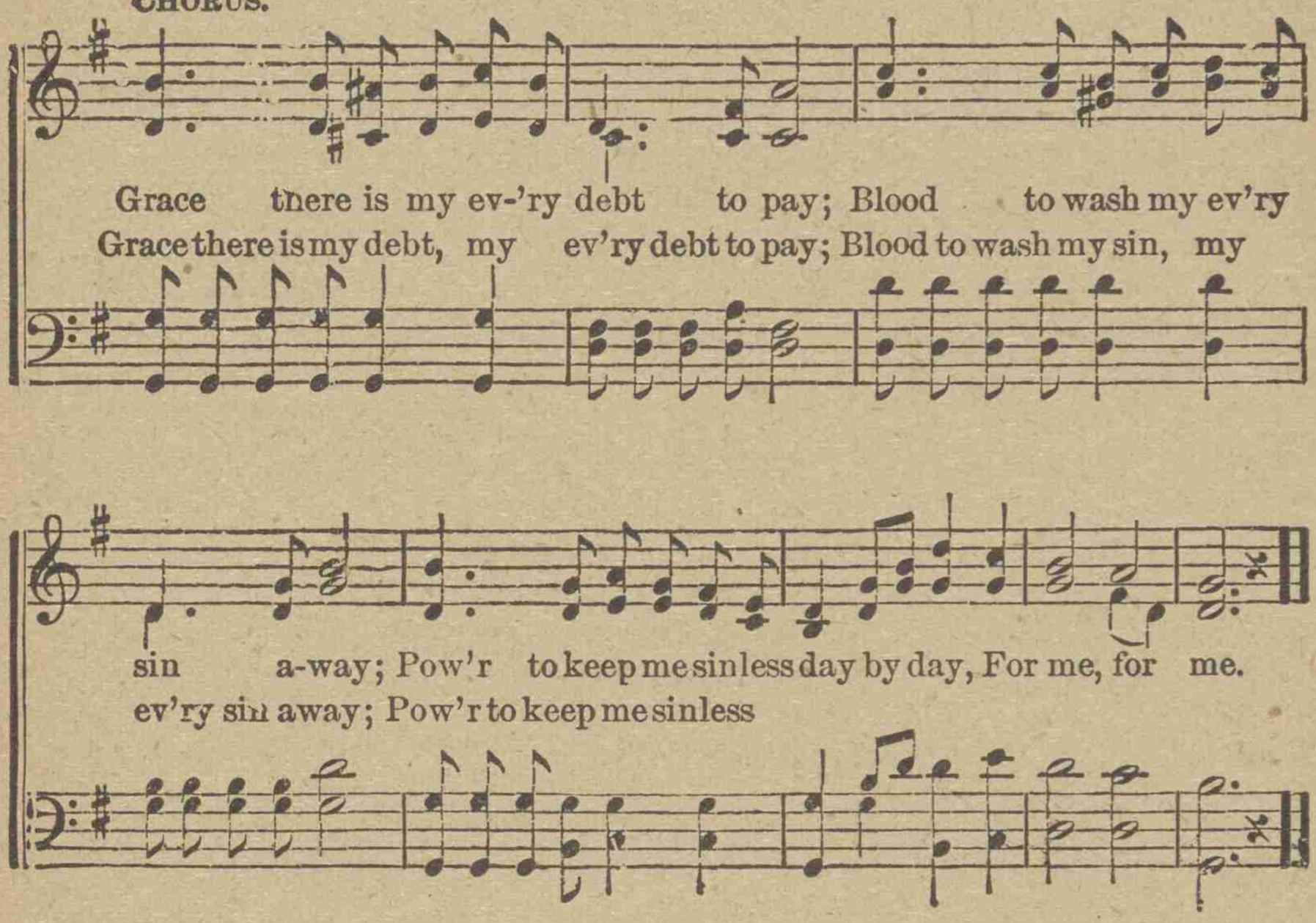
DUET.



By per. of H. H. Booth.

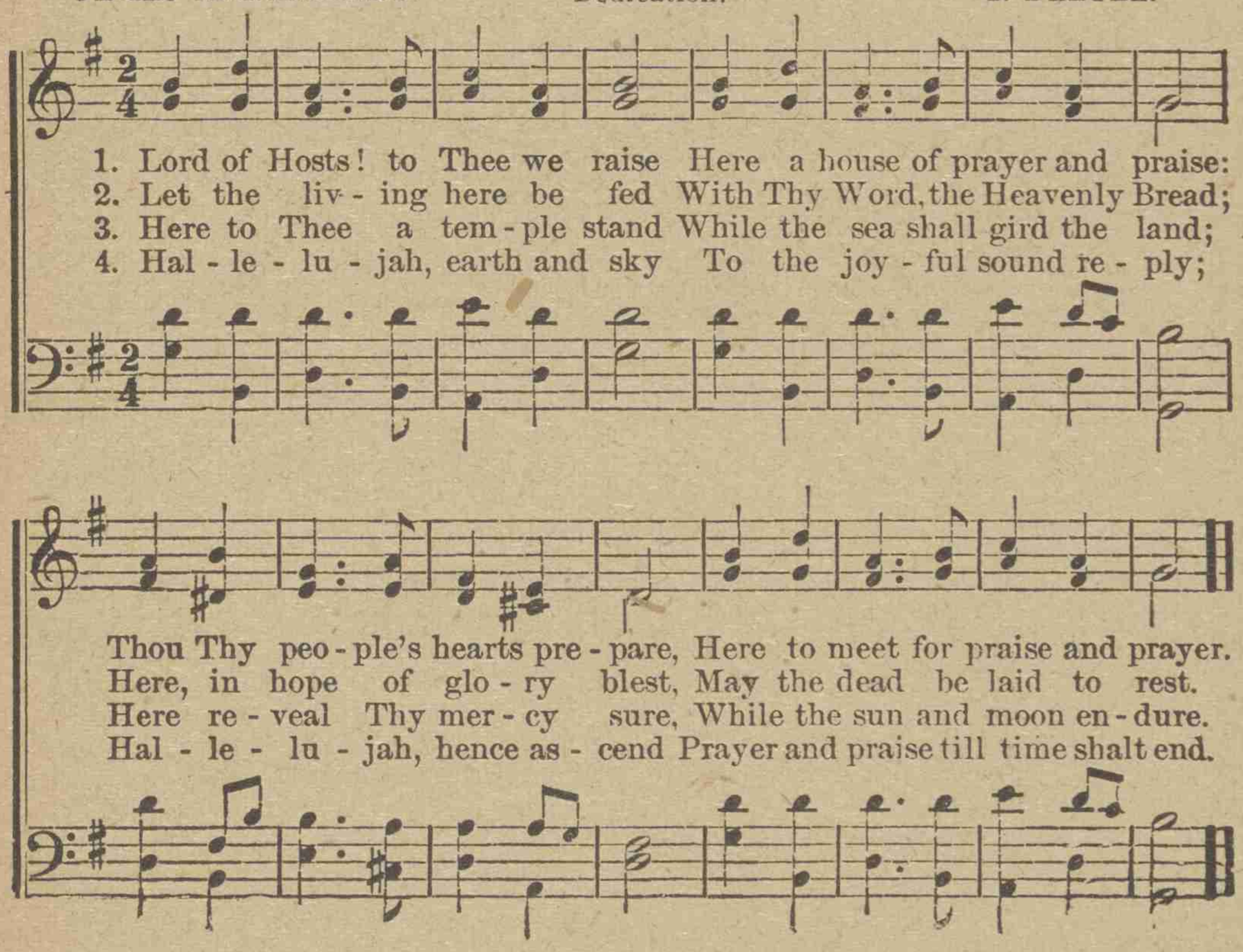
The Penitent's Plea.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



362. Lord of Hosts! to Thee We Raise.

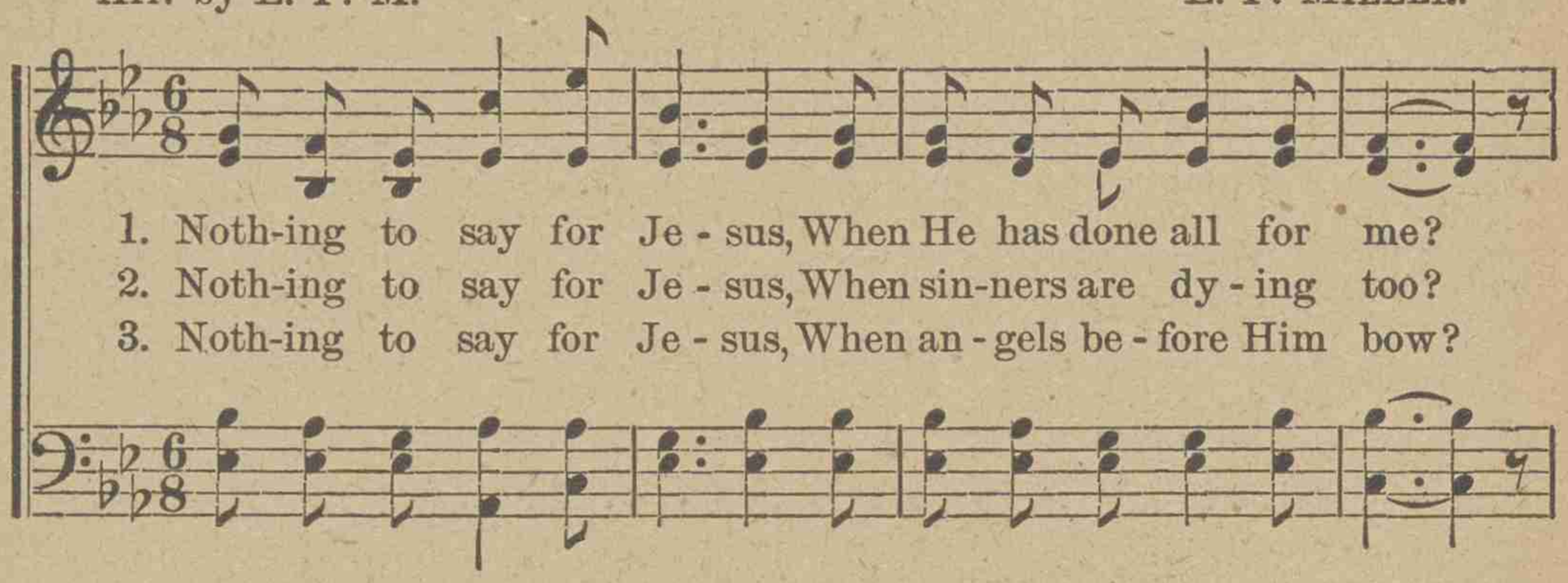
JAMES MONTGOMERY. Dedication. I. PLEYEL.



363. I'll Tell It.

"Whosoever therefore, shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven." MATT. 10: 32.

Arr. by E. F. M. E. F. MILLER.



Copyright, 1884, by E. F. Miller. By per.

I'll Tell It. Concluded.

CHORUS.

I'll tell..... it, I'll tell..... it, How precious a ran-som He

Tell it to all, tell it to all, How precious a ran-som, the

gave,..... I'll tell..... of His love,.....

ran-som He gave, Tell of His love, Tell of His love,

And His won-der-ful pow-er to save.....

And His won-der-ful pow-er to pow-er to save.

364. Our Help in Ages Past.
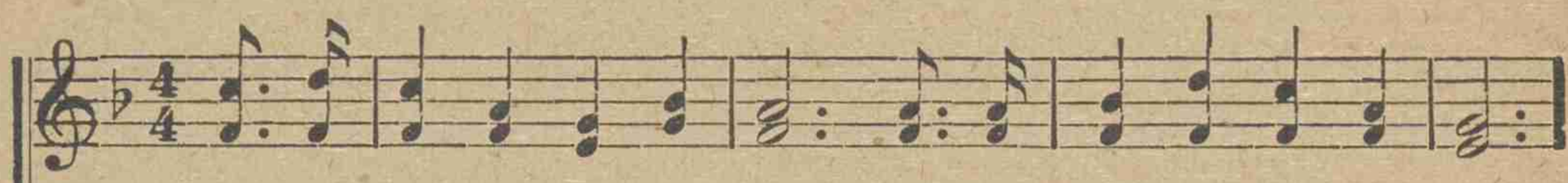
ISAAC WATTS. DR. T. HASTINGS.

1. O God, our help in a-ges past, Our hope for years to come, Our shel-ter
2. Beneath the shadow of Thy throne Thy saints have dwelt secure; Suf-fi-cient
3. Be-fore the hills in order stood, Or earth received her frame, From ev-er-
4. Time, like an ever rolling stream, Bears all its sons a-way, They fly for-
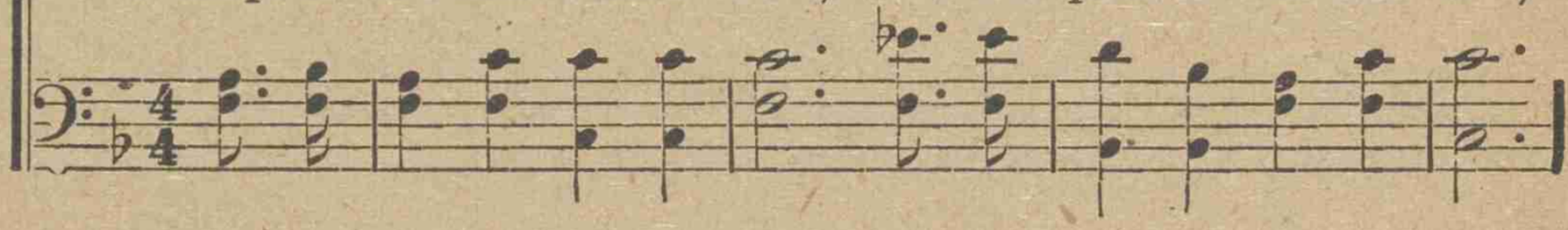
from the stormy blast, And our e-ter-nal home, And our e-ter-nal home.
is Thine arm alone, And our defense is sure, And our defense is sure.
lasting Thou art God; To endless years the same, To endless years the same.
got-ten, as a dream Dies at the opening day, Dies at the opening day.
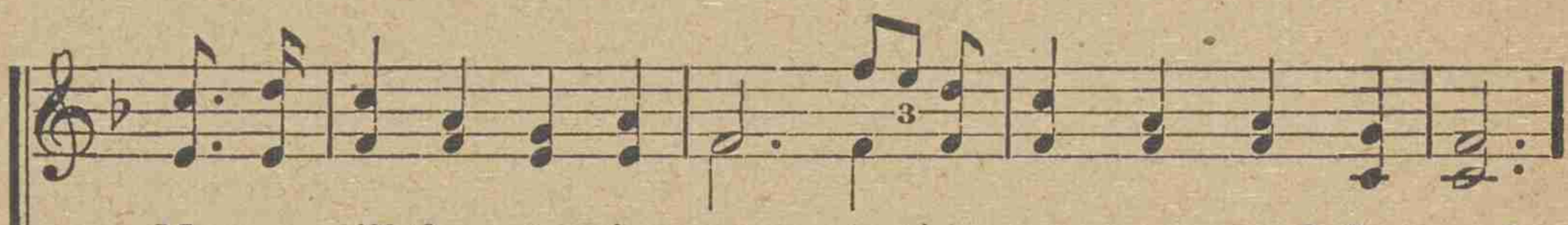
365. Is There One Prepared for Me?

HARRY CLAYTON.
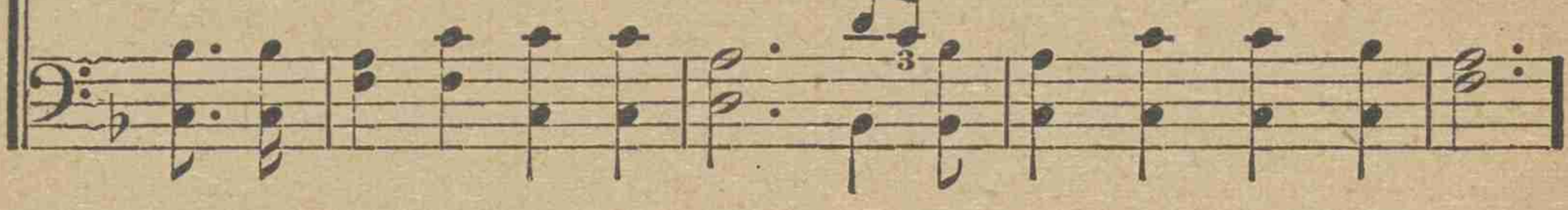


1. Mansions are pre-pared a - bove, By the gra-cious God of Love;
2. Crowns that daz-zle hu-man eye, Wait for those who reach the sky,
3. Robes of spot-less white are giv'n, By the gra-cious King of heav'n,
4. Harps of sol-emn sound a - bove, Swell loud prais-es to His love;
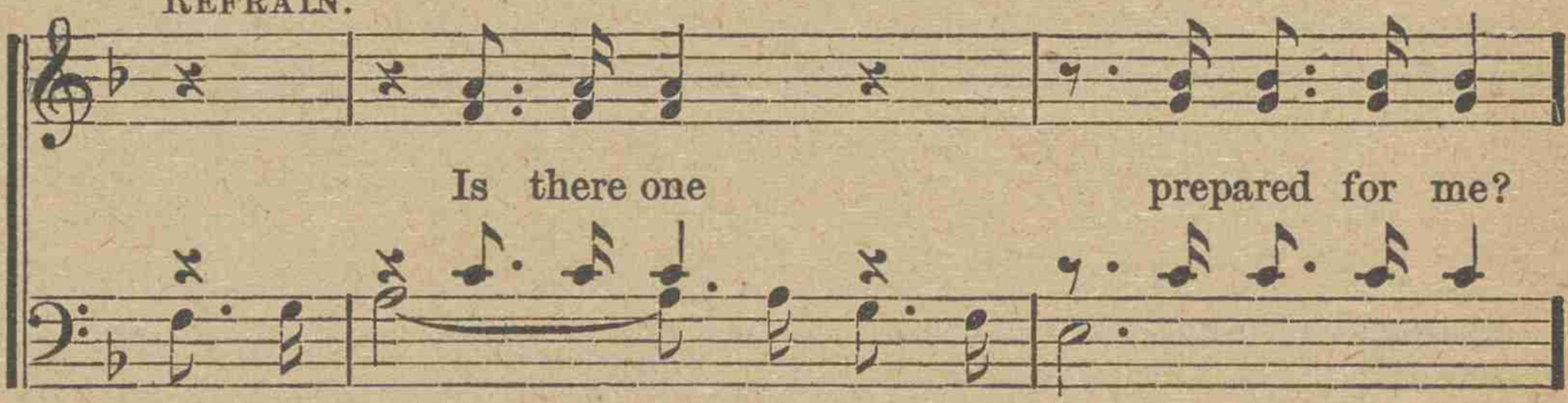




Ma - ny will those mansions see; Is there one pre - pared for me?
Ma - ny will those bright crowns be, Is there one pre - pared for me?
All can have them, they are free, Is there one pre - pared for me?
Oh, how sweet this sound will be, Is there one pre - pared for me?
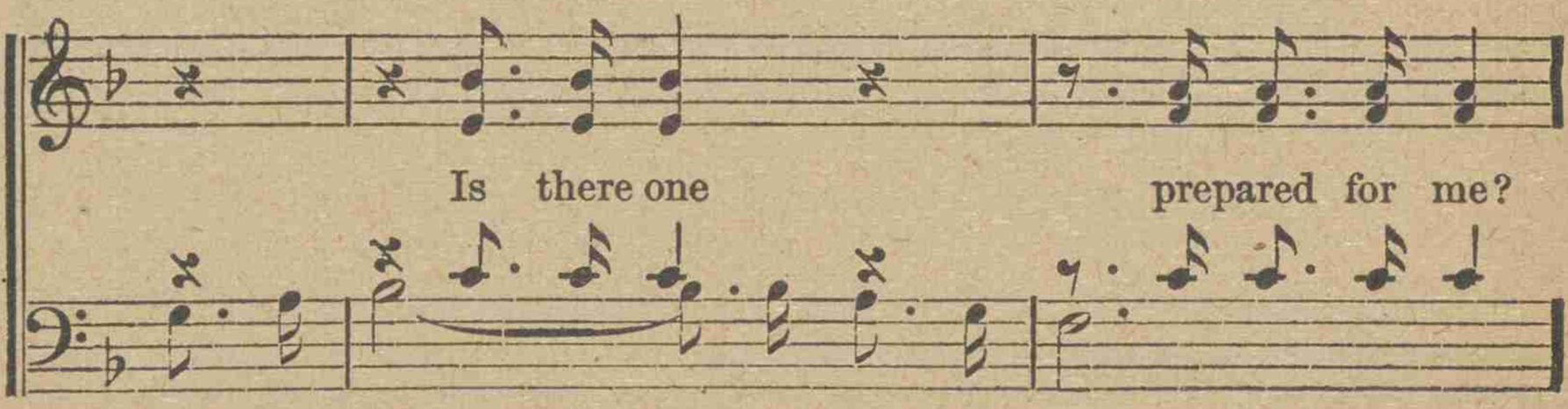


REFRAIN.



Is there one prepared for me?

Is there one..... pre-pared for me?

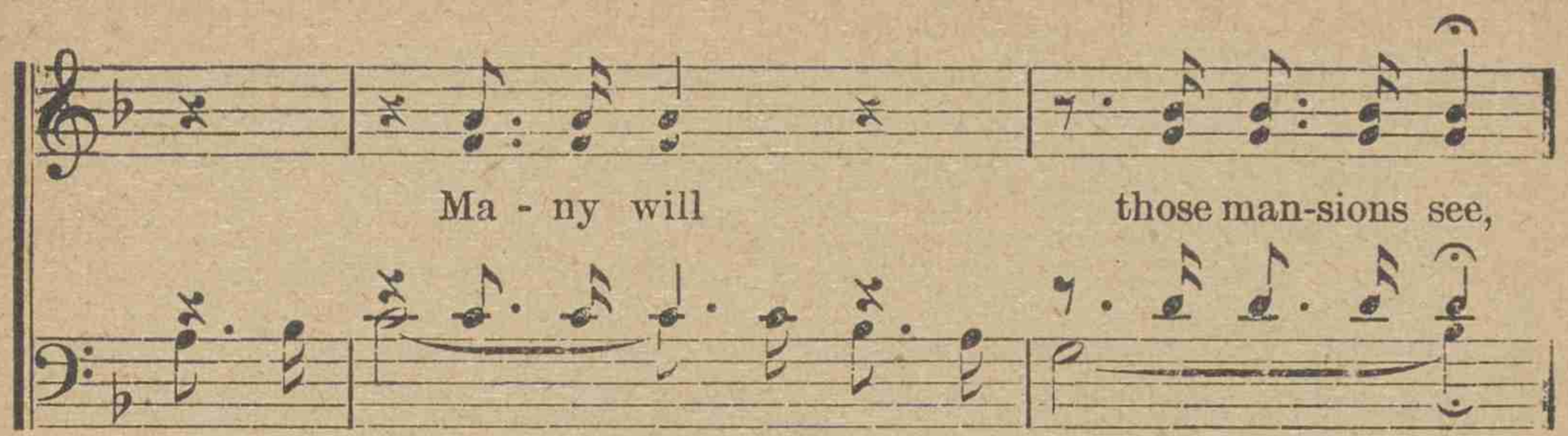


Is there one prepared for me?
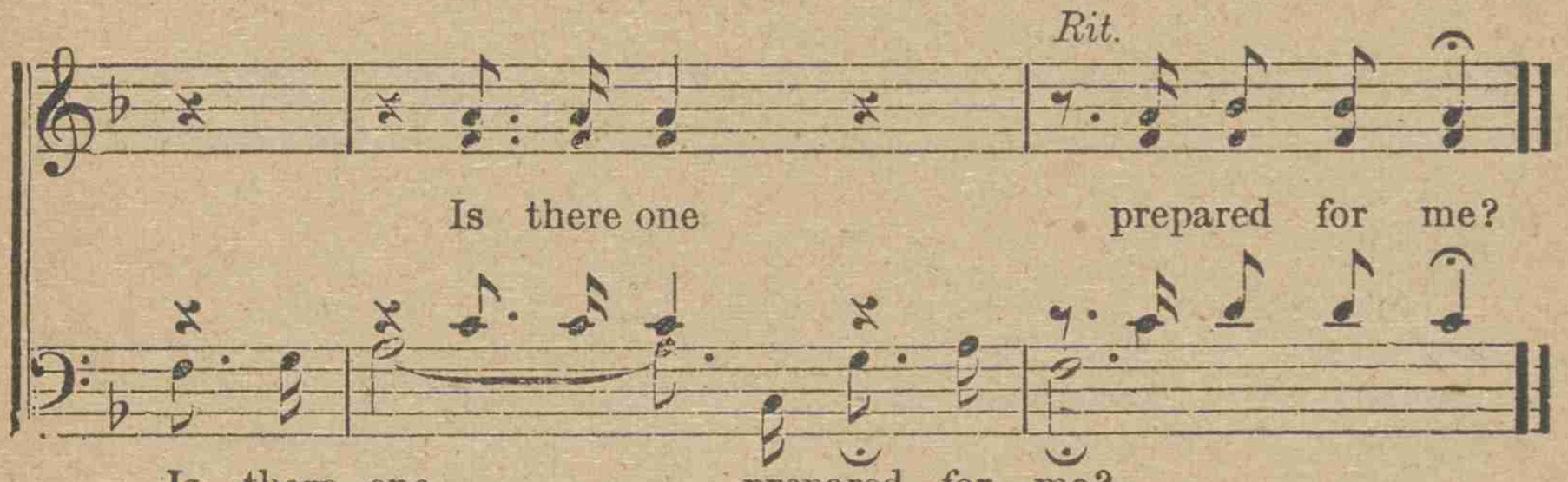
Is there one..... prepared for me?

Copyright, 1890, by M. L. McPhail. By per

Is There One Prepared? Concluded.

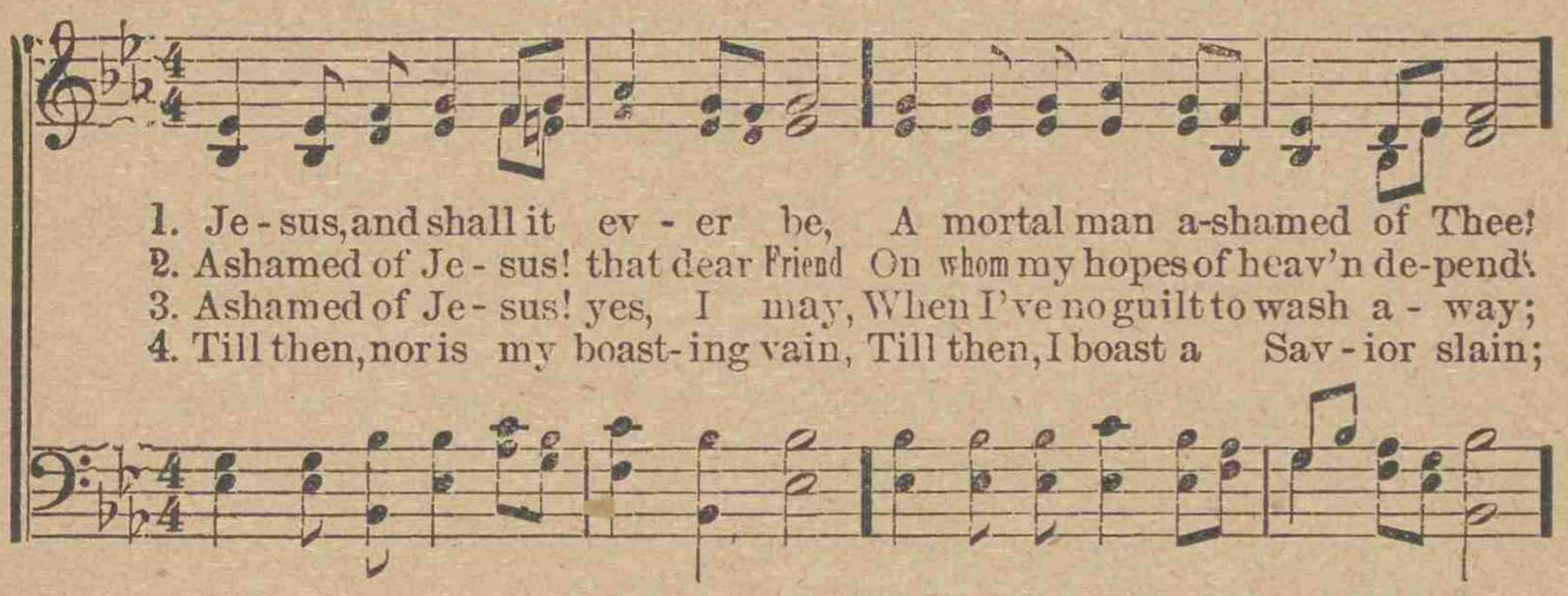


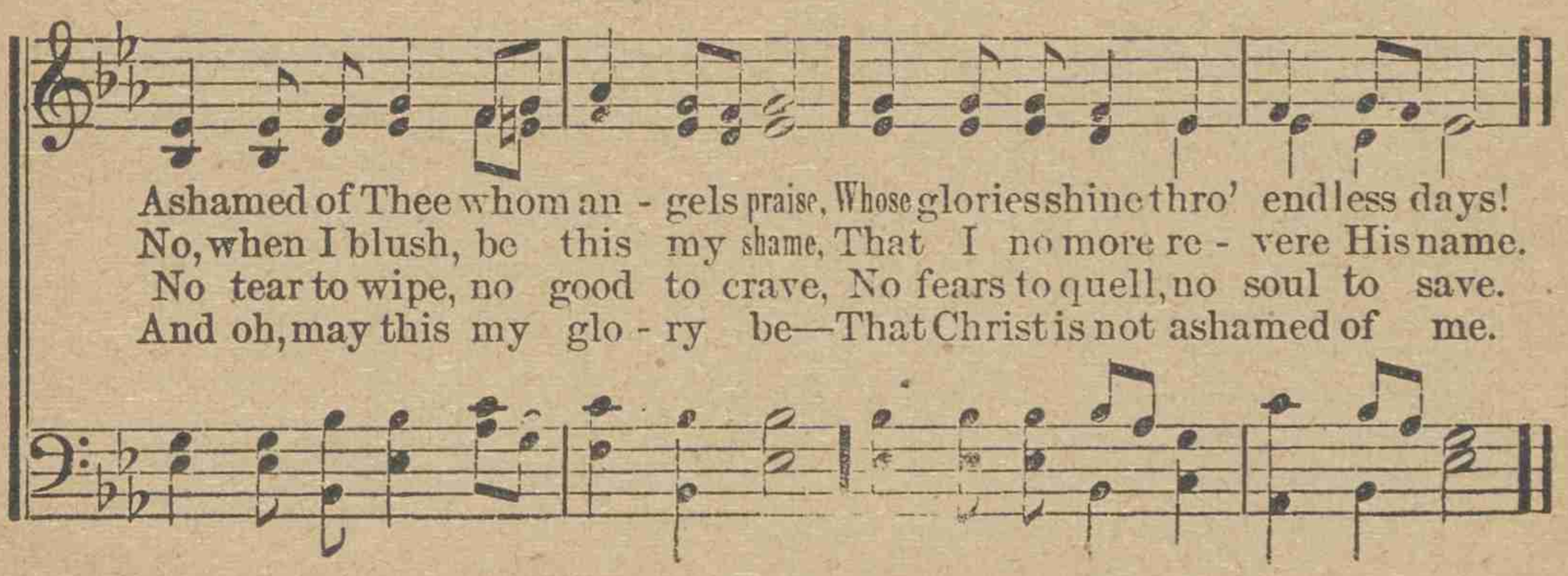
1. Ma - ny will..... those man-sions see,.....
2. Ma - ny will..... those bright crowns be,.....
3. All can have..... them, they are free,.....
4. Oh, how sweet..... this sound will be,.....



Is there one..... prepared for me?

366. Jesus, and Shall it Ever Be?





367. Redeemed.

"Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."—Ps. 107: 2.

MRS. HARRIET JONES. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Oh, glad "who-so - ev - er," the deed is done, My sins are par-doned thro'
2. I came to my Sav - ior, His word believed, When He the sinner at
3. Oh, glad "who-so - ev - er," the crim-son tide Is free and o-pen, is

Christ the Son. Of love so pre-cious I nev - er had dreamed, Oh,
once re-ceived, And now His prais- es I joy - ful - ly sing, And
deep and wide; Oh, come, my broth-er, and bathe in the stream, And

CHORUS.

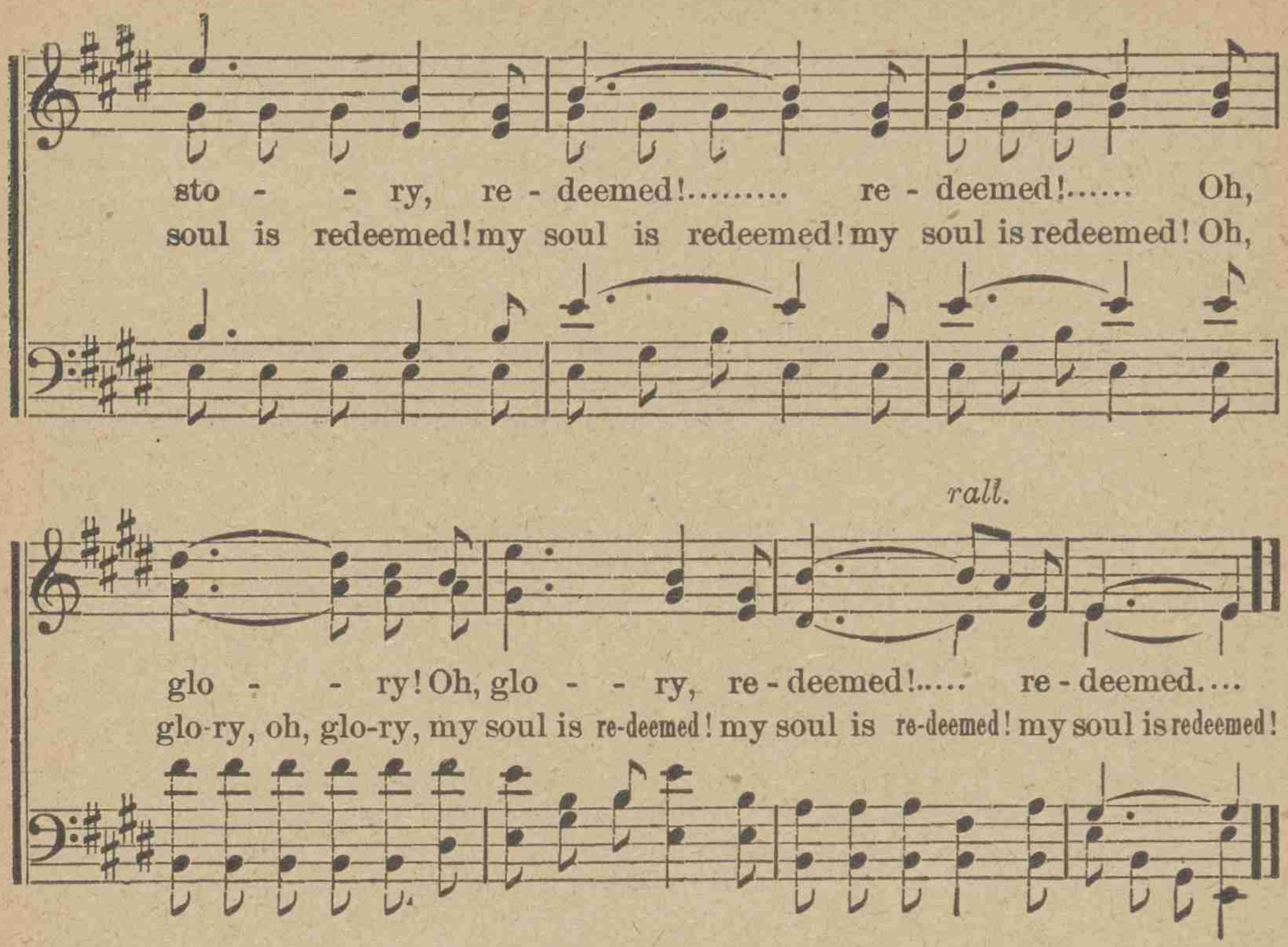
sweet is the peace of the soul redeemed. } Oh, glo - - ry to
dwell in the love of my Lord and King. }
you shall be filled with a joy supreme. } Oh, glo-ry to Je-sus, my

Je - - sus, re - deemed!..... re - deemed!..... Of
soul is redeemed! my soul is redeemed! my soul is redeemed! Of

love so pre-cious I nev - er had dreamed, Oh, rap - - tu-rous
Oh, rap-tu-rous sto-ry, my

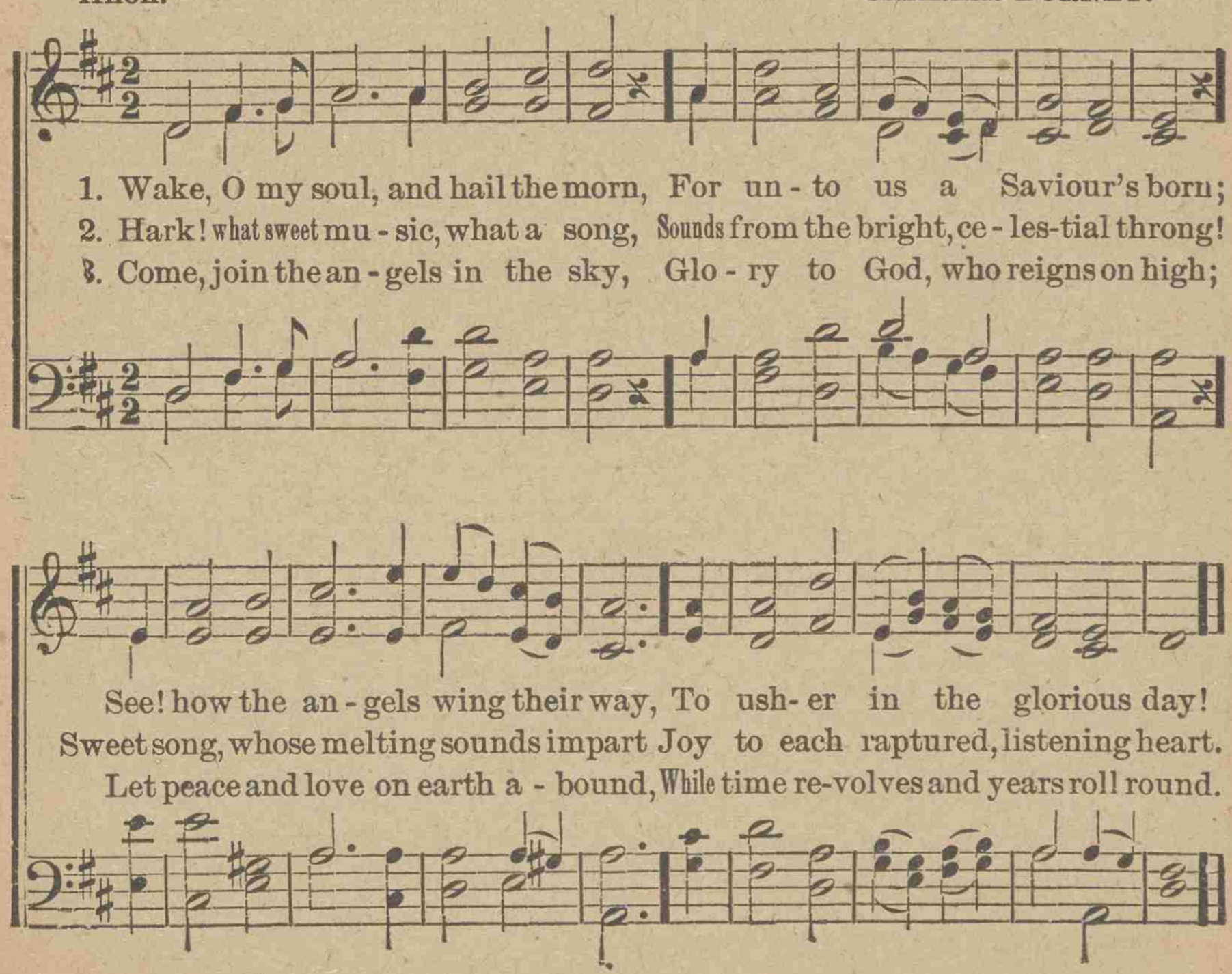
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Redeemed. Concluded.



368. Wake, O My Soul!

Anon. CHARLES BURNEY.



369. Workers in His Vineyard.

To the Y. P. S. C. E.

Words and Music by W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

1. We have heard the call of Je - sus, In the ear - ly morn of life,
2. Pre-cious are the pass - ing moments, For our youth will fast de - cay,
3. Evening-time is fast approaching; Quickly, then His call o - bey;

To be workers in His vineyard, Helping free the world of strife;
When we can no long - er la - bor, As we can and ought to - day;
See! the night with all its darkness, Clos - es in up - on the day!

Haste should we to find employment, Where He tells us we must go,
Let us then be up and do - ing; We can work and sing and pray;
Then with all our la - bors end - ed, Hav - ing wrought un - til 'tis late,
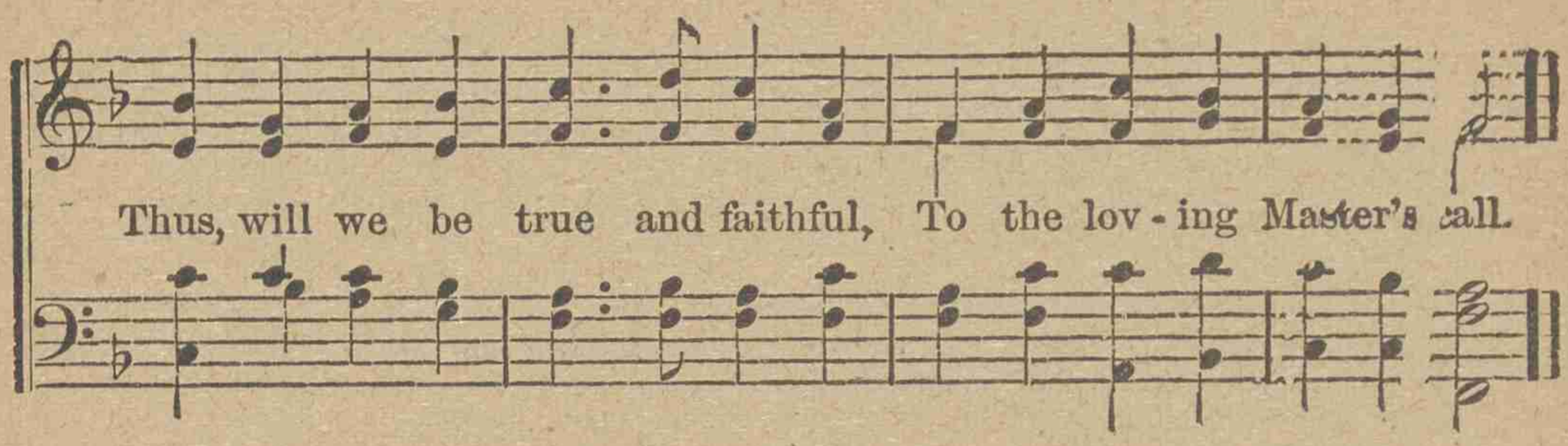
For we can - not find true pleasure, Save in what He bids us do.
We can lead the err - ing sin - ner, To the True and Liv - ing Way.
We shall hear the Sav - ior calling—"Pass within the Gold - en Gate."

CHORUS.

Work - ers in His vineyard,
Workers in the Master's vineyard,
} Bringing Peace and Joy to all;

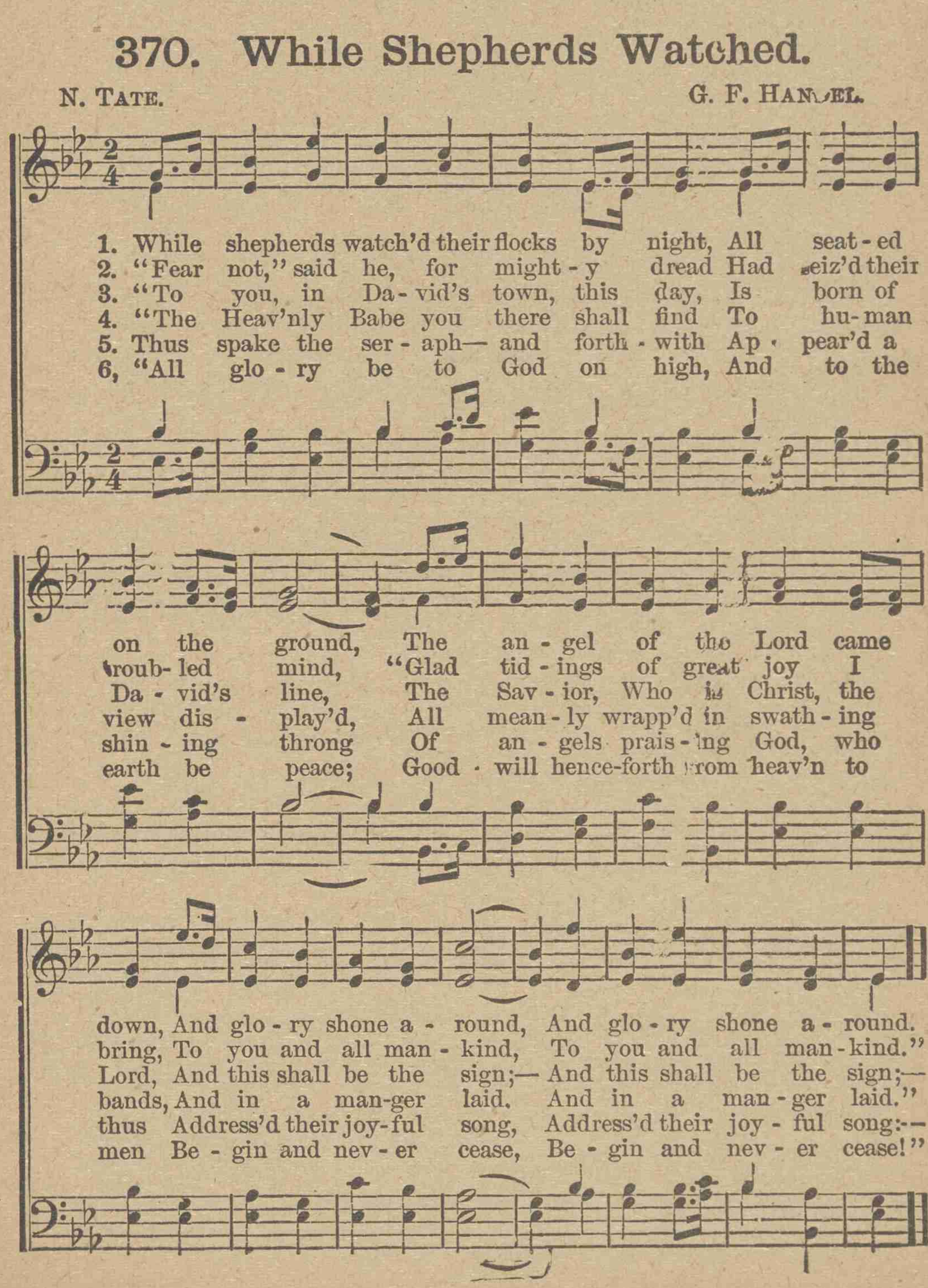
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Workers in His Vineyard.—Concluded.



370. While Shepherds Watched.

N. TATE. G. F. HANDEL.



371. Full Consecration.

To the Y. P. S. C. E.

CHAS. M. FILLMORE. W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Slowly.

1. The love of my heart, En - tire not in part, In full con - se -
2. The love of my soul, My life as a whole, A sac - ri - fice
3. Each thought of my mind, Made pure and re- fined, And filled with all
4. Thus heart, soul, and mind, With strength all combined, In love on Thine

cra - tion I bring; Af - fec - tion sin- cere, From self - ish-ness clear,
liv - ing I make; Life, kindred, home, land, If Thou dost de-mand,
truth from a - bove; Each day con-tem-plate, Each night med-i - tate,
al - tar then laid; This Thou dost re-quire, Be this my de - sire,

CHORUS.

I of - fer Thee glad- ly, my King.
Yea, all I will leave for Thy sake.
Thy good-ness, and wis-dom and love.
Till per - fect in love I am made.

} With all of my might, Up -

hold- ing the right, Op - pos - ing what ev - er is wrong; Sup -

porting the weak, Sustaining the meek, And helping the feeble grow strong.

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372. We Plough the Fields.

JANE M. CAMPBELL, Tr. J. A. P. SCHULTZE.

1. We plough the fields and scat - ter The good seed on the land, But it is fed and wa - tered By God's almighty hand; He sends the snow in
2. He on - ly is the Mak - er Of all things near and far; He paints the way-side flow - er, He lights the evening star; The winds and waves o-
3. We thank Thee then, O Fa - ther, For all things bright and good, The seed-time and the har - vest, Our life, our health, our food; Accept the gifts we

win - ter, The warmth to swell the grain, The breezes and the sun - shine, And
bey Him, By Him the birds are fed; Much more to us, His chil - dren, He
of - fer, For all Thy love im-parts, And what Thou most desir - est, Our

REFRAIN.
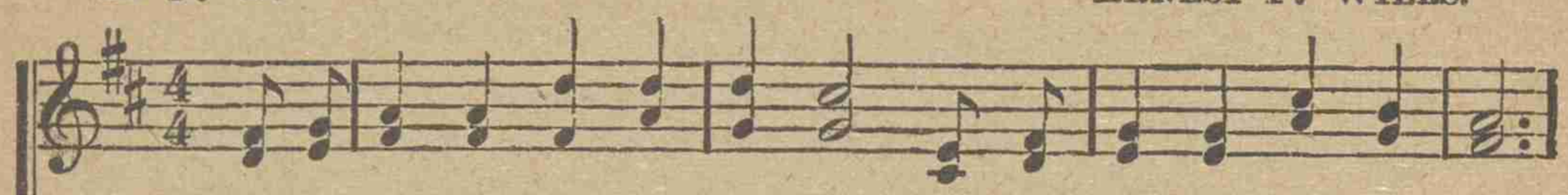
soft re-fresh-ing rain. All good gifts around us Are sent from heav'n a-
gives our dai - ly bread.
humble, thankful hearts.

bove, Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord, For all His love.
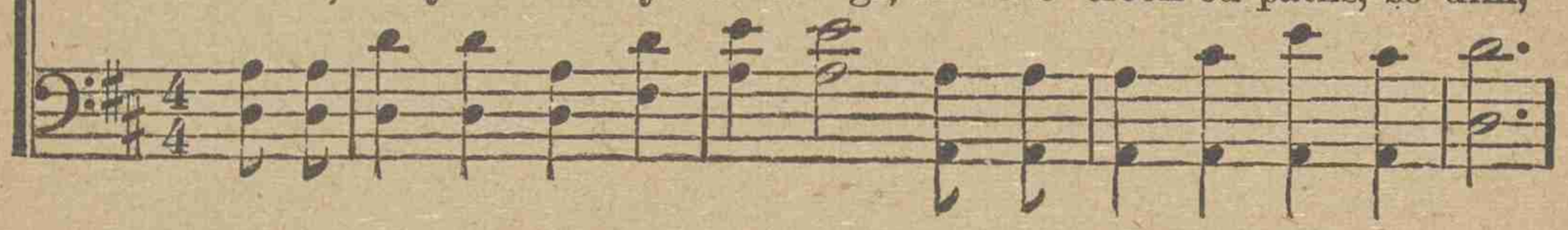
373. Trust in Him.
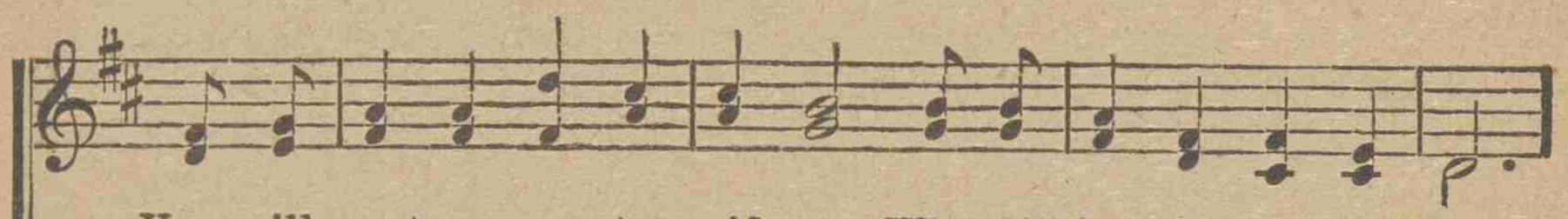
TRAV'LER, CHRISTIAN, SINNER.

E. P. W. ERNEST P. WILES.
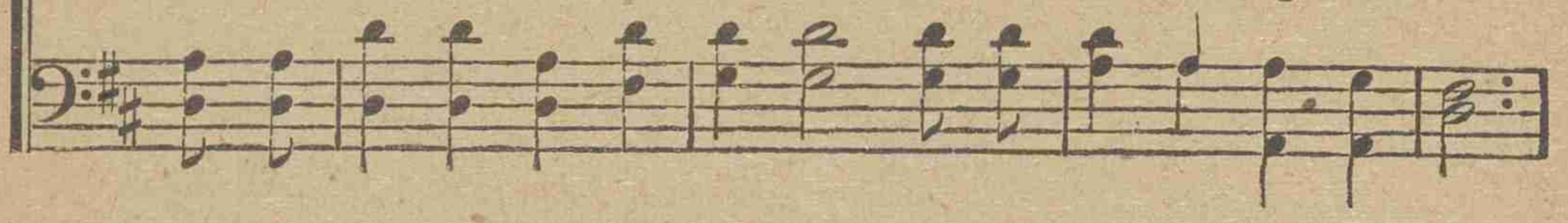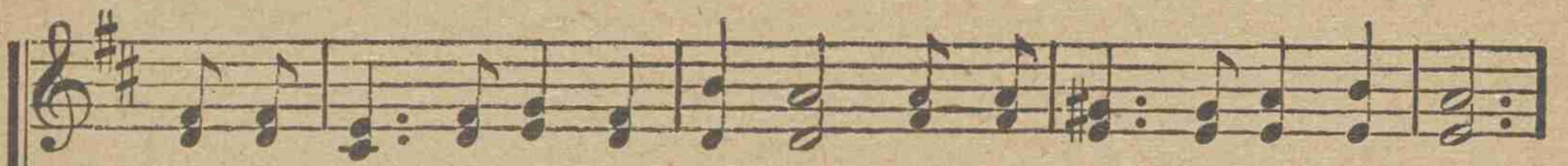


1. *Trav'ler*, in this world of sor-row, With its pain, its toil and fear,
2. *Christian*, in the world's great conflict, Close be - set by sa-tan's throng,
3. *Sin-ner*, in your lone-ly wand'rings, In the crook-ed paths, so dim,
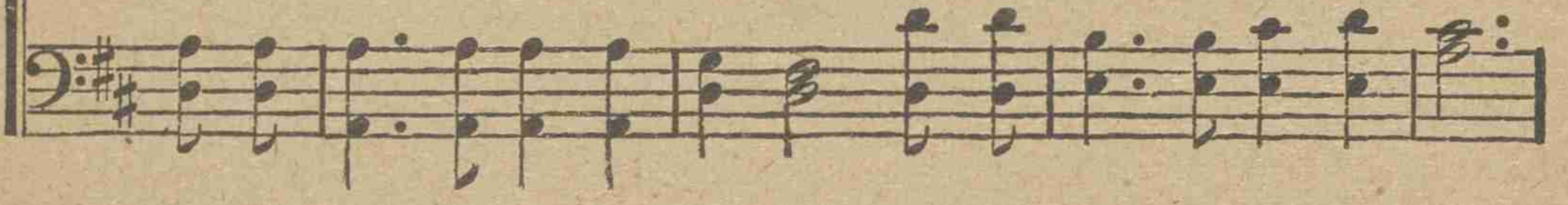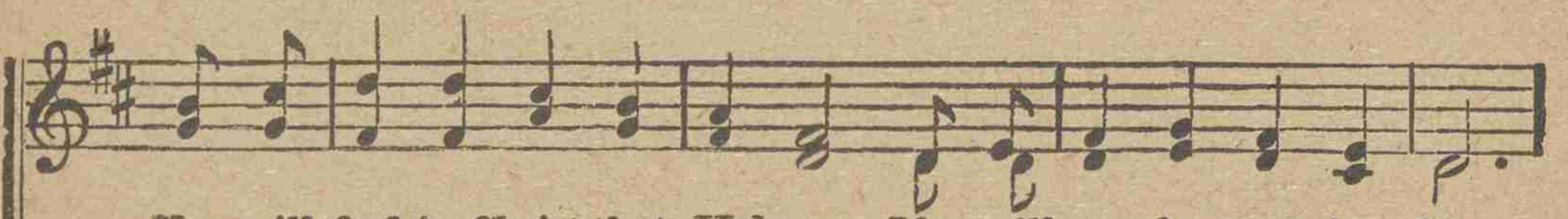




You will want some one to aid you, Who will love, di - rect and cheer.
You must strive to gain the mas-t'ry, And thus triumph o - ver wrong.
Oft - en you will be in sor - row, And will have no hope with-in.
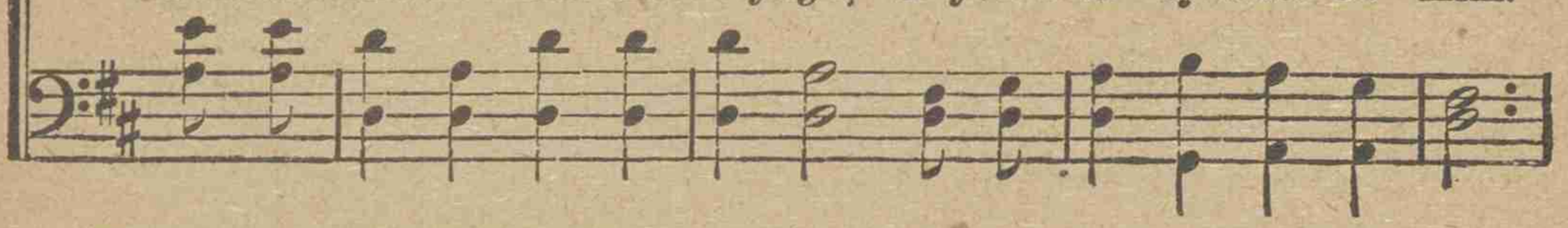




You will need a friend and help - er, When the way of life grows dim—
You will al-ways want a lead - er, Who will all the con-flicts win—
You will wish to seek a ref - uge, And be saved from ev - 'ry sin—
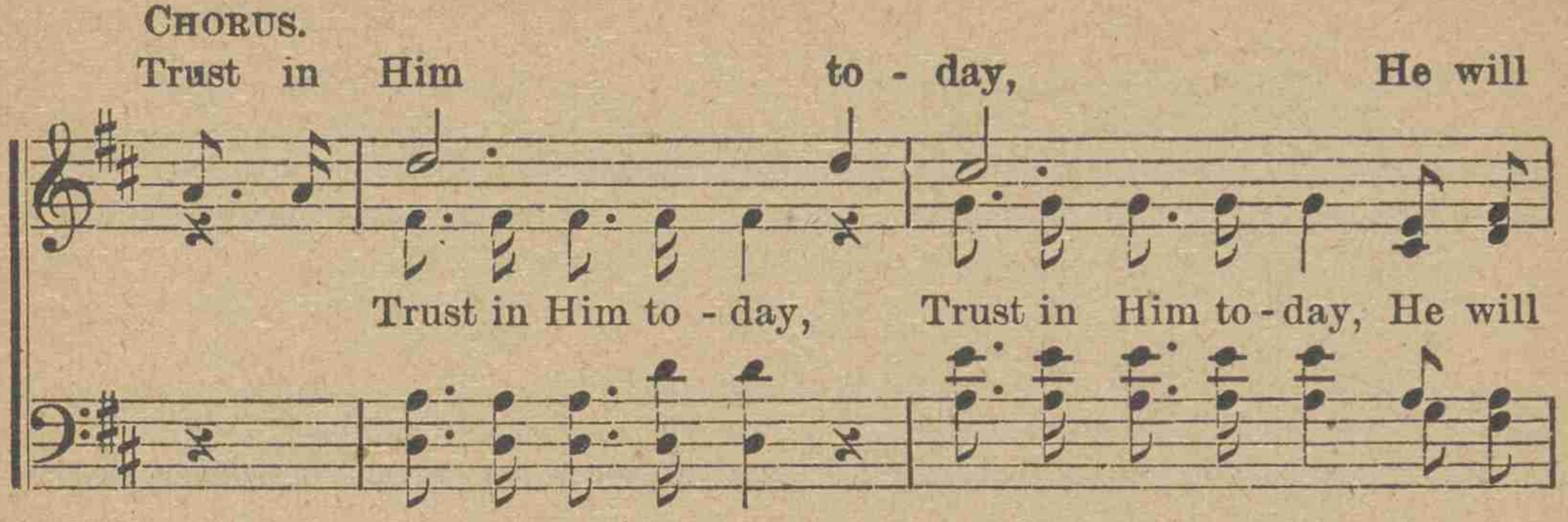




You will find in Christ that *Help-er* If you'll on - ly trust in Him.
You will find in Christ that *Leader*, If you'll on - ly trust in Him.
You will find in Christ that *Refuge*, If you'll on - ly trust in Him.
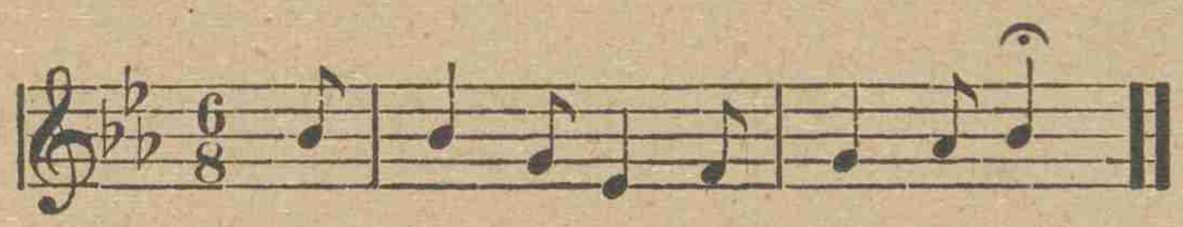


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Trust in Him.—Concluded.



374. THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.



1. The great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus:
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

CHORUS:
Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

2. All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

3. His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus.

4. And when to that bright world above,
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love,
His name, the name of Jesus.

375. The Home for Me.

J. T. REESE.

1. Sweet day of rest O Lord, we love, But there's a no - bler
2. No more fatigue, no more dis - tress, Nor sin nor hell shall
3. No rude a - larms of rag - ing foes; No cares to break the

rest a - bove; To that our la-b'ring souls as - pire, With
reach the place; No sighs shall min - gle with the songs Which
long re - pose; No mid - night shade, no cloud - ed sun, But

CHORUS.

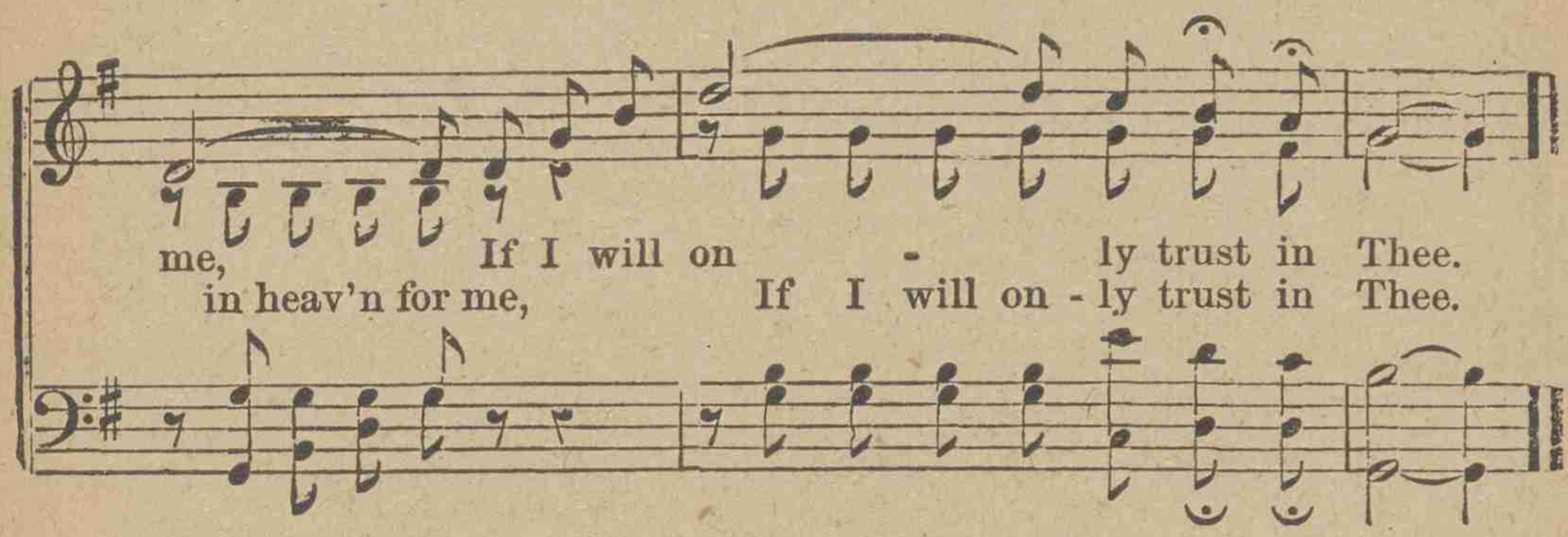
cheer-ful hope and strong de-sire. There is a home.....in heav'n for
war - ble from im-mor-tal tongues.
sa - cred, high, e-ter - nal noon.

There is a home,

me,..... If I will on - - ly trust in
in heav'n for me, If I will on -ly,

Thee,..... There is a home..... in heav'n for
on - ly trust in Thee. There is a home

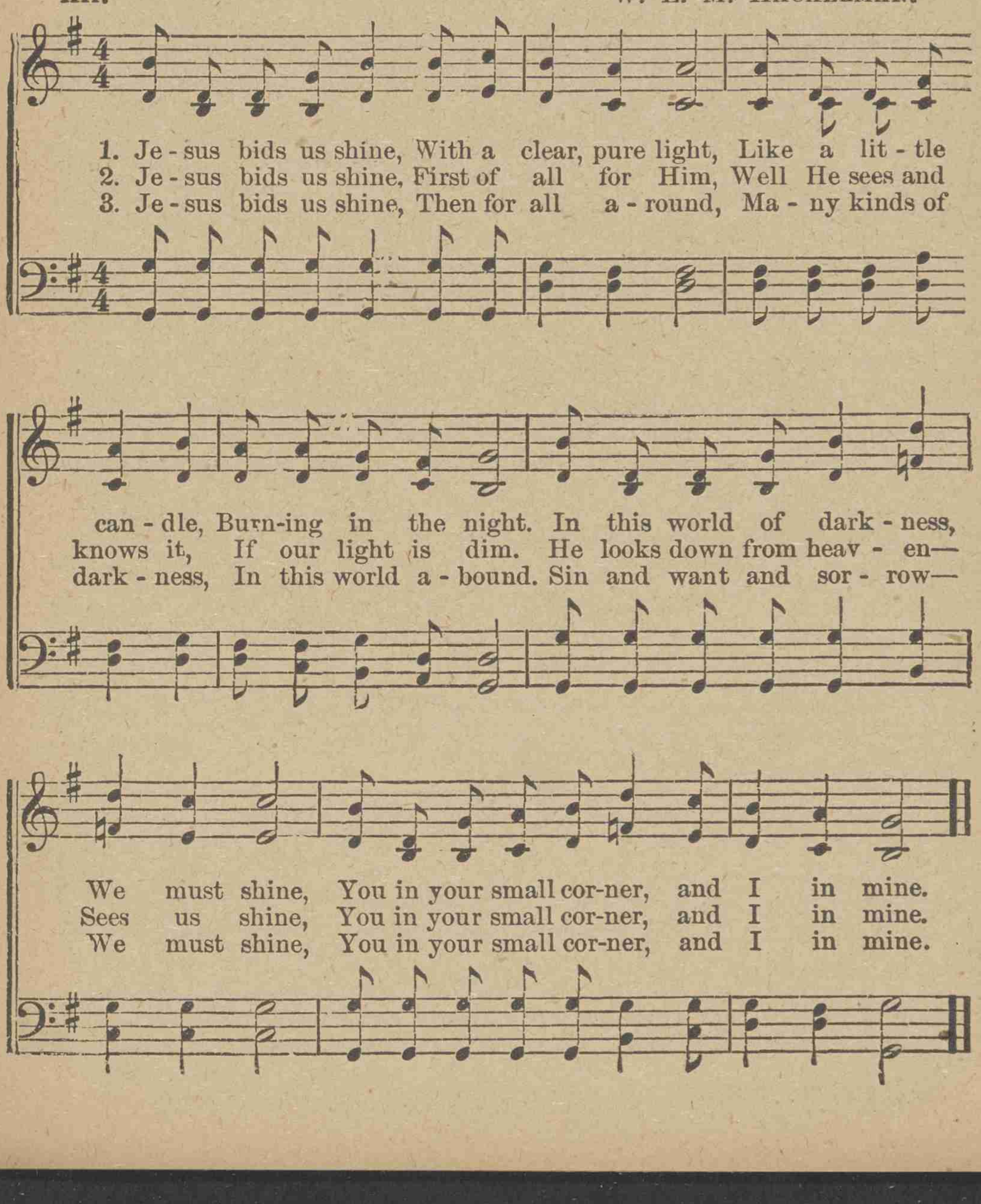
The Home for Me. Concluded.



376. Jesus Bids Us Shine.

SONG FOR CHILDREN.

Arr. W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.



377. He is Able to Deliver Thee.

W. A. O. W. A. OGDEN.

1. 'Tis the grand - est theme thro' the a - ges rung; 'Tis the grand - est theme for a mor - tal tongue, 'Tis the grand - est theme that the world e'er sung, "Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee."
2. 'Tis the grand - est theme in the earth or main; 'Tis the grand - est theme for a mor - tal strain, 'Tis the grand - est theme tell the world a - gain, "Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee."
3. 'Tis the grand - est theme, let the ti - dings roll, To the guilt - y heart, to the sin - ful soul, Look to God in faith He will make thee whole, "Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee."

FINE

D. S.—Him for rest; "Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee."

CHORUS.

He is a - - - - ble to de - liv - er thee; He is a - ble, He is a - ble

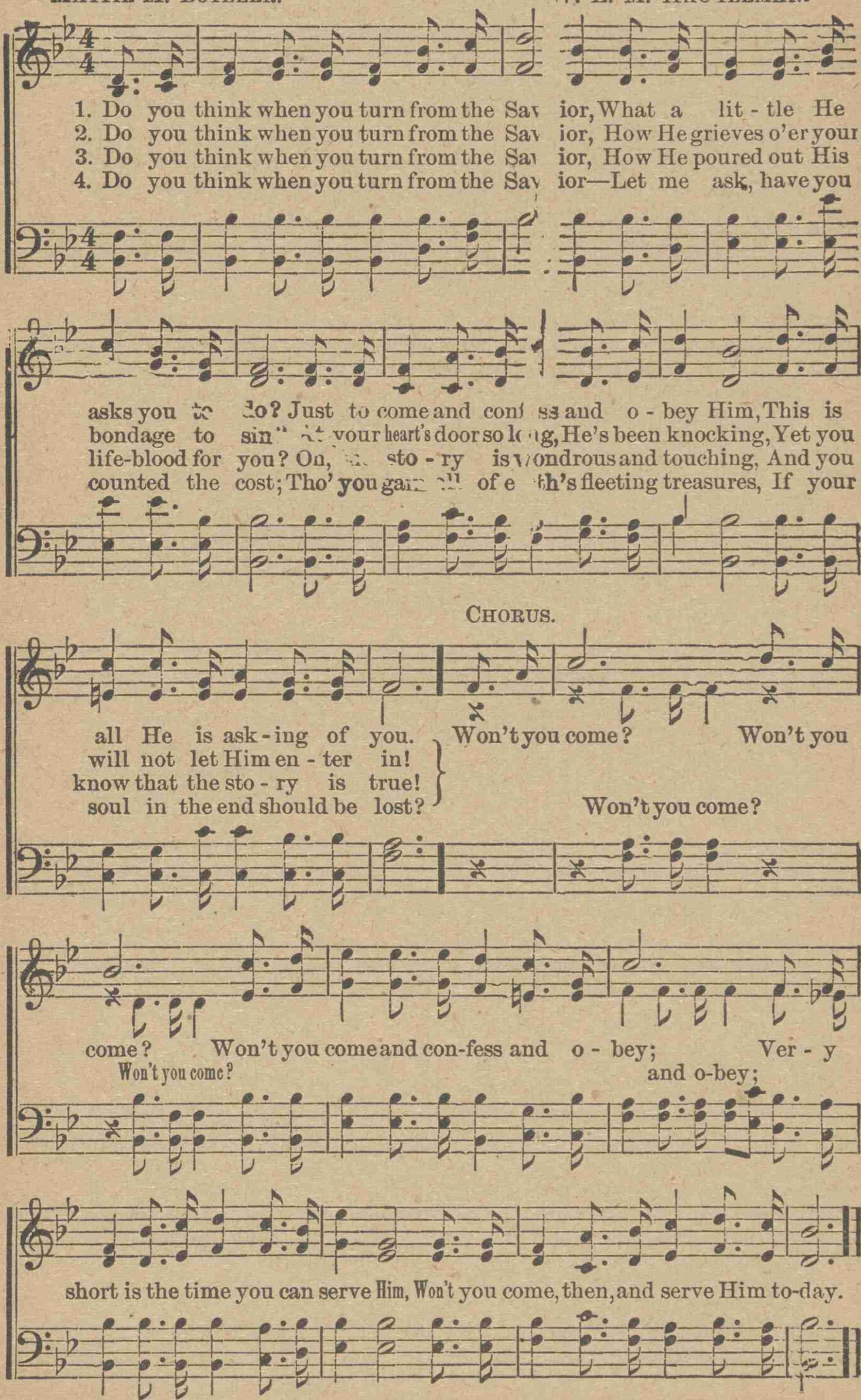
a - - - ble to de - liv - er thee; Tho' by sin op - prest, Go to a - ble, He is a - ble

D. S.

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378. Won't You Come?

MATTIE M. BOTELER. V. E. M. HACKLEMAN.



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379. Tell it To-day.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. If the name of the Sav-iour is pre-cious to you, If His
2. If your faith in the Sav-iour has brought its re-ward, If a
3. If the souls all a-round you are liv-ing in sin, If the

care has been con-stant and ten-der and true, If the light of His
strength you have found in the strength of your Lord, If the hope of a
Mas-ter has told you to bid them come in, If the sweet in-vi-

pres-ence has brightened your way, Oh, will you not tell of your
rest in His pal-ace is sweet, Oh, will you not, broth-er, the
ta-tion they nev-er have heard, Oh, will you not tell them the

REFRAIN.

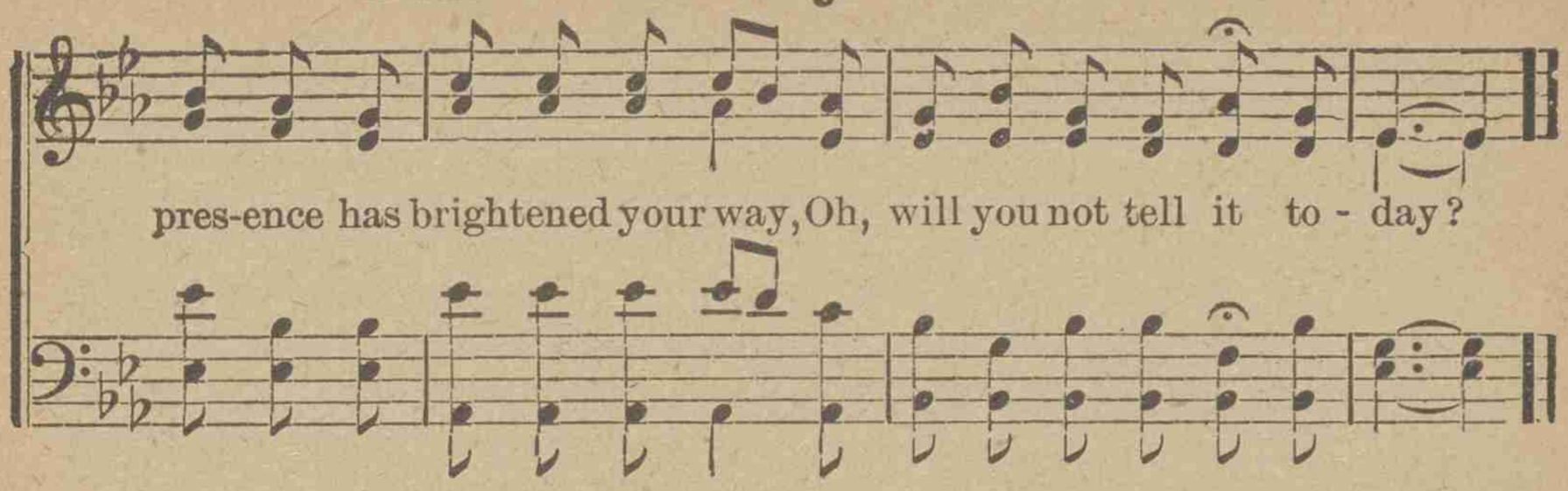
glad-ness to-day?
sto-ry re-peat?
cheer-bringing word?

} Oh, will you not tell it to-day?.....
Oh, will you not, will you not tell it to-day?

Will you not tell it to-day?..... If the light of His
Will you not, will you not tell it to-day?

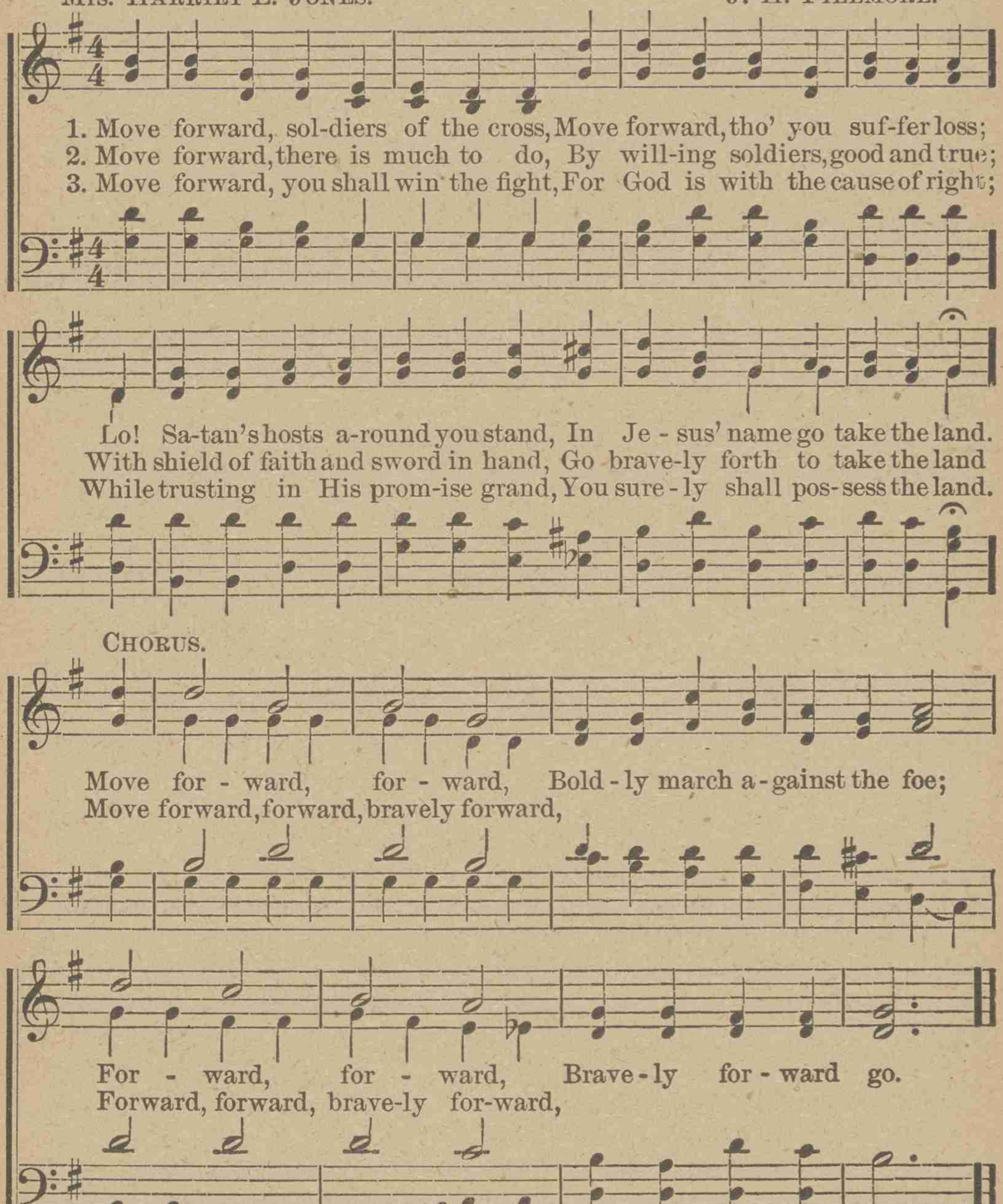
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Tell it To-day. Concluded.



380. Move Forward, Soldiers of the Cross.
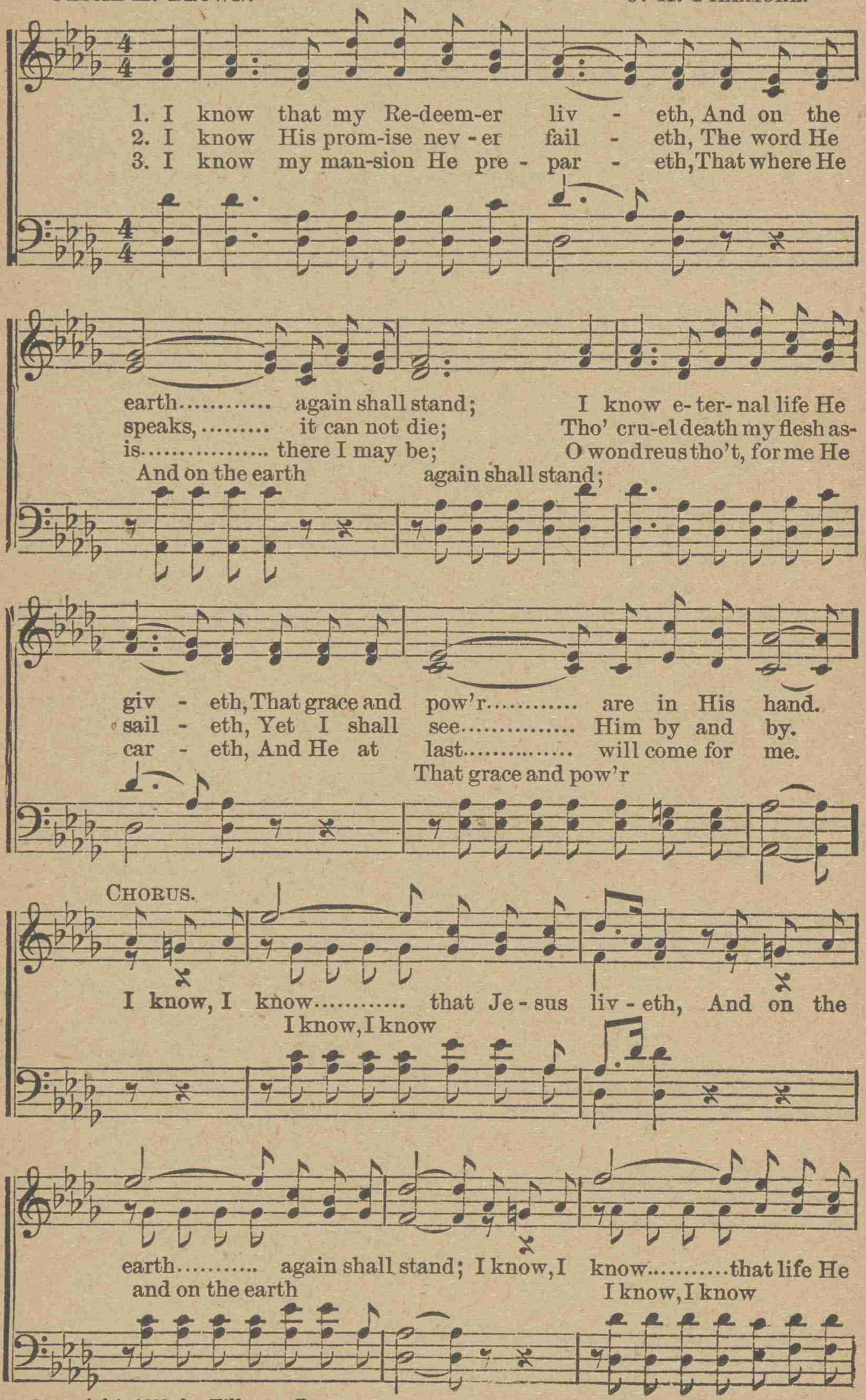
Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES. J. H. FILLMORE.



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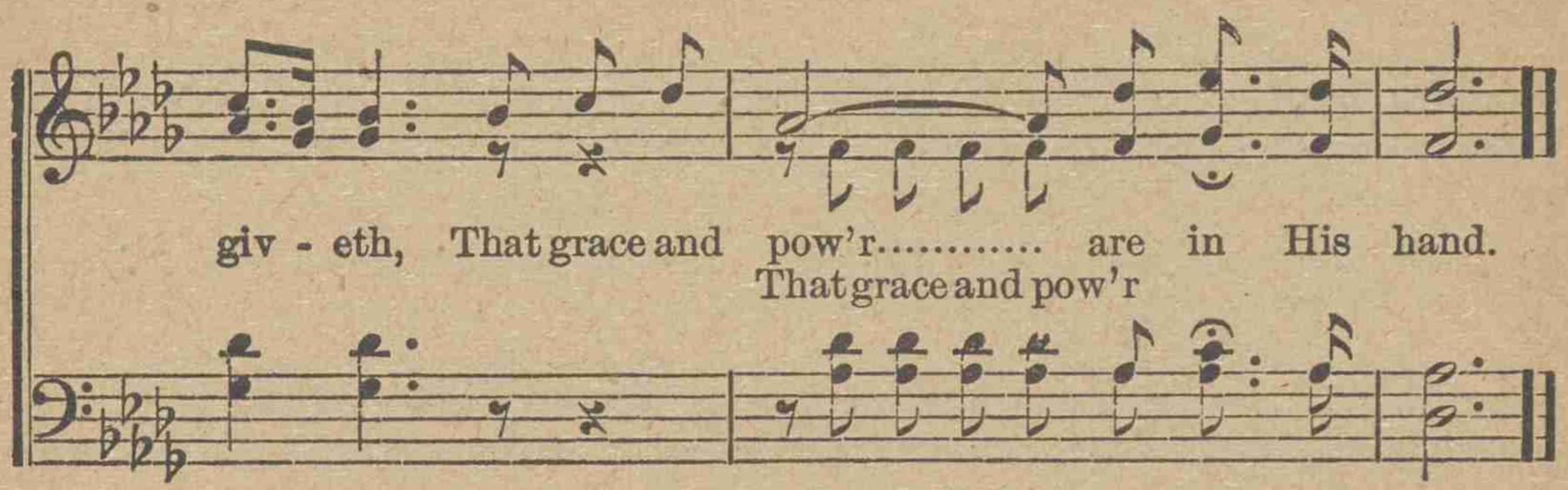
381. I Know That My Redeemer Liveth.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. FILLMORE.



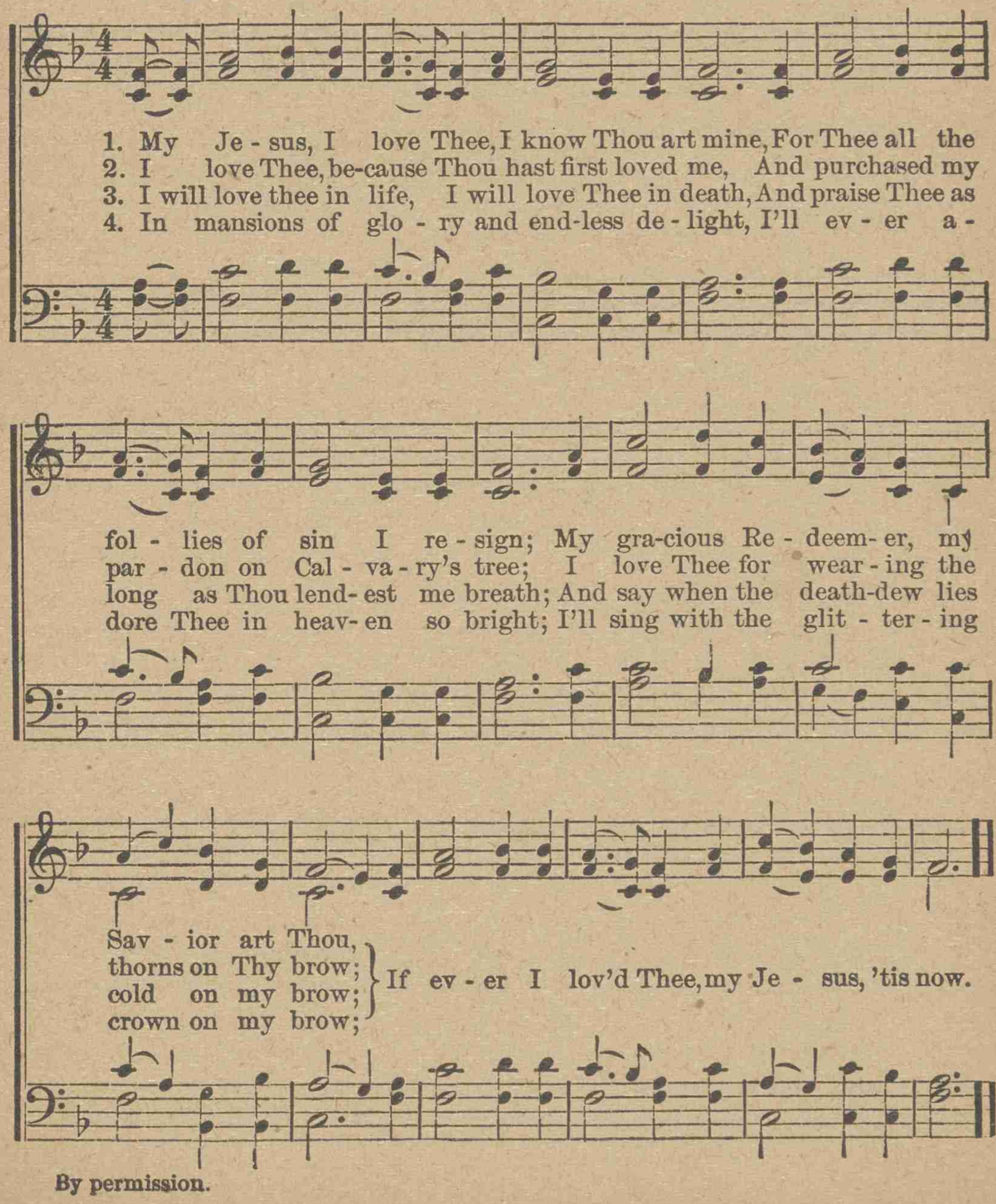
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I Know That My Redeemer.—Concluded.



382. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book. A. J. GORDON.



By permission.

383. When the Waiting Time.

J. H. F. FRED A. FILLMORE.

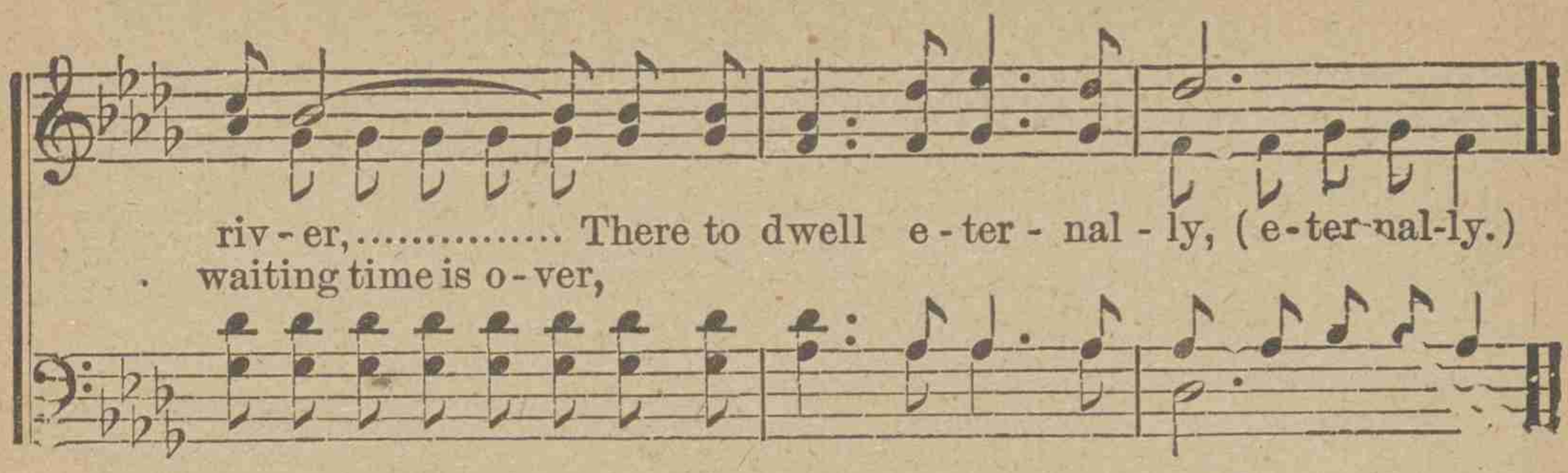
1. When the wait - ing time is o - ver, When the Mas - ter bids us come, In the glad and bright for - ev - er, We shall
2. When the wait - ing time is o - ver, Bat-tles fought and vic - t'ries won, We shall hear the Saviour's welcome, "Good and
3. When the wait - ing time is o - ver, When the toils of life are past, We shall sing with ho - ly rap-ture, "Praise the

CHORUS.

rest in peace at home. When the wait - - ing time is
faith - ful one, well done."
Lord, we're home at last." When the waiting, waiting, waiting, When the
o - ver,..... When from sin..... and sor - row
wait - ing time is o - ver, When the wait - ing time is o - ver, When from
free, We shall meet..... be-yond the
sin and sor - row free, We shall meet be-yond the riv - er, When the

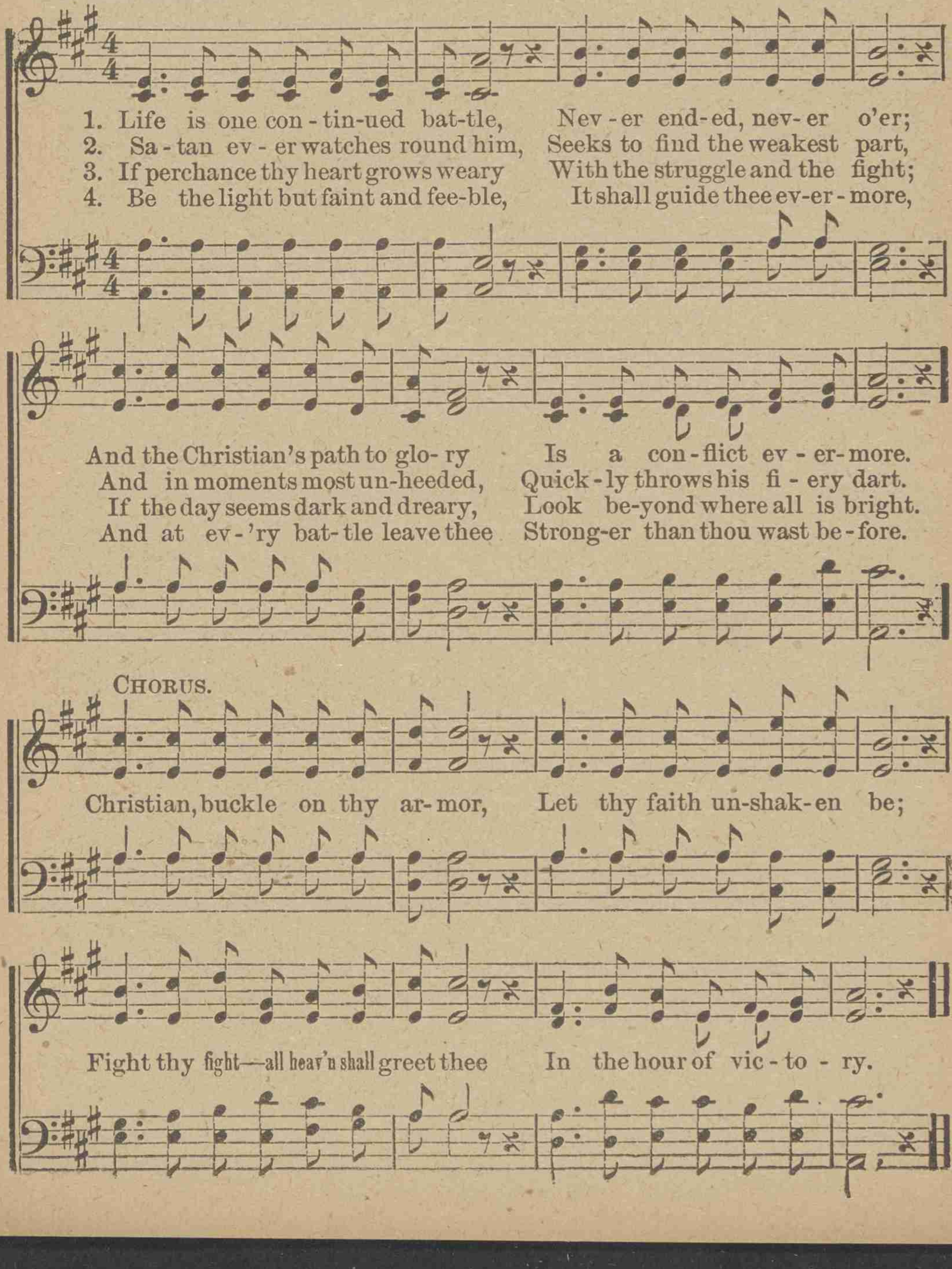
Copyright, 1885, in "Banner of Beauty." By per. FILLMORE BROS.

When the Waiting Time.—Concluded.



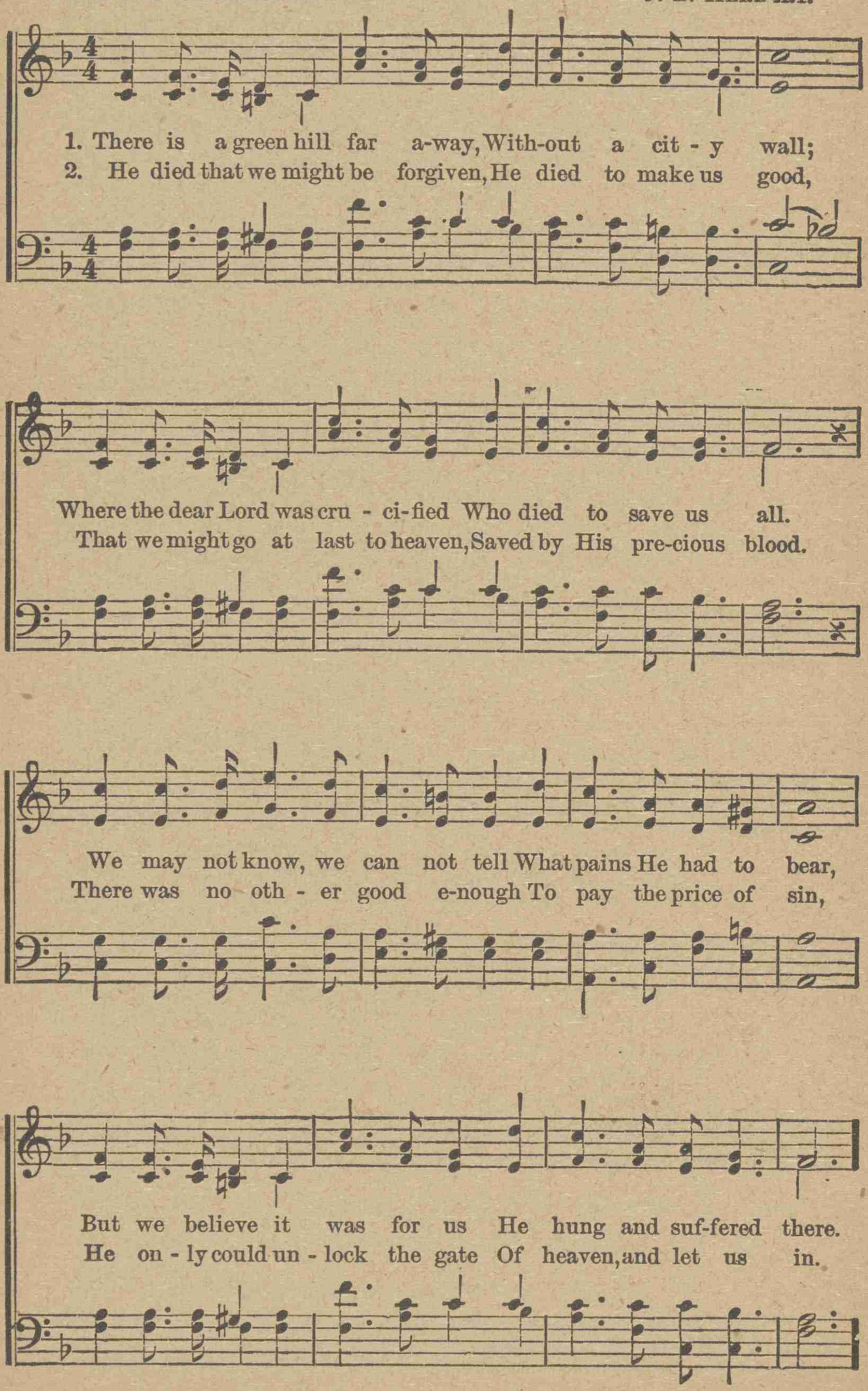
384. Life is One Continued Battle.

C. JAY SMITH. J. H. ROSECRANS.



385. There is a Green Hill Far Away.

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER. J. B. HERBERT.



Copyright, 1893, by Fillmore Bros.

There is a Green Hill Far Away.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Oh, dear - ly, dear - ly has He loved, And we must love Him too, And trust in His re-deem-ing blood, And try His works to do.
And trust in His

386. Praise to Thee.

FAWCETT. VON WEBER.

1. Praise to Thee, Thou great Cre - a - tor! Praise to Thee from ev'ery tongue.
2. Fa - ther, source of all com-pas-sion, Pure, unbounded grace is Thine;
3. For ten thousand bless - ings giv - en, For the hope of fu - ture joy,
4. Joy - ful - ly on earth a - dore Him, Till in heav'n our song we raise.

Join my soul, with ev - 'ry creature, Join the u - ni - ver - sal song.
Hail the God of our sal - va - tion, Praise Him for His love di - vine.
Sound His praise thro' earth and heaven, Sound Je- ho- vah's praise on high.
There, en - raptured, fall be - fore Him, Lost in won - der, love, and praise.

387. Oh, Scatter Seeds of Loving Deeds.

JESSIE H. BROWN. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Oh, scat-ter seeds of lov- ing deeds, A - long the fer - tile field,
2. Tho' sown in tears thro' wea-ry years, The seed will sure-ly live;
3. The harvest-home of God will come, And af - ter toil and care;

For grain will grow from what you sow, And fruit-ful har-vest yield.
Tho' great the cost it is not lost, For God will fruitage give.
With joy un-told your sheaves of gold, Will all be gar-nered there.

CHORUS.
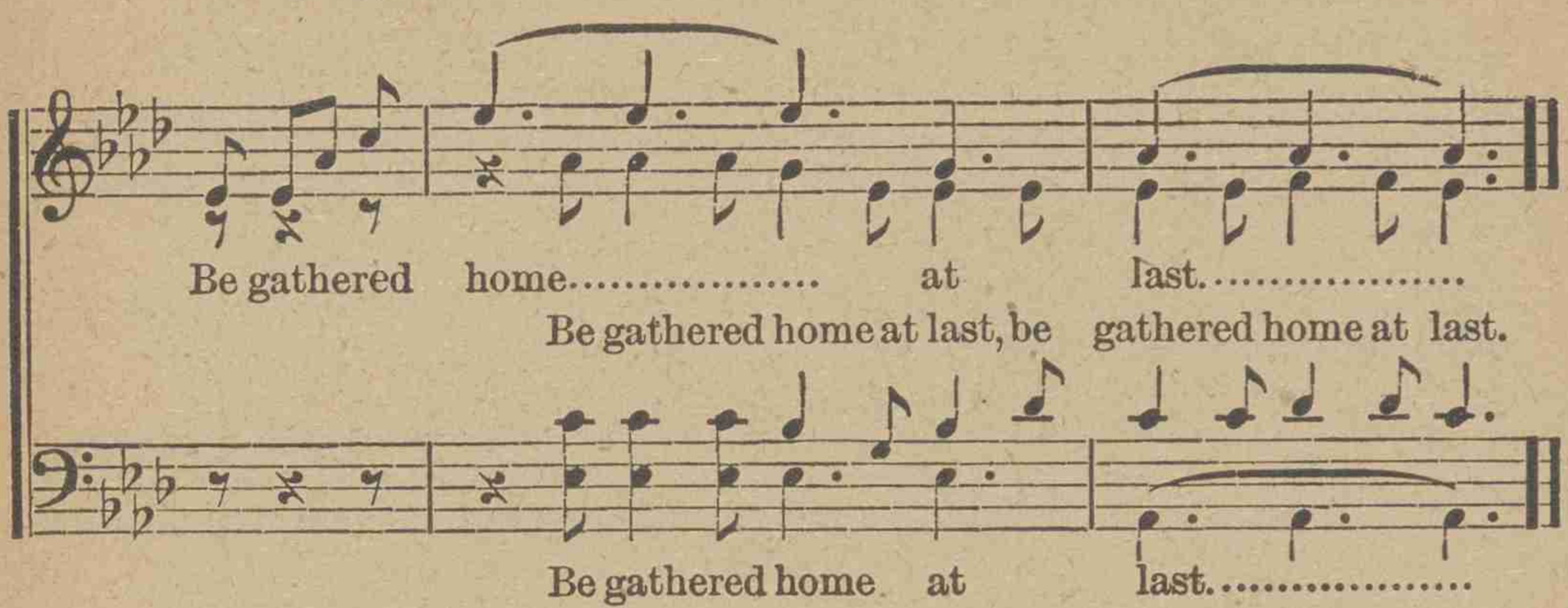
Then day by day..... a-long your way,.....
Then day by day a-long your way,

The seeds of prom - - - ise cast,.....
The seeds of promise cast, the seeds of promise cast,

That ripened grain..... from hill and plain,.....
That ripened grain from hill and plain,

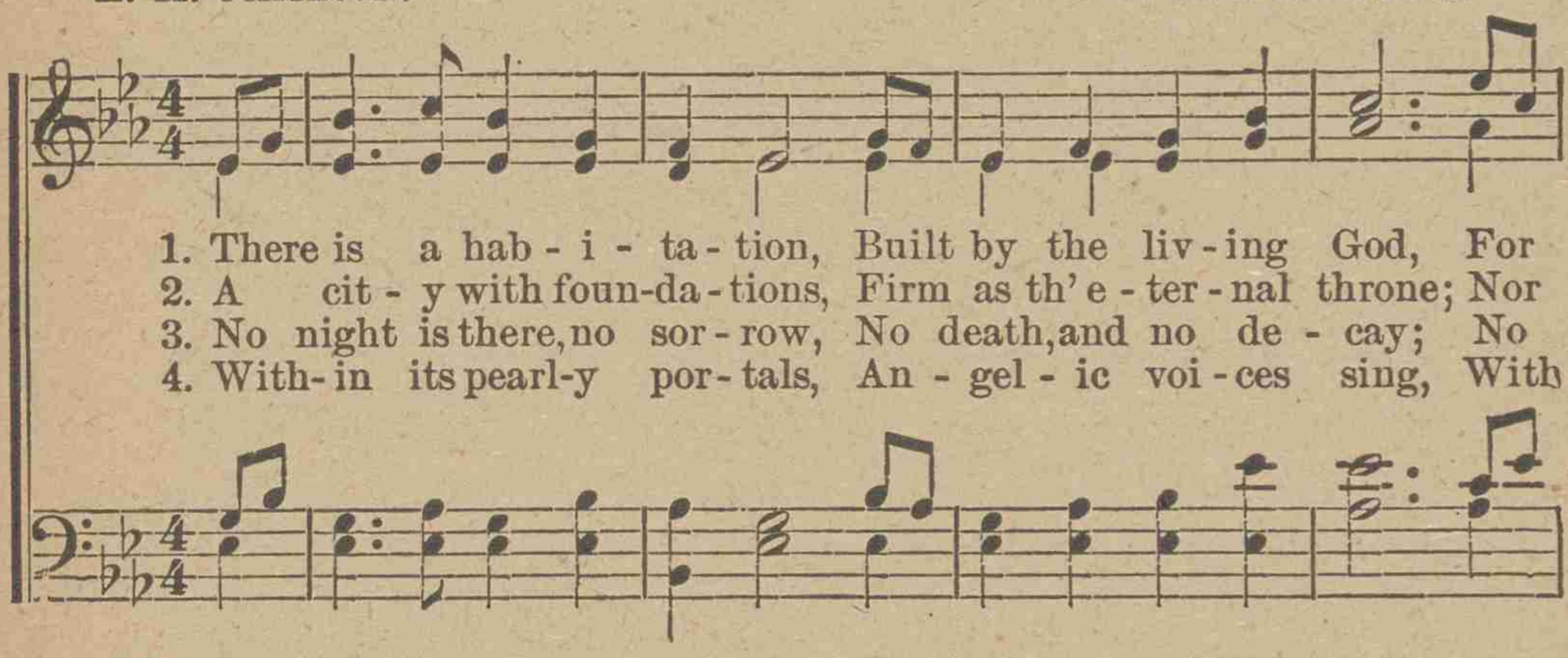
By permission of Fillmore Bros.

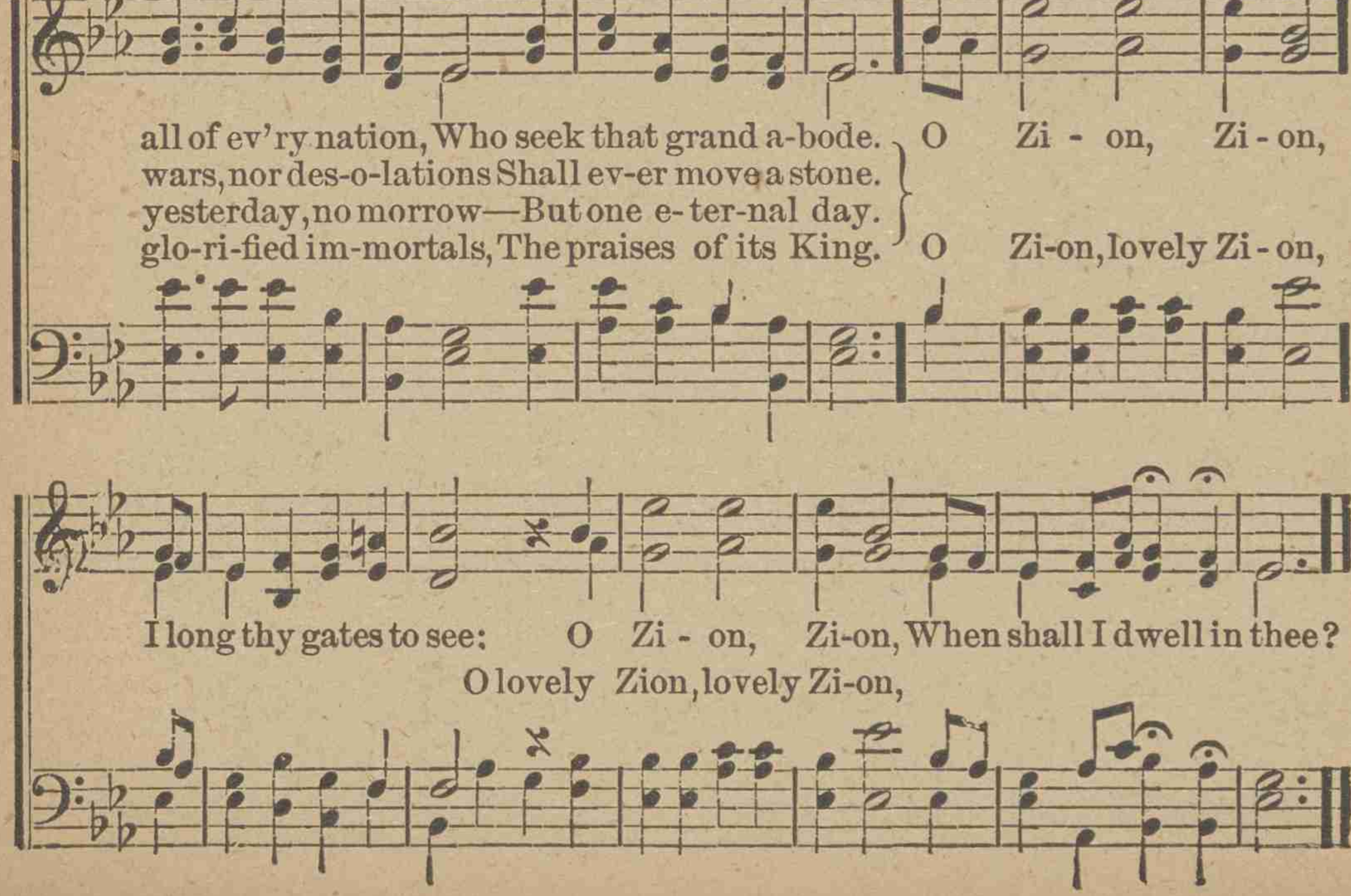
Oh, Scatter Seeds. Concluded.



388. There is a Habitation.

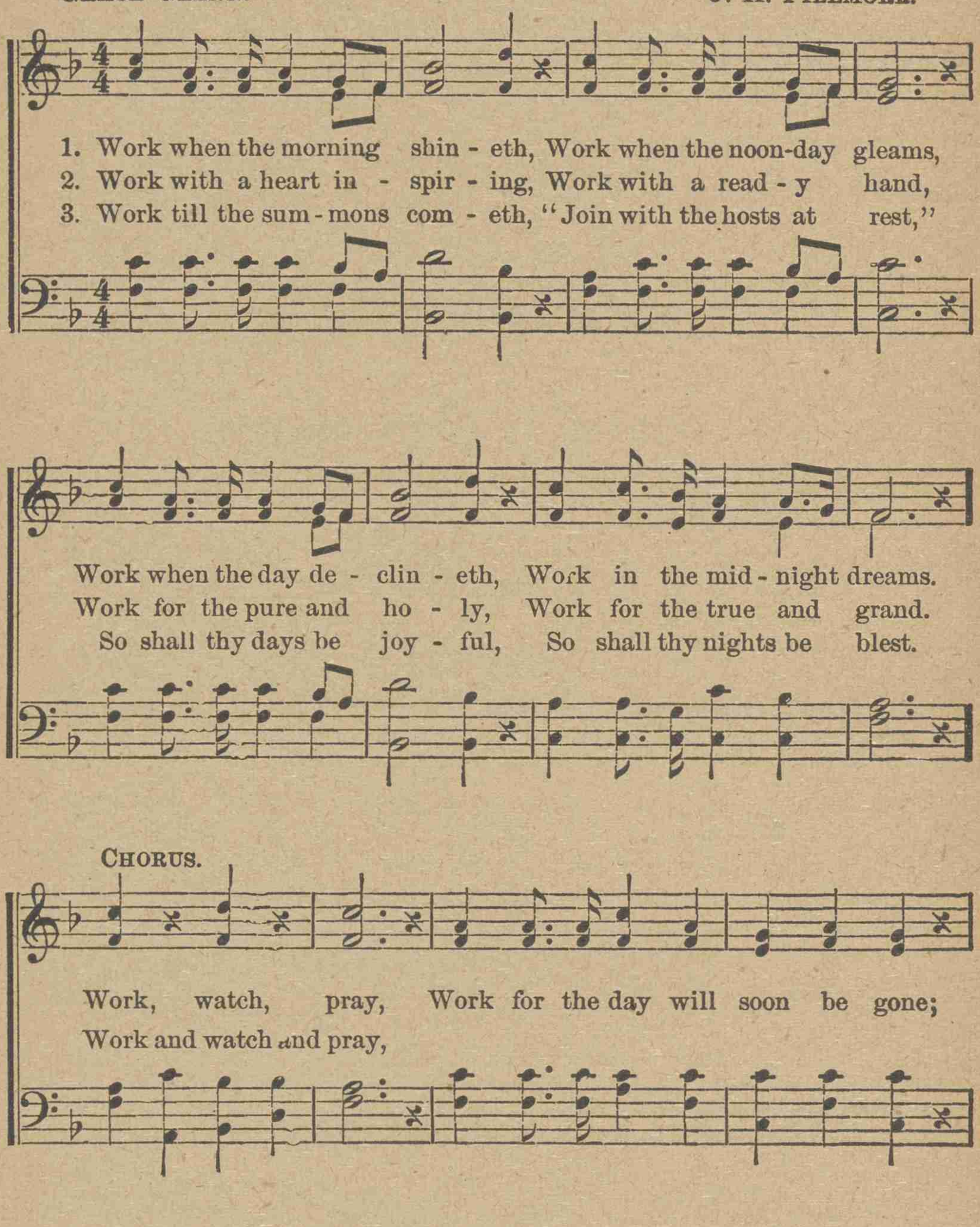
L. H. JAMESON. J. H. ROSECRANS.





389. Work, Watch, Pray.

GRACE GLENN. J. H. FILLMORE.



By permission of FILLMORE BROS.

390. The Child of a King.

"Let the children of Zion be Joyful in their King."—Ps. 149 : 2.

HATTIE E. BUELL. Rev. JOHN B. SUMNER.

1. My Fa-ther is rich in hous-es and lands, He holdeth the wealth of the world in his hands; Of rubies and diamonds, of sil-ver and gold, His
2. My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men! Once wandered o'er earth as the poor-est of them; But now he is reigning for-ev-er on high, And will
3. I once was an out-cast stranger on earth, A sin-ner by choice, an 'alien" by birth; But I've been "adopted," my name's written down An
4. A tent or a cottage, why should I care? They're building a palace for me o-ver there; Tho' exiled from home, yet still I may sing, All

CHORUS.

coff-ers are full, he has rich-es untold:
give us a home in the sweet by-and-by.
heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown.
glo-ry to God, I'm the child of a King.

} I'm the child of a King, The child of a King; With Je-sus, my Saviour, I'm the child of a *King*

391. Glad Tidings of Joy.

W. A. OGDEN. W. A. OGDEN.

1. O Zi - on that bringest good tid - ings, Lift up your glad
2. O Zi - on that bringest good tid - ings, The Bride-groom is
3. O Zi - on that bringest good tid - ings, The hope of the

voice to the skies, Go pub-lish sal-va-tion thro' Je - sus,
com-ing this way, Go forth in thy splendor to meet Him,
world is in thee, Pro-claim to the sin-ner sal - va - tion,

CHORUS.

Bid na-tions from darkness a - rise.
A - rise in thy beau-ty to - day.
And bid him from bondage go free.

} Go tell..... the glad
Go tell the glad tidings, glad

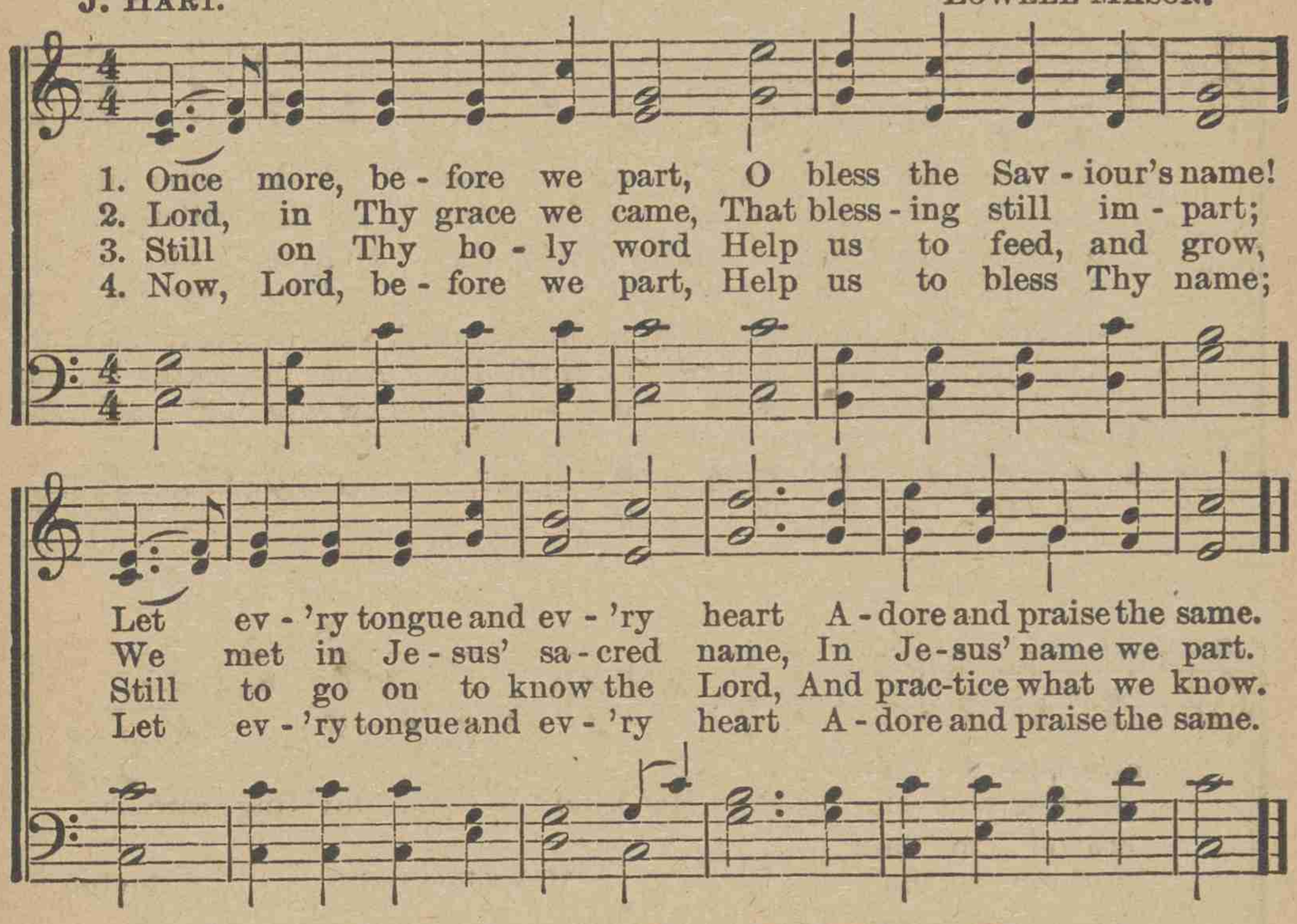
tid - - ings, The won - - der-ful tid - ings, Glad
tid-ings of joy, The wonderful, won-der-ful tidings of joy,

tidings of joy, Glad tidings of joy, Go tell the glad tidings of joy.....
of joy.

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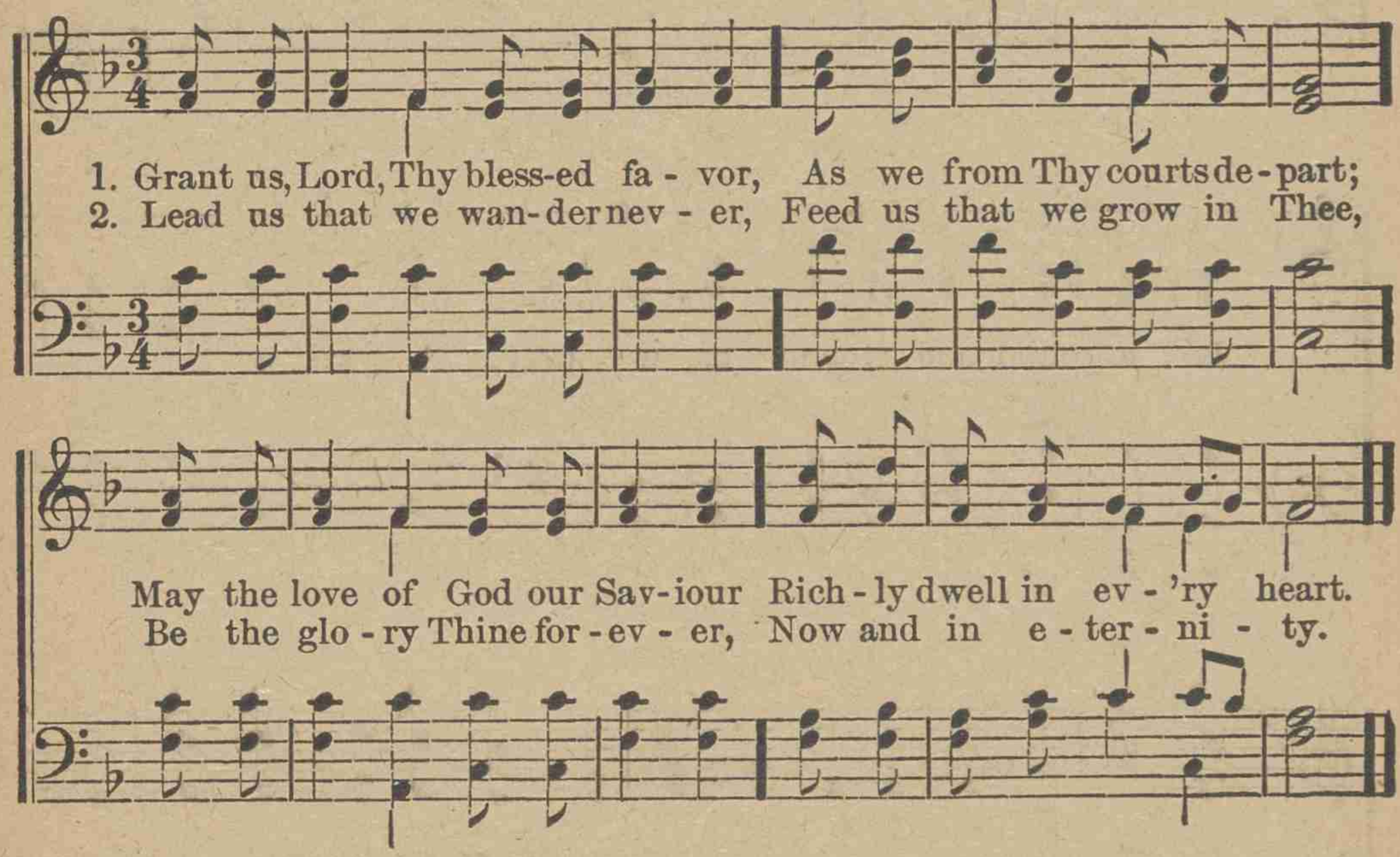
392. Once More Before We Part.

J. HART. LOWELL MASON.



393. Grant us, Lord, Thy Favor.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. I. B. WOODBURY.



394. MAY WE ABIDE IN UNION.

(For music, see above.)
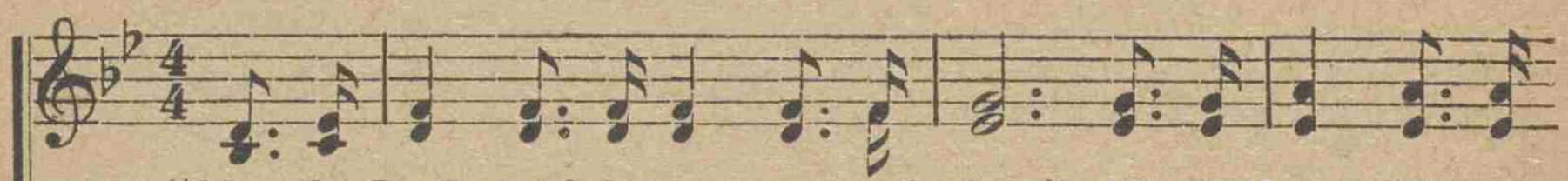
1. May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above!

2. Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.
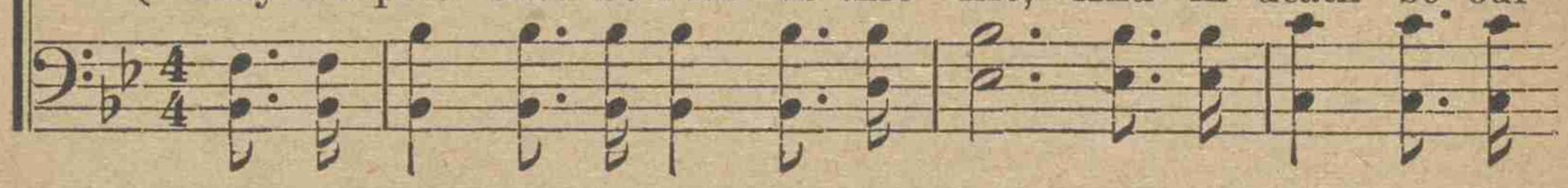
—JOHN NEWTON.

395. Mizpah Benediction.
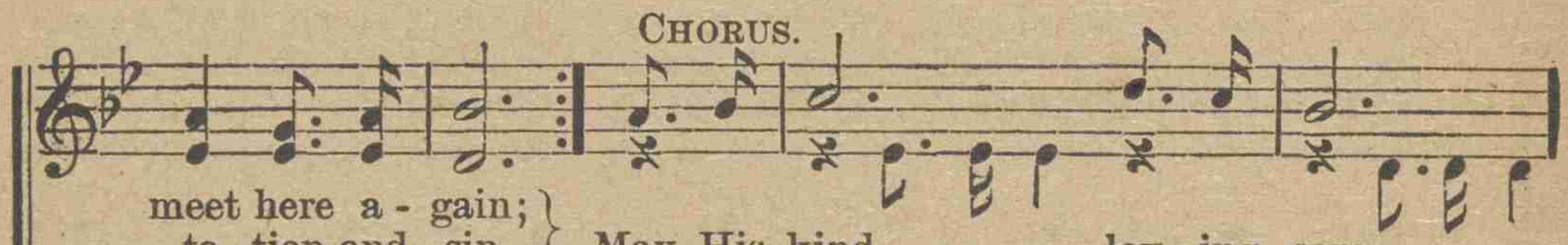
GRANVILLE JONES. E. M. DOUTHIT.
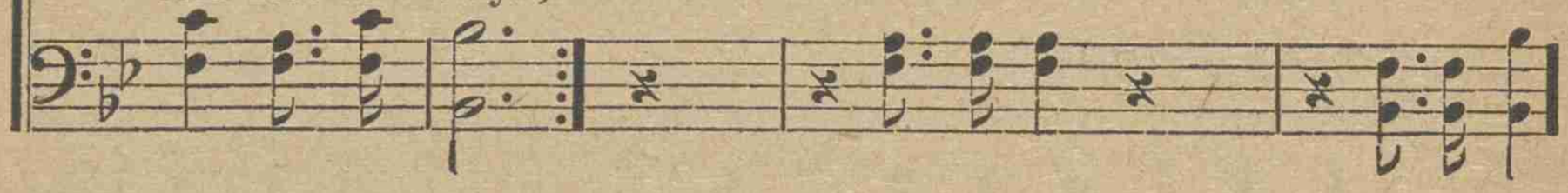


1. "May the Lord watch between me and thee," All the hours till we
   Keep our feet that they go not a - stray, In the paths of tem -
2. "May the Lord watch between me and thee;" Help us each for the
   May we all with each oth - er re - joice, And each sor - row as
3. "May the Lord watch between me and thee," As we part now to
   May His pres - ence be with us thro' life, And in death be our
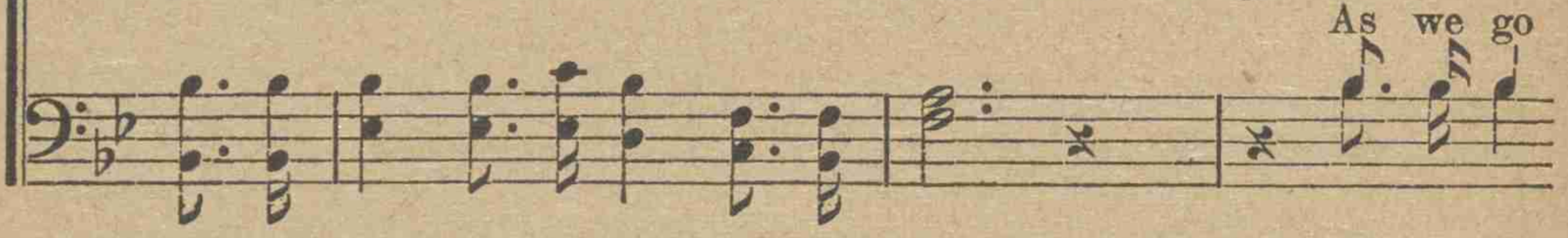


CHORUS.



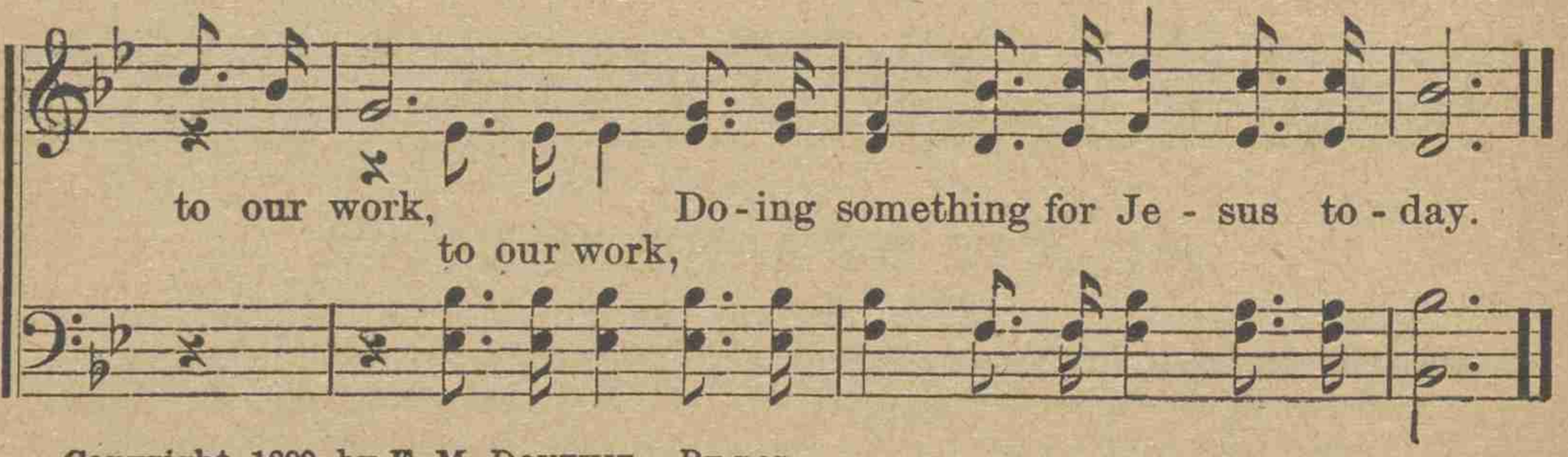
meet here a - gain;
ta - tion and sin. } May His kind lov - ing care
oth - er to care;
brethren to share. } May His kind loving care
go on our way;
com - fort and stay.



Be a - round and a - bout us, we pray, As we go



As we go

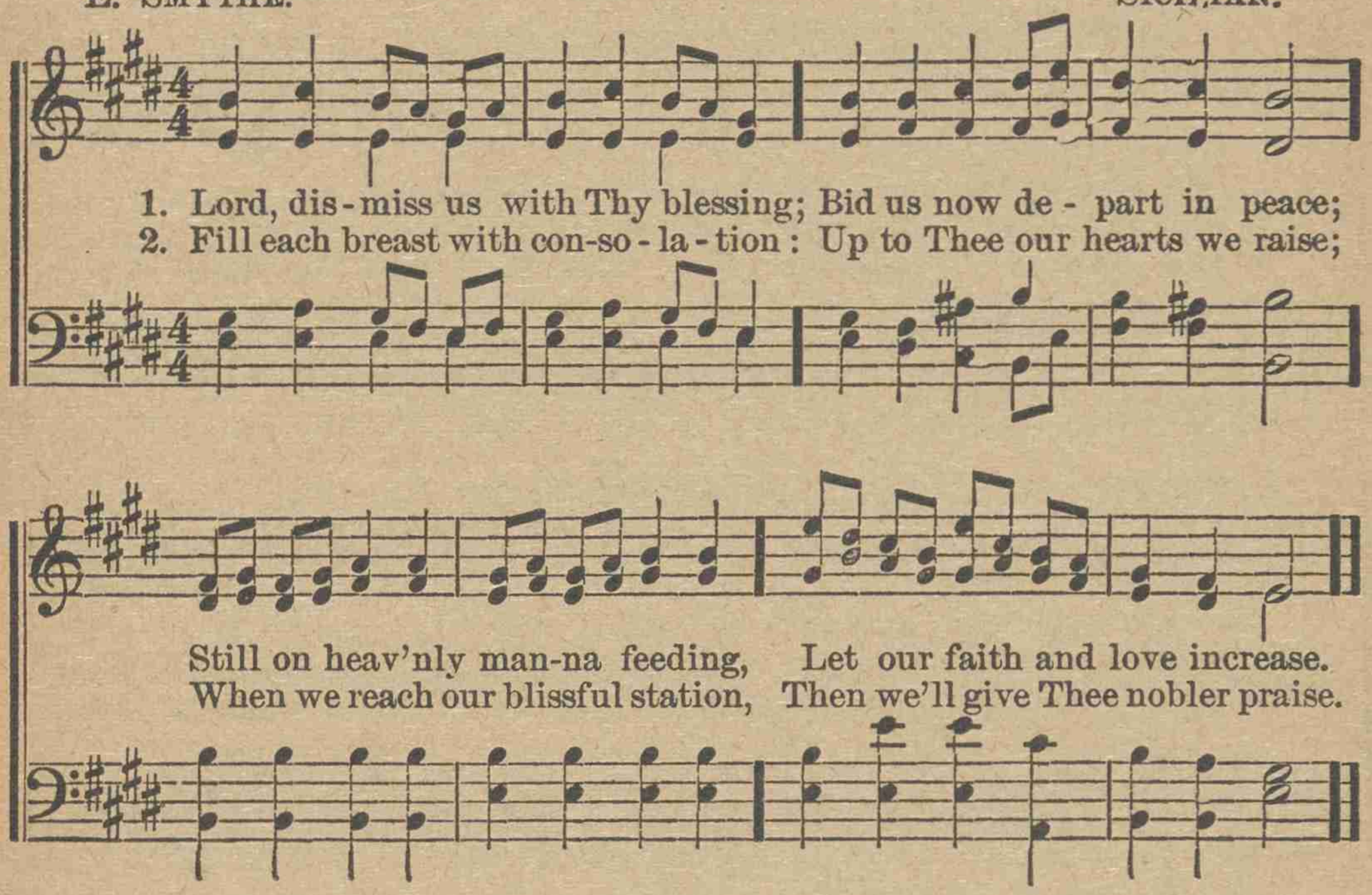


to our work, Do - ing something for Je - sus to - day.
to our work,

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396. Dismiss Us With Thy Blessing.

E. SMYTHE. SICILIAN.



397. GOD OF ALL CREATION.
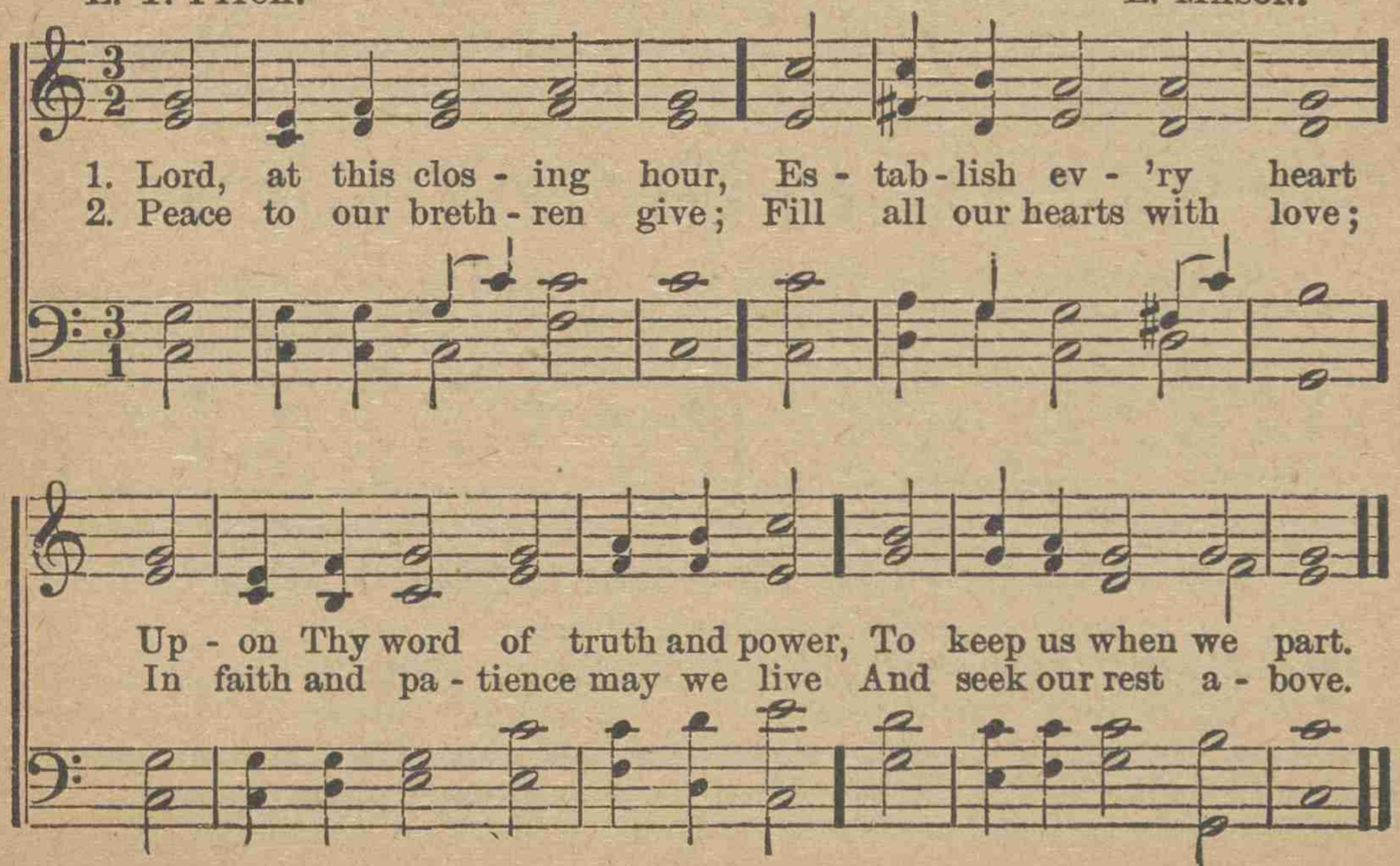
(See music above.) UNKOWN.

1. Praise the God of all creation;
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb, our expiation—
Priest and King, enthroned above;

2. Praise the Author of salvation—
Him by whom our spirits live;
Undivided adoration,
To the one Jehovah give.

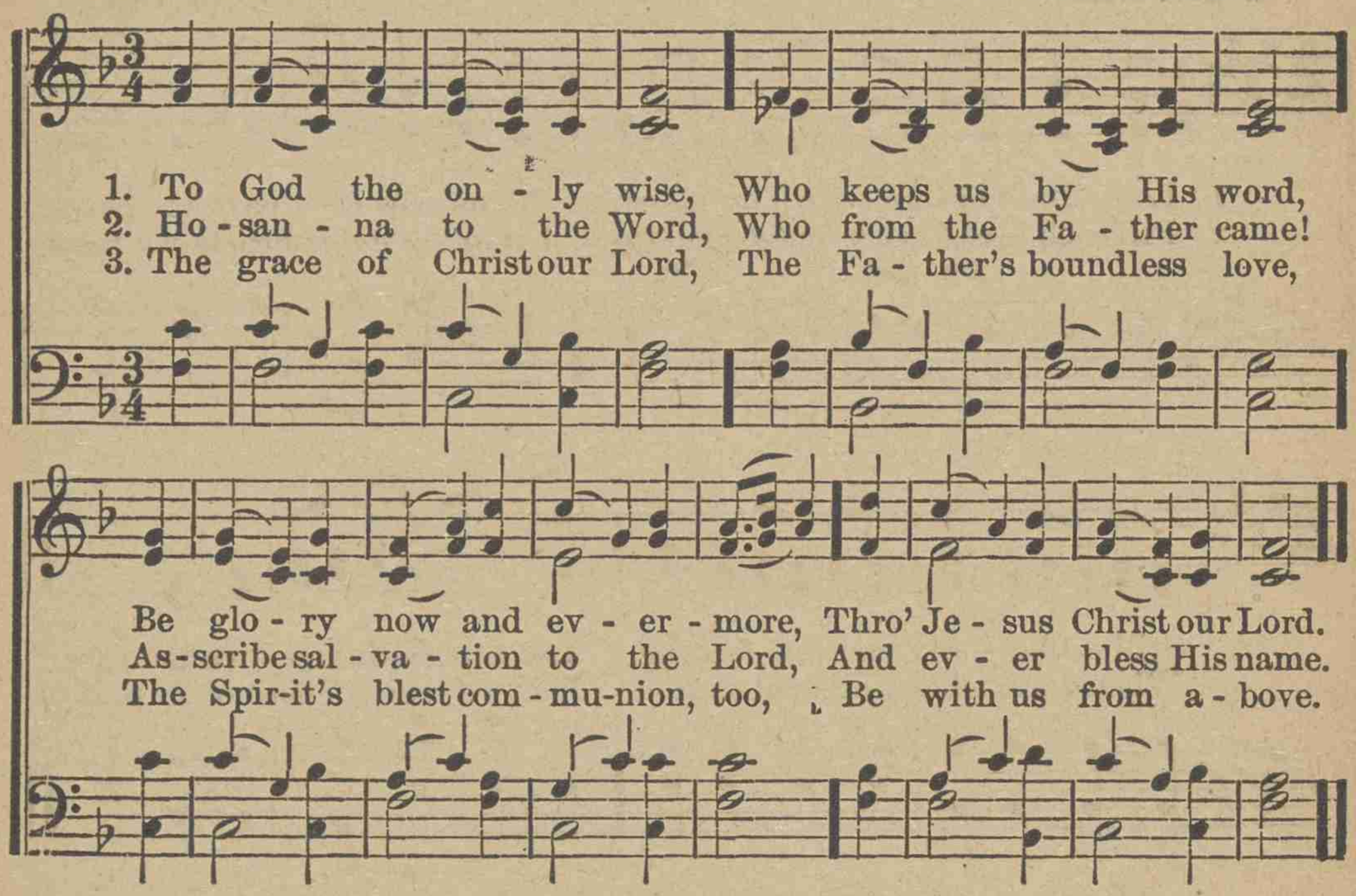
398. Establish Every Heart.

E. T. FITCH. L. MASON.



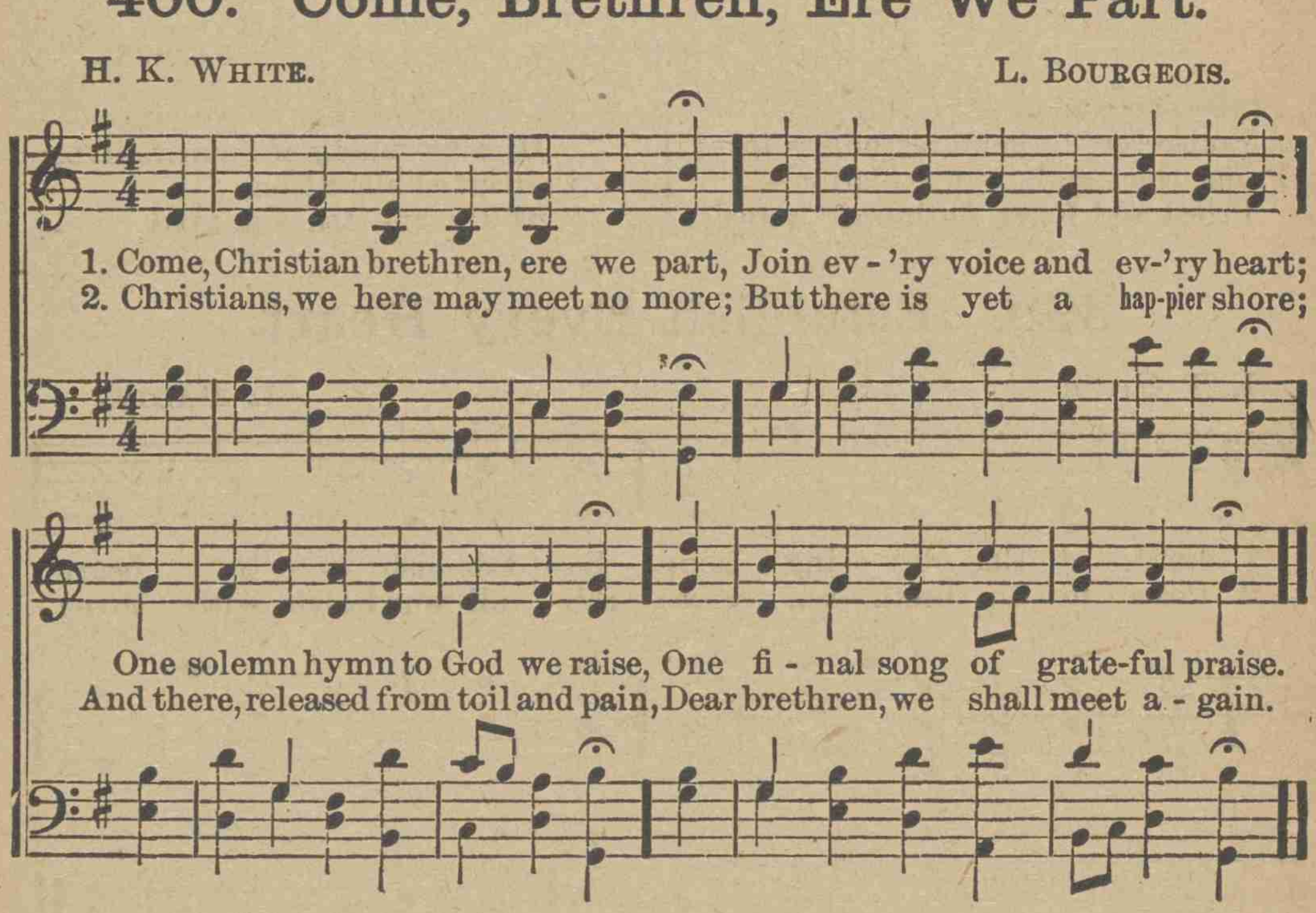
399. To God the Only Wise.

ISAAC WATTS. HANS GEORGE NAGELI.



400. Come, Brethren, Ere We Part.

H. K. WHITE. L. BOURGEOIS.



401. OUR SAVIOR AND REDEEMER BLEST.

(*For music, see above.*)

1. O thou pure light of souls that love,
True joy of every human breast,
Power of life's immortal seed,
Our Saviour and Redeemer blest!

2. Be thou our guide, be thou our goal;
Be thou our pathway to the skies;
Our joy when sorrow fills the soul;
In death our everlasting prize.

—BREVIARY.

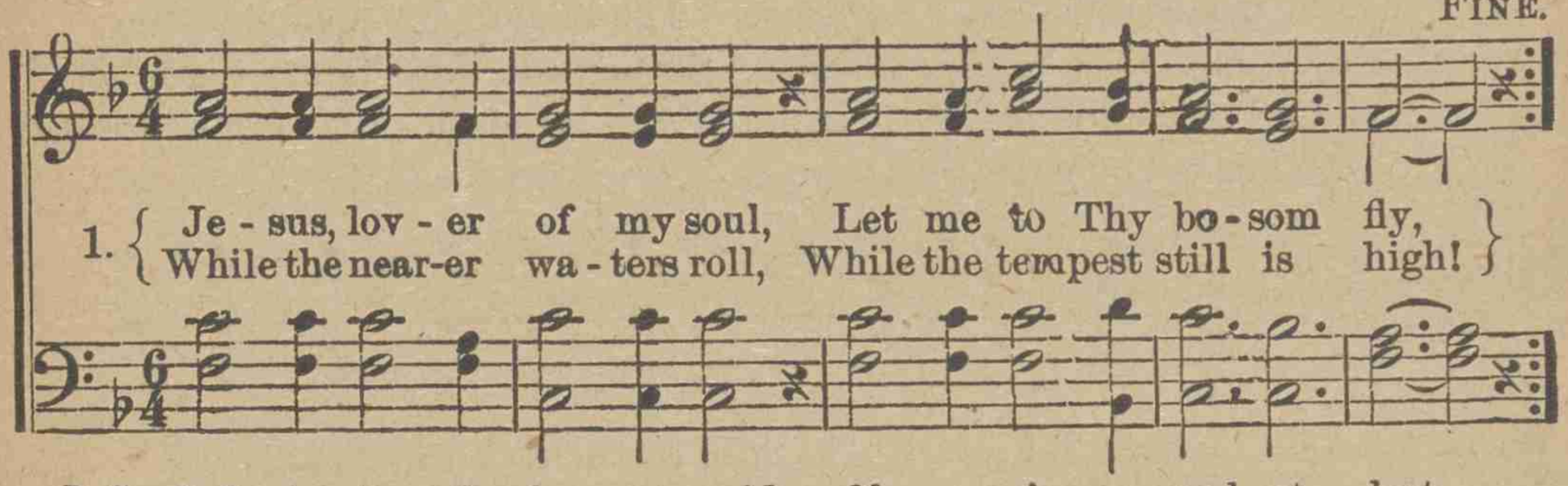
SUPPLEMENT.

The following songs are in Part One, and when Part One is combined with Part Two they are omitted.

402. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY. S. B. MARSH.

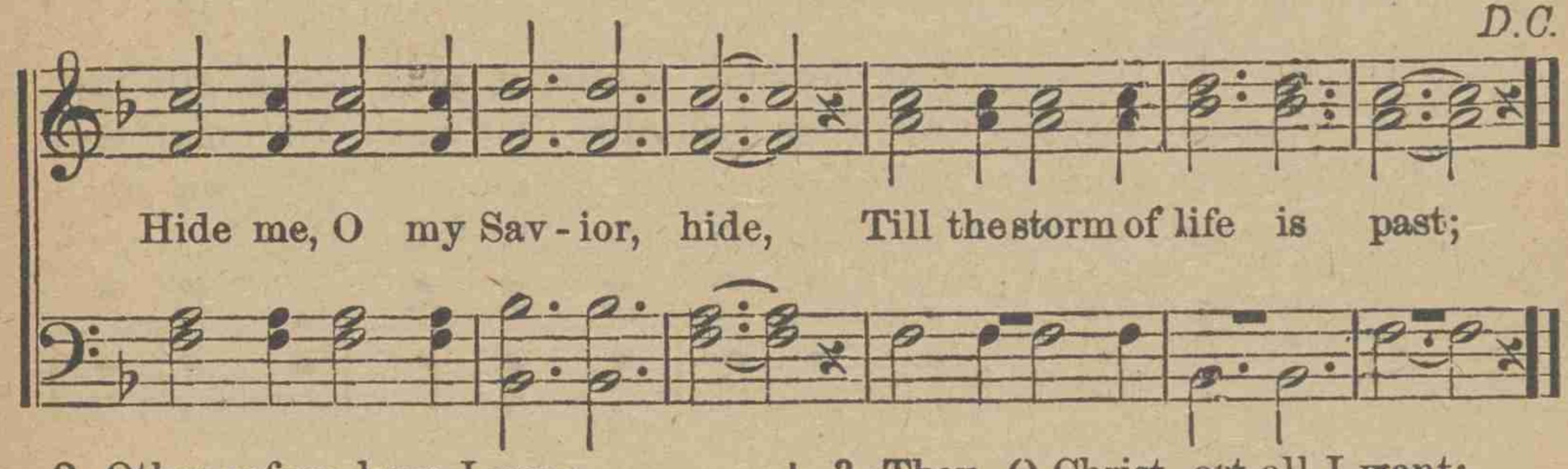
FINE.



1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
While the near-er wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high! }

D.C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re-ceive my soul at last.

D.C.



Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

2. Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee,
Leave, oh leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen! cheer the faint!
Heal the sick! and lead the blind!
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness:
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

403. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

MRS. S. F. ADAMS.

1. Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, to to Thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me!
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

2. Though like a wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet, in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

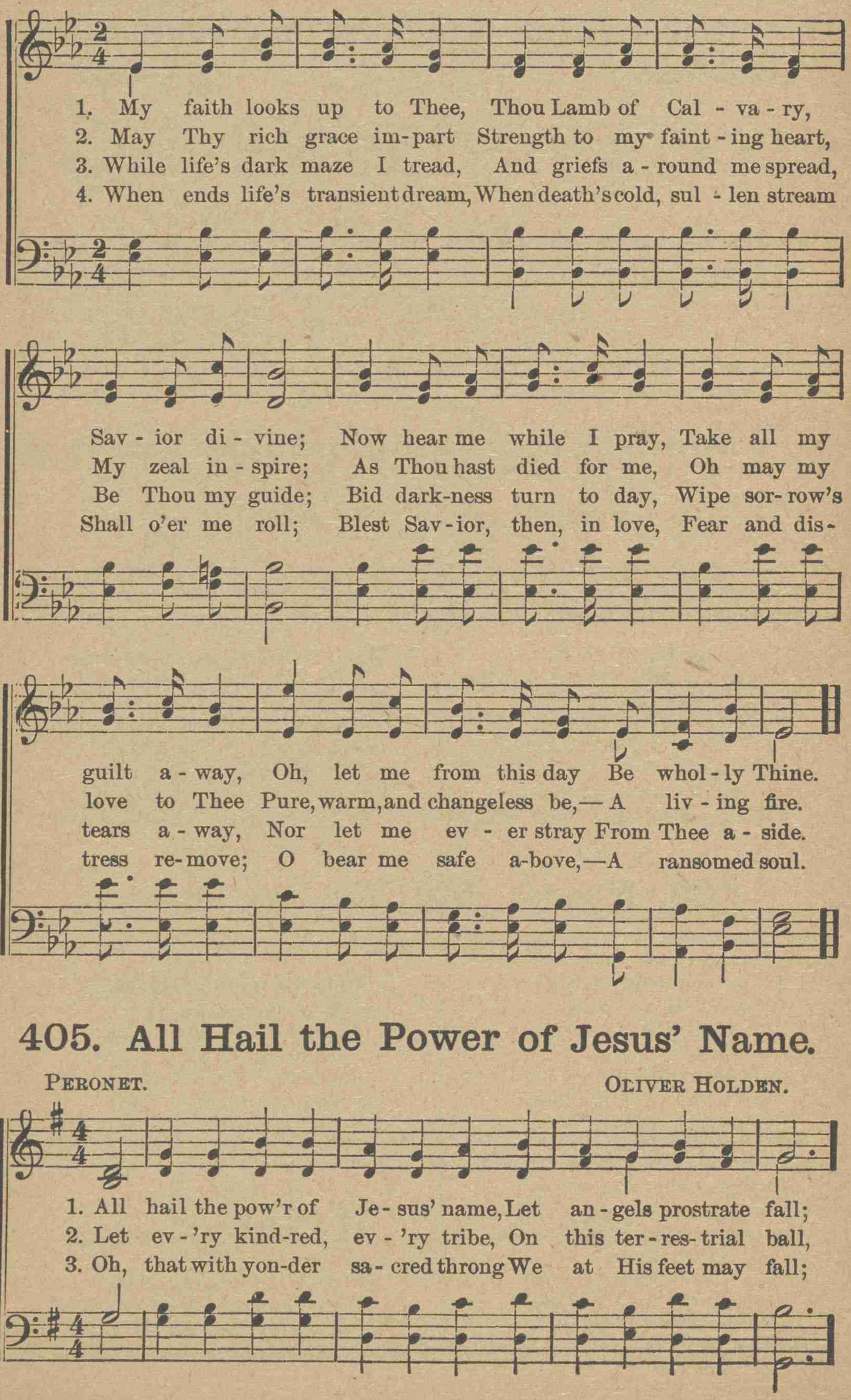
3. There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee.

4. Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward, I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee.

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404. Olivet.
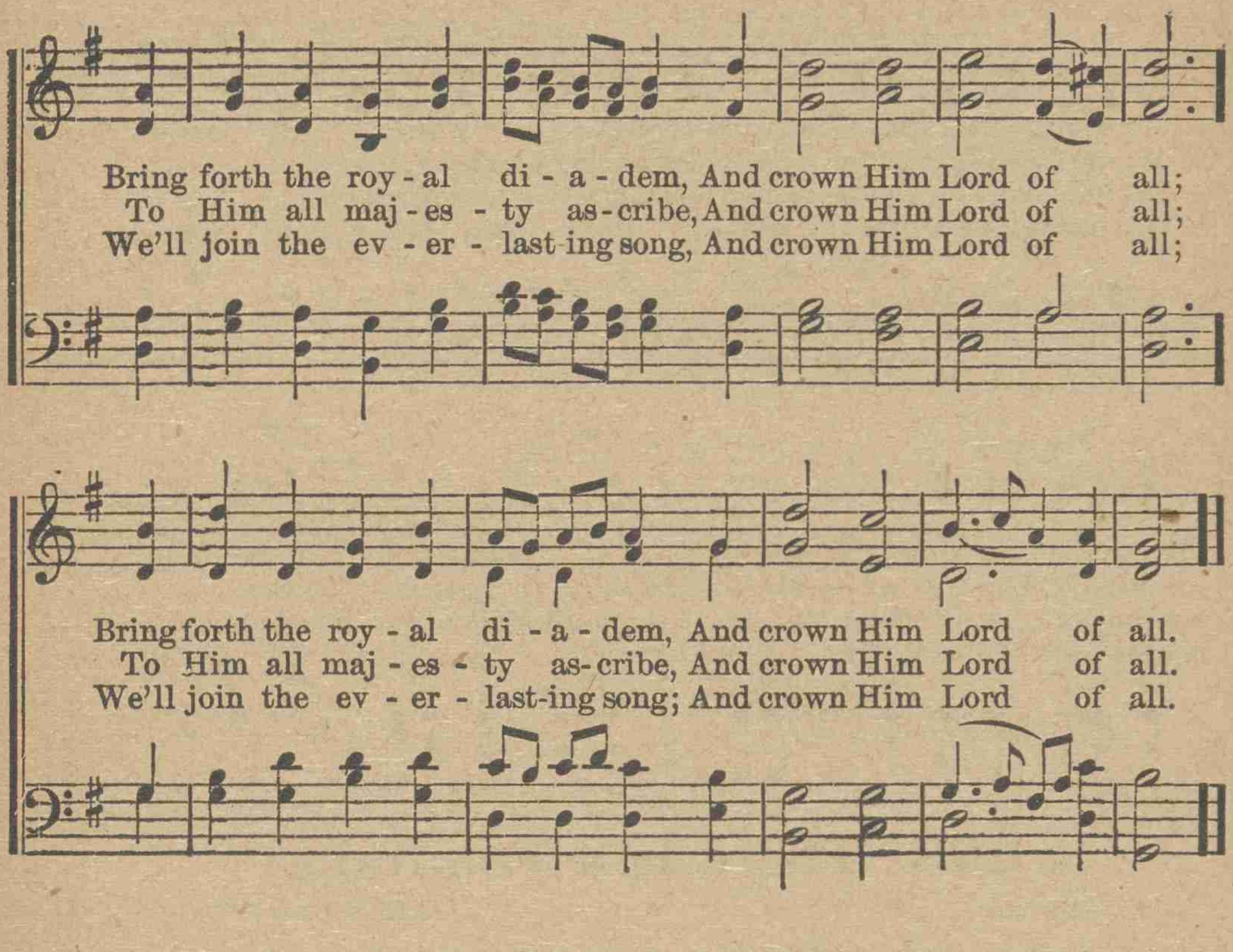
RAY PALMER. DR. L. MASON.



405. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

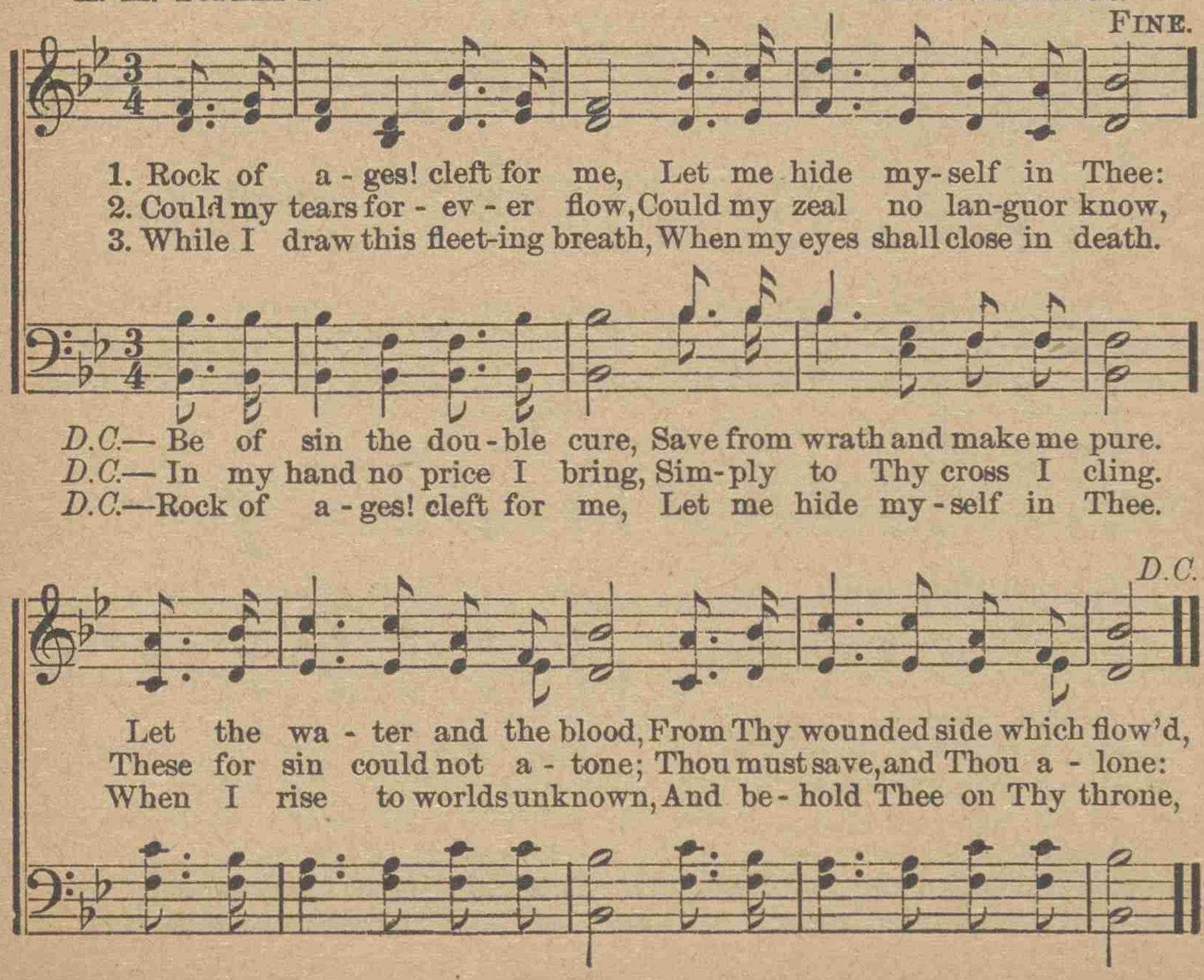
PERONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.

All Hail the Power.—Concluded.



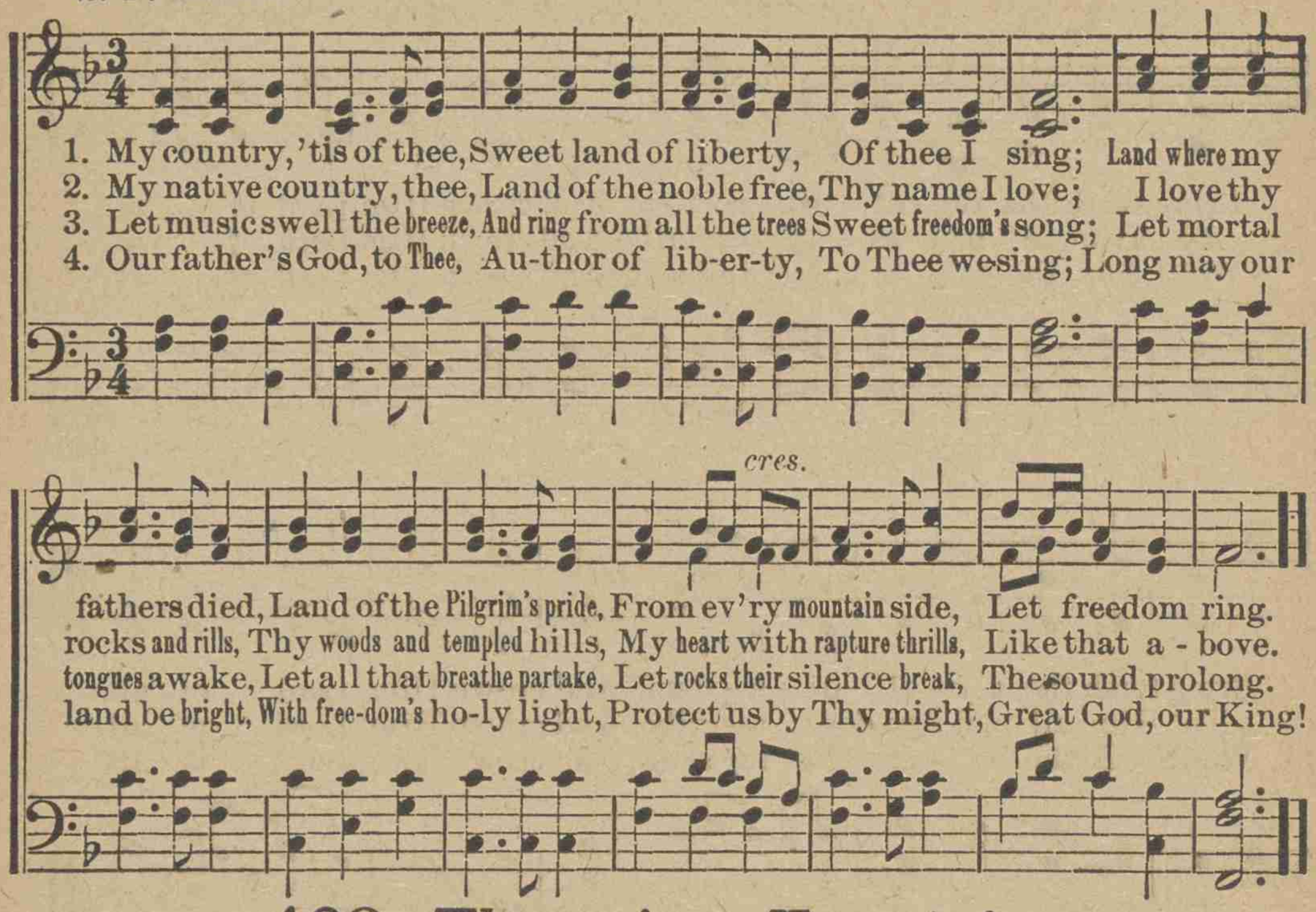
406. Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY. THOS. HASTINGS.



407. My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

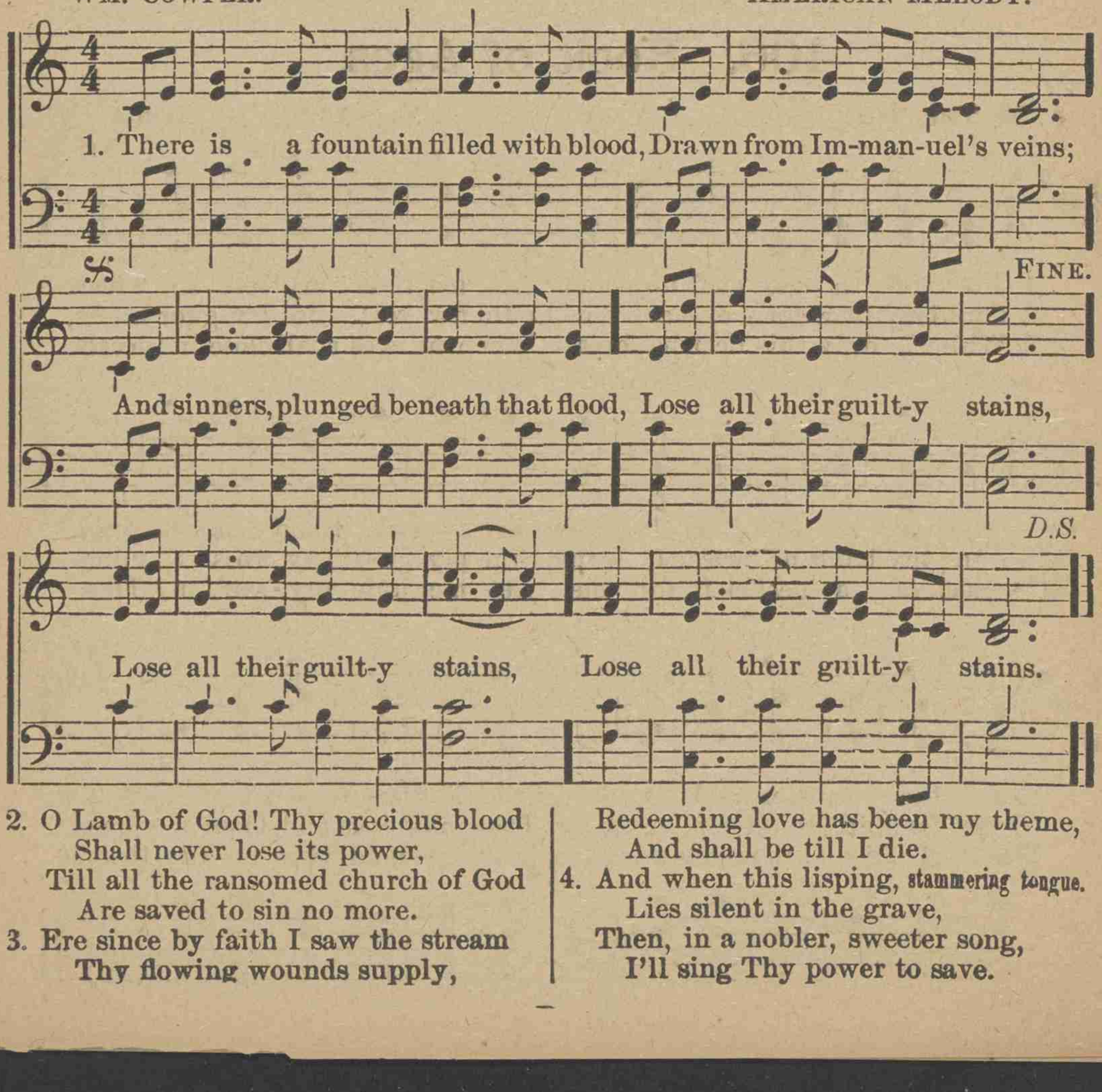
S. F. SMITH.



1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died, Land of the Pilgrim's pride, From ev'ry mountain side, Let freedom ring.
2. My native country, thee, Land of the noble free, Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills, My heart with rapture thrills, Like that a - bove.
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
4. Our father's God, to Thee, Au-thor of lib-er-ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright, With free-dom's ho-ly light, Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

408. There is a Fountain.

WM. COWPER. AMERICAN MELODY.



1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins; And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
2. O Lamb of God! Thy precious blood
   Shall never lose its power,
   Till all the ransomed church of God
   Are saved to sin no more.
3. Ere since by faith I saw the stream
   Thy flowing wounds supply,
   Redeeming love has been my theme,
   And shall be till I die.
4. And when this lisping, stammering tongue
   Lies silent in the grave,
   Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
   I'll sing Thy power to save.

409. BLEST BE THE TIE.

Key of F.

Blest be the tie that binds
  Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds,
  Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne,
  We pour our ardent pray'rs;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
  Our comforts and our cares.

We share our mutual woes,
  Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
  The sympathizing tear.

Though often called to part;
  Amid these scenes of pain;
Yet we shall still be joined in heart,
  And hope to meet again.

This glorious hope revives
  Our courage by the way;
Which each in expectation lives,
  And longs to see the day.

410. HAPPY DAY.

Key of G.

O happy day that fixed my choice
  On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
  And tell its raptures all abroad.

Chorus:

Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away;
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing ev'ry day.

O happy bond, that seals my vows,
  To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
  While to that sacred shrine I move.

'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
  I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

Now rest, my long divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With him of every good possessed.

411. JUST AS I AM.

Key of E Flat.

Just as I am! without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Just as I am! and waiting not,
To rid myself of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Just as I am! tho' tossed about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Just as I am! Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe;
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

412.
I AM COMING TO THE CROSS.

Key of G.

I am coming to the cross;
  I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross,
  I shall full salvation find.

Chorus:

I am trusting, Lord, in thee;
Blest Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at thy cross I bow,
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

Long my heart has sigh'd for thee,
  Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
  "I will cleanse you from all sin."

Here I give my all to thee,
  Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body thine to be,
  Wholly thine for evermore.

413. STAND UP FOR JESUS.

Key of B Flat.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

414. BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

Key of B Flat.

Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,
Sowing in the noontide, and the dewy eve;
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.—*Cho.*

Refrain:

Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.—*Repeat.*

Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.—*Cho.*

Go, then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
Tho' the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.—*Cho.*

415. REVIVE US AGAIN.

Key of G.

We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love,
For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.

Chorus.

Hallelujah! Thine the glory, Hallelujah! Amen.
Hallelujah! Thine the glory, revive us again.

We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour and scattered our night.—*Cho.*

All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleans'd ev'ry stain.—*Cho.*

All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.—*Cho.*

Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.—*Cho.*

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